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Visits of mercy; or, The journals of the F
Ezra stiles Ely,

To the
Rev. J. M. Dowell,
from his friend
Brother
C. C. C.

This sheet posted here simply
for anti-slip.

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EZRA STILES ELY D.D.

VISITS OF MERCY;

OR THE

JOURNALS

OF THE

REV. EZRA STILES ELY, D. D.

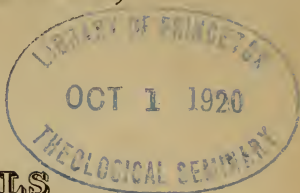
WRITTEN WHILE HE WAS STATED PREACHER TO THE HOSPITAL AND
ALMS-HOUSE, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

VOL. I.

SIXTH EDITION—REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SAMUEL F. BRADFORD.
JESPER HARDING, PRINTER.

1829



Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit :

* BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-eighth
* day of January, in the fifty-third year of the Independence
* SEAL. * of the United States of America, A. D. 1829, the
* *****

REV. EZRA STILES ELY, D. D.

of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit :

“Visits of Mercy; or the Journals of the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D. D. Written while he was stated preacher to the hospital and alms-house, in the city of New York.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, “An act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.” And also to the act, entitled, “An act supplementary to an act, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,” and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

D. CALDWELL,

Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

By the Rev. Alexander Waugh, D. D. minister of the Scots' church, Well street, Mary-le-bone; and the Rev. George Collison, minister of the Independent church, Walthamstow.

"A MAN is doing honour to his own heart in recommending to the public notice the following 'Journal,' very appropriately entitled 'Visits of Mercy.' The excellent author seems to have drunk deep at the spirit of Him, whose bosom was the dwelling place of pity, and who went about doing good. What a blessing to the work-houses, the hospitals, and other receptacles of poverty and disease, especially in great cities, were men of his ability, discernment, and tenderness of heart, the persons appointed to perform in them the duties of the christian ministry!

"In every page of the work, we recognise 'the man of feeling;' but it is the feeling of the renewed heart, enlarged as is the range of human wretchedness, purified by the indwelling Spirit of God, and ennobled by the model on which it is formed. We assure ourselves of the thanks of every humane and pious mind, in respectfully introducing a work so happily fitted to soften, to cleanse, and to exalt the heart of man, and give energy to the best affections of our nature.

ALEXANDER WAUGH.
GEORGE COLLISON."

By Benjamin Rush, M. D.

The late Dr. Benjamin Rush, in a letter to Dr. David Hosack, dated, Philadelphia, January 21st, 1813, thus writes of the same work:

“When you see your friend, Mr. Ely, please to tell him I have read his Journal with pleasure and instruction; and that I shall avail myself of some of his facts, should a second edition be called for, of my late publication upon ‘The Diseases of the Mind.’”

From several Clergymen.

“We have read, with peculiar gratification, Ely’s First Journal, which breathes a spirit of ardent piety, and zeal for the salvation of sinners; and exhibits a picture, warm from life, of the consolatory influence of the religion of Jesus. Ely’s Second Journal, which is now offered to the public, as a continuation of the First, we are persuaded will have the same excellent tendency. Both of these little volumes we most cordially recommend to the serious perusal of all christian people, and wish them a most extensive circulation, as calculated to promote the best interests of the church.

SAMUEL B. WYLIE, D. D.
Pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Philada.

JAMES R. WILSON, D. D.
Professor of the Learned Languages.

JACOB BROADHEAD, D. D.
Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church.

HENRY HOLCOMBE, D. D.
Pastor of the First Baptist Church.

GEORGE C. POTTS, A. M.
Pastor of the 4th Presbyterian Church, Philada.

Philadelphia, Oct. 28, 1815.”

“ We have read with pleasure and edification the First Journal of the Rev. Mr. Ely, and are happy to learn that a Second is about appearing. Publications calculated to awaken christian sympathy and benevolence, by unfolding the miseries of depraved and suffering humanity, and that have a tendency to exhibit the value of the gospel of Christ as a means of regenerating the heart, reforming the life, or soothing the bed of dissolution, cannot be too widely circulated. Mr. Ely has our best wishes for his success in all his meritorious and active endeavours to advance the interests of the Mediator’s kingdom.

WILLIAM STAUGHTON, D. D.

Pastor of the Baptist Church in Sansom street, Philada.

WILLIAM ROGERS, D. D.

Late Professor in the University of Pennsylvania.

October 27th, 1815.”



By several London Reviews.

The Eclectic Review, of May 1814, in speaking of this work, says, “ This volume contains some very important instruction to the profligate. They will meet with awful relations of the wretched end of vice, and of the aggravated misery which will fall upon those who follow no guide but inclination, and who obey no law but passion.

“ The book concludes with some highly interesting cases of insanity; but they are too long for insertion. The whole is written in a perfectly unaffected style; and many passages might be pointed out, of just and lively description, and some which are exquisitely pathetic.”

The Evangelical Magazine for July, 1813, remarks, “ This

work was lately published in New York, under the patronage of Dr. Romeyn, with a recommendatory preface by Dr. Philip Milledoler. In this country it comes recommended by two of our respected editors, the Rev. Messrs. Waugh and Collison, whose warm encomiums require no addition, except it be that of Mr. Osgood, an American minister now in London, who had a personal acquaintance with the author, and witnessed his benevolent exertions, which he particularly recommends to the imitation of those who visit 'the sick and the poor among ourselves.' "

The Evangelical Magazine for September, 1813, says, "The Visits of Mercy are well worthy the perusal of all who are capable of feeling for the natural and moral miseries of their fellow-creatures; of appreciating the value of an active, devoted, and judicious ministry; or of panting after a share of its immortal honours."

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF HIS FIRST JOURNAL.

THE author of the following Journal, is now happy to gratify many of his friends, who have long urged the publication of it. To all those who have contributed to the propagation of the Gospel among the poor of this city, it is respectfully inscribed; and particularly to the Rev. JOHN B. ROMEYN, D. D. whose indisposition has prevented him from performing that friendly service, which he promised, of introducing this work to the public. He has ever cherished the author in his ministerial labours, and having sympathized with the afflicted poor, was determined to plead their cause. His benevolent heart will unite with me in gratitude to our inestimable friend, the Rev. PHILIP MILLEDOLER, D. D. for having performed the intended labour of love.

To be insensible to the commendations of the good, would be unchristian. The author thanks Dr. Milledoler for his favourable sentiments and personal friendship. His grateful approbation, however, should not meet the public eye, were it not for the hope, that the Doctor's address will prove instrumental in founding a society for the support of the Gospel in the hospital and alms-house, which shall be as lasting as those institutions. The writer may express this hope, without the imputation of selfishness; for, having performed "a tour of duty," he would wish to retire, and give place to some more valiant soldier

of the cross. He does not plead, nor desire others to plead, for himself. Every motive of a personal nature, which presents itself to his mind, urges his resignation; and, possibly, it might promote the cause of Christ, to maintain such a rotation in the stated preacher's office, as would give many young ministers the opportunity of becoming familiar with wretchedness and death. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." The writer has, therefore, relinquished all subscriptions in his favour; but will never cease to plead that the Gospel may be preached to the poor within our cities, to the pagans who sit in the darkness of death, to "every creature."

E. S. ELY.

New York, Sept. 1812.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO THE

PRESENT EDITION.

THE following pages were written in the city of New York, in 1811 and 1813. That portion which composed the First Journal was published in that city, in 1812, as a distinct work; and soon after was reprinted in London, under the title of "VISITS OF MERCY," which was prefixed to it without the knowledge of the author. The motto of the original,

"Bliss is a being of celestial birth,
Which lightly o'er primeval Eden trod,
Ascended at the fall, nor deign'd the earth
A transient visit with the Son of God;"

was also exchanged, by the English publisher, for the following:

"O might the mantle soon descend,
That HOWARD'S gentle spirit clad,
Give humankind a general friend,
And make the sons of sorrow glad!
Are there, who groan in haunts obscure,
Whence misery banishes the gay;
The pale, the sick, the shivering poor,—
And shall we turn our hearts away?"

While I cordially unite in the aspiration of these lines, and feel grateful for the kind regards expressed by these

changes, I must confess that they *imply* praise, which I do not deserve; and consent to retain the title of “VISITS OF MERCY,” for the sake of the advantage which may result from a good name.

The substance of my Second Journal was written in 1813, and published in Philadelphia in 1815, as my “Second Journal.” This also was reprinted in London in the following year; and soon after a handsome edition of the two volumes appeared in Ireland. Having been credibly informed that not less than four editions of the work, consisting of more than ten thousand copies, have been sold in England and Ireland, I am not without hope that the present impression will be acceptable in my own beloved country.

The first effort which the author made, through the press, to procure, if possible, the stated preaching of the Gospel for the poor in New York, was by the publication of his “Sermon for the Rich to Buy,” on Revelations xiv. 13. In the pulpit he had previously exerted himself on the subject; when he thought Providence presented a favourable opportunity. It was under these circumstances: a large and respectable assembly was convened in the Presbyterian church in Cedar street; and for an hour sat anxiously expecting the Rev. Dr. J. M. Mason. By some misunderstanding he did not come. A young gentleman, who sat next to me in a pew, said, “It is a shame that there should be five ministers here, and not one of you will preach!” I replied, “If no one else consents, I will;” which was soon published to the audience, who had by this time arisen to depart. My trembling steps scarce supported me to the pulpit; for I had made no previous preparation for the occasion, and I never preached a ser-

mon from having committed it to memory in my life. What rendered the matter worse, I had to read Rouse's version of the Psalms; to which I was, at that time, wholly unaccustomed; and I happened to fall on no very smooth portion, yet one that seemed descriptive of my situation:

“Like pelican in wilderness,
Forsaken I have been:
I, like an owl, in desert am,
That nightly there doth moan:
I watch, and, like a sparrow, am
On the house-top alone.”

Psalm 102, verse 6.

In prayer, it pleased the Lord to increase my strength; and I was enabled in discoursing to say, boldly, in the language of my text, “As much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you.” In the application, I exhorted those to whom the gospel is precious, to send it to the destitute; and especially to the poor in their own city. The real state of the hospital and alms-house was then portrayed; but the citizens would hardly believe me. It could not be, many said, that these places were so destitute. This induced me to publish the substance of my application in a new discourse from another text, which was soon followed by my Journal; and not without effect.

Another circumstance relative to my First Journal may now be safely told; and perhaps will be interesting. When I had written out nearly a quire of paper relative to the lunatics, three gentlemen, I believe through the instigation of one of them, now gone to his Judge, requested a sight of my manuscript. They were managers of the hospital, and the committee for the lunatic apartment. It would not do, I thought, to refuse their request. When

they had obtained my papers, which I had written in the room of the maniacs, they refused to return them, on the plea that the publication of them would injure the institution. One of them sent me word, that they would not deliver them, if I should bring a suit against them, and it should cost them thousands of dollars. I was subsequently informed, that they had committed my manuscript to the flames; and thus perished the best portion of my work.

Regrets on this subject I knew to be unavailing, and controversy with rich men impracticable for a pennyless young clergyman; so I made use of the few rough sketches which I had left, and put my memory in requisition to reproduce something like the original. The result appears under the head of *Insanity*. What injury, if any, this part of my First Journal has ever done any one, I have yet to learn.

E. S. ELY.

Philadelphia, January 1, 1829.

PREFATORY ADDRESS,

To the Members of the Presbyterian and Reformed Dutch Churches, in the city of New York:

BY PHILIP MILLEDOLER, D. D.

DEAR BRETHREN,

It is well known to many of you, that the alms-house and hospital of this city were, previously to the year 1810, in a very destitute situation, in point of Gospel privileges. Whilst unremitting care has been exercised in those important institutions, for preserving the lives and health of their inhabitants, the immortal part, uncherished and uncultivated, has been suffered to pine away with famine of the word of God.

The attention of the religious public has, for some time past, been called to this subject, by the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, a member of the Presbytery of New York. In June, 1810, he began to preach in the alms-house, and in the month of October, of the same year, in the hospital. In November following, a form of subscription was drafted, and subscribed by a number of individuals, who were principally of the Presbyterian and Dutch communion of this city, for the maintenance of the Gospel in those places. Mr. Ely was retained as their stated preacher, and has laboured in the charge assigned him, from that time to the present, with approved ability, and indefatigable zeal.

Of the nature and success of his labours, some estimate may be formed from the interesting journal contained in this book. The writer of this address has not read the whole journal, but judges from what he has seen, that it will excite greater attention to the subject of which it treats, than has ever yet existed. These documents prove their author to have taken a deep interest in his work. They prove also, with overwhelming conviction, the importance of missionary labour, in those asylums of wretchedness and wo, with which he has been conversant.

It is with extreme regret, that we have witnessed the failure of pecuniary resources in the prosecution of his designs. It is a fact, however, which ought not to be concealed, although he has requested me to be silent on this subject, that our missionary has hitherto laboured in that point, under the most distressing embarrassments. Solely dependent on a precarious subscription, which he has now entirely relinquished, his receipts have never exceeded half the necessary support of a single man. For want of proper arrangements at the outset, he has been under the disagreeable necessity of being his own solicitor, accountant, and collector. Having commenced his labours under a plan radically defective, he has submitted to all the evils growing out of it; and for two years has faithfully preached Jesus Christ, and him crucified, in the alms-house, and for the same time, lacking only a few days, in the hospital.

Shall an object of such magnitude as this, my brethren, in such a city as this, be abandoned, or even suspended, for want of pecuniary aid? Great as it is in its present and eternal consequences, shall it be suffered to languish and die under our eyes? No, it is hoped and believed that it will not be abandoned.

That efficient measures should be taken for the continuance of the Gospel in those institutions, will appear,

1st. From the importance of the object.

By the last report of the superintendent of the almshouse, there were 1409 persons dependent on that institution. Of this number it is supposed that 800 at least are capable of receiving religious instruction. The hospital admits not less than a thousand different patients in the course of each year; some of these remain a few weeks, and others several months. Two hundred persons, on an average, annually die in the two institutions. What a field of labour does this offer to a faithful ministry! Here are some insane persons, in whose case the prudent converse of a spiritual physician, may advantageously second the efforts of medical skill. Here many children need instruction, who, without it, might become the future pests of society. Here are pious souls oppressed with poverty and disease, who hail the approach of a minister of Jesus, with almost as much joy and gratitude, as if he were an angel from heaven. There are doubtless some, who enter these institutions with minds shrouded in ignorance, and hearts hardened in sin: to them, how necessary is it that divine instruction should be communicated, and one more effort made to snatch them from perdition! Such an attempt is intercepting them on the very borders of destruction. Whatever may be the issue, it is interesting, it is rational, it is godlike. That men are often called to repentance by afflictive dispensations of Providence, who will deny? When their bodies are wasting with disease, or their souls sinking in despondence, dark is that mind which does not anticipate futurity, and hard that heart which is uninfluenced by the gospel. There are such characters, we know;

but, on the other hand, are there not many who will have eternal cause to rejoice in afflictions, sanctified by grace to their salvation?

To extend the glad tidings of salvation is a great christian duty; and the true disciples of Jesus every where acknowledge it. To fulfil this duty, missionary societies have been formed in our own country, as well as in Europe. Distant missions to the heathen have been planned and executed. That spirit which has deplored their situation, and attempted their relief, we honour and rejoice in. But shall we neglect missionary ground under our eye, and at our very doors? Whilst we explore far distant regions of missionary labour, shall we pass over our own fields, which are whitening to the harvest? The wisdom of such conduct is exceedingly questionable. The soul of a pauper in the alms-house of New York, is as valuable as the soul of an Indian on the banks of the Ganges. Whilst our eyes then are turned to the distant harvest-fields, let us not leave our own uncultivated or ungathered.

To urge the necessity of immediate attention to this subject, I would observe,

2dly. That if any thing is done, it must be done by individuals.

Benefactions of a public or private nature, may hereafter forward this work of charity; but the foundation of it must be laid in individual enterprise. It is doubted whether the corporation of this city have power to appropriate any part of their funds for the support of a religious instructor in the alms-house. If they have not, it cannot be expected; if they have, they may wish to avoid the charge of partiality to a particular denomination.

Jealousy between different denominations, in a case like

this, never has, and we have reason to believe from the nature of it, never will appear. Be this, however, as it may, something should be done for the relief of these institutions, as soon as possible. We acknowledge it as a just principle, that privileges extended to one denomination, should be equally allowed to others; and that favours conferred on one, should be common to all. As we, therefore, arrogate to ourselves no exclusive privilege, none can have a right to complain.

It may be supposed by some, that if the clergy should visit those institutions in their turn, it would supersede the necessity of employing a missionary. Such an objection, if made, is founded in ignorance of the situation of the clergy, as well as of the duties to be performed by such a missionary. The writer of this address is persuaded that the ministers of the Gospel in this city, are disposed to do their duty; but he also knows that a faithful observance of duties in their own charges is enough, and in many instances more than enough, to occupy their whole time and attention. Such of the laity as are best acquainted with ecclesiastical affairs know this statement to be correct. But again, if they are to preach in those institutions, they ought to officiate on the Sabbath, and must consequently leave their own churches unsupplied. But occasional preaching is not the whole, nor even a principal part of what is to be done in those institutions. The person charged with the spiritual care of them, should be daily at his post. To form an acquaintance with his charge, to know their characters, to exhort and rebuke with all long-suffering and gentleness, to dry away the tears of the afflicted, to pour oil and wine into the festering wounds of the broken-hearted mourner, to counsel and pray with the

dying, and daily to preach from ward to ward, and from couch to couch, Jesus and the resurrection; these are a specimen of the labours of a missionary in those houses; and if this be not done, the object to be accomplished, is not, and cannot, be attained.

Can all these duties be performed by the stationed pastors of this city? No, it is impossible; they may mourn over the omission, but they cannot supply it. Abundantly furnished with the means of grace for ourselves, brethren, are we not called by every consideration that can influence the human mind, to extend these blessings to the poor, the destitute, and the friendless? It is characteristical of the Gospel, that it should be preached to the poor; and shall we suffer them to starve at our doors for the bread of life? Can we excuse it to our consciences, or can we answer it to our God? "Freely ye have received, freely give," was a command of Christ to his disciples; a command which will apply to us, in relation to this subject, with peculiar emphasis. The members of Christ may suffer, but they are his members still; and let us not forget that what is done for the least of these his brethren in tribulation, he will graciously consider as done unto himself.

You will undoubtedly pardon the author of this address, brethren, for the liberty he has taken. He has felt himself constrained to be urgent on this subject. The object held up to your view, he considers of incalculable importance, and deprecates the idea of its abandonment. He knows there are many claims on your liberality, but who among you is the poorer for them all? We live in troublous times, but shall we, therefore, cease to live actively for Christ? If what has been said, shall have a tendency to

draw your attention to this subject, he will think it an honour to associate with such as may wish to carry it into effect. And if he can be in any wise instrumental in fixing the Gospel on a permanent foundation in those institutions, he will consider it as one of the happiest events of his life.

That it may please God in all things to direct you, and that grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, may be multiplied to you and yours, is the prayer of,

Dear brethren,

Your friend and servant in the Lord,

PH. MILLEDOLER.

New York, Sept. 16th, 1812.

VISITS OF MERCY,

OR THE

FIRST JOURNAL.

January 1, 1811.

“————— He that finds
One drop of heaven’s sweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content,
So he may wrap himself in honest rags
At his last gasp.” COWPER.

SINCE the first of October last, the patients in the hospital have had the opportunity of hearing one discourse on every Lord’s day. Out of the two hundred persons in this institution, about half have been sufficiently restored to health to attend public worship. All pay a decent, many a solemn, and some a devout, attention to the preached gospel. Several persons, by their dying convictions and anxieties, have excited a deep interest in my heart, but since I did not then write a description of their last glimmerings, I shall not now attempt it. In future, some of the most interesting cases which present themselves shall be recorded in “the short, and simple annals of the poor.”

Previous to this date, I have delivered twenty-three discourses in the alms-house. The poor in this institu-

tion throng the places of public worship: and rarely have I had the pleasure of witnessing, in any audience, more lively gratitude for the glorious gospel of the grace of God. Most assemblies, from the frequency of preaching, and from the circumstance of their supporting the ministry, appear to consider the messages of grace a matter of course; and ministers of reconciliation, servants sold to discharge a pecuniary debt: but these poor people consider every exhibition of divine compassion to be really a gratuitous offering on the part of God. To them the gospel is a gift to which they have no claim, and for which many of them bless the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In some instances, I am constrained to believe, that the ministration of the word has been accompanied by a divine and saving influence. Some have been convinced of sin; some aged believers comforted; and, I trust, some converted. At present, I will simply state the case of three persons; and in future, record events as they pass, or leave them in obscurity until the revelation of the last day.

An aged woman was often visited, and instructed in the things which appertain to a sinner's peace. For three or four days, with the intermission of only a few moments, besides those of sleep, she would exclaim, "O Lord Jesus! I am a vile sinner: I deserve hell; but, oh! pardon me! pardon all my sins! Lord Jesus, I come to thee, I confess to thee, I trust in thee:" and with these expressions on her lips, she died.

A young man of about twenty-seven years of age, was visited in his last sickness. When I approached him, he was convulsed with coughing, which was excited in part

by the smoke of a very offensive pipe, which an old man was using in a distant part of the room. The sick man told me he should soon recover, could he be delivered from that tormenting smoke. His lungs, however, were affected by something worse than the fumes of tobacco. At my reproof, and request, the pipe was abandoned, and all who were in the room drew around the sick man's bed to listen to our discourse. For a time, the young man was determined that he would recover, and flattered himself, as people commonly do, whose vitals are withering with the consumption. Frankly I told him that I saw the presage of death in his eyes. "What do you see in my eyes?" demanded he, and turning his face from me, covered it from observation. "They are glossy: but whether you live or die, it is desirable that you should know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself to death for the redemption of enemies. He died for sinners; for such sinners as we are; and with a desire that you should be saved by him, I come to speak of Jesus. But I would not impose my discourse upon you." He turned his face to me again, but would not admit that he might soon die. I attempted to convince him of sin, and of the righteousness which is in Christ. He requested me to pray for him; and after prayer was offered, I had the satisfaction, *sweet and mournful to the soul*, of hearing him, who had sedulously excluded the thoughts of death and judgment from his mind, confess, "Well! I *am* a sinner! O I *am* a sinner!" This he repeated three times, with such peculiarity of emphasis, as to convince all present, that the confession had never before escaped from his lips. I saw him no more; for soon after this interview he departed from the earth.

The last case which I shall state, is that of an aged woman, who for three or four weeks, while attending to the concerns of her own soul, was in wretchedness, little inferior to that of despair. When she heard the word of God, she trembled like a criminal receiving the sentence of condemnation. She was an object of pity to all who knew her, and could feel sympathy with the miserable. She was fervently remembered in prayer, by those who personally knew the joys of pardoned sin. Formerly she had entertained hope of acceptance with God; but she had departed from her Comforter, and now she was the prey of a guilty conscience. While she was in this situation, I was prevailed upon by some sick persons to preach once more than usual in the week. For this third discourse I had selected a subject, and was prepared to speak, but did not commit even the text to paper. While on my way to the place of worship, I reviewed my plan, and thought I retained it perfectly. But in the prayer before sermon, the words of the apostle, recorded in Romans v. 1. took possession of my whole soul. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." My former text, and the whole arrangement of thought, were gone from me. The attempt to find the place, and recall the perfectly familiar subject, was vain. This was a sufficient intimation of my duty, and by divine assistance, I descanted freely on justification by faith, and that peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, which results from it. While speaking I did not know that this distressed woman was present; but when about to leave the room, she arose from her humble seat behind the door, detained me by holding my coat, and then, clasping my hands, wet

them with tears. She would have spoken, but seemed unable. "This woman," I said, turning to a judicious friend, who had accompanied me to judge of the expediency of preaching the Gospel in this place, "is the person of whose deep convictions of sin I have often told you." "O yes, sir!" she exclaimed, with inexpressible emotions, "and I feel myself as wicked *now*, as I did *then*. I'm a poor vile sinner; but I think, being justified by faith, I begin again to have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Do you perceive," it was asked, "that God can be just in justifying the ungodly, who believe; and is Christ precious to you?" She replied, "I think Christ has now got the highest place in my heart, and, O, I pray God, he would aye keep him there!" My companion, as well as myself, was rendered speechless, by the tenderness of her love to Jesus; and we passed away, under the full *conviction*, if not the exhilarating *impression*, that unto those who believe, *He is precious*.

January 5th.

"This is the desert, this the solitude;
How populous, how vital is the grave!"—YOUNG.

THIS afternoon, a dying man at the hospital sent a request to see me. I went immediately; but it was too late for a spiritual physician to learn any of the peculiar symptoms of his spiritual malady. With all his exertions he could not speak. In such a case, what could be done, but make a general application of the Balm of Gilead? I addressed him as a sinner, in the last hour of life, with this instigation to faithfulness; "he will very soon give an

account of this interview to God." He signified that he wished me to pray. After I had complied with his desire, I turned my attention to eight or ten miserable companions in sickness, who could not probably long survive the death of the departing person. They felt for him, but were almost unconcerned for themselves. They calculated upon recovery. How lamentably true is the declaration,

"All men think all men mortal but themselves!"

In half an hour after I left the house, the sick man died; and in the same afternoon, two other patients followed to the state of the dead.

January 6th.

"How many fall as sudden, not as safe;
As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills, the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo, a slow-sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to day; 'tis madness to defer."—YOUNG.

IN the morning of this day, the Rev. Mr. A. preached for me in the hospital; and after divine service I visited several rooms, in which were patients on the border of the grave. In the afternoon I preached in the alms-house. There a woman of middle age lay before me, who had been moral in deportment, industrious in the office of an upper servant, but who, in a decline of eighteen months, had expended, on many physicians, all which her industry had accumulated, for the probable wants of decrepitude. About five weeks since she was brought into this place, to rest for a short space on the arm of public charity, and then

sink into the common grave. I have been acquainted with her ever since her residence in this asylum for poverty and wretchedness. Twice I have preached in her hearing, and often prayed with her. At each time she had perfect possession of her reason, and appeared to understand my discourse. A few days since, after I had prayed with her, she uttered a sentence which deserves to be remembered.

“I desire to bless and praise my God for all his chastisements; and especially, I bless him, painful as my sickness is, and mortifying as it was to come to the poor-house, that he has brought me to this place, since within these walls, as within the walls of a prison, I have been shut up to the Gospel, and have for the first time in my life heard the good news with joy.” She uttered these words with painful respiration, in a whisper, and was necessitated to make a long pause after each member of the sentence. It was astonishing that she could, in her weak state, utter so long a sentence, with such accuracy and pith. What could she have said, to express more strongly her high estimation of the Gospel? “Had I not been sent here, against my will,” she added, “I might never have known Jesus Christ.” To-day she was far gone, but still retained her mental powers. When we sung these words,

“I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise:”

she lifted up her hands to heaven, clasped them, let them fall on her bosom, and swooned. After public worship was concluded, she was so much revived, as to express

a wish to see me. I approached her bed. She made great exertions to speak, but I could only hear her say, "I feel differently — — at times. — — I'm afraid that I deceive myself." This fear I told her was an evidence that she did not trust in herself. "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." She was less likely to be deluded than self-confident persons. When I bade her farewell, she stretched out her hand to me, and pressing mine, said, "pray — — — pray for me."

January 9th.

When I left the trembling believer, on the last sabbath, I bade her a final farewell, informing her that I should see her no more until we meet at the judgment-seat of Christ. At three o'clock this morning, she fell asleep. She had been baptized in her infancy, was a regular attendant on Trinity church, and lived, as the world say, "a good, moral life." During several weeks she appeared to possess "a broken and contrite heart." May it not be reasonably supposed that she sleeps in Jesus? Should one soul be saved in the course of a year's service, I shall be compensated, and those benevolent persons who contribute to my support will not lose their reward.

January 10th.

"See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,
The most pathetic herald of our own."—YOUNG.

AFTER preaching this evening to the poor in the almshouse, I went by request to pray with two females, who

have attended on my ministry, and are now confined to their beds. One is an aged widow, who is pious, and who, I believe, will recover, to limp along through life, on two crutches, to everlasting glory. She will recover, to suffer more pain, and peddle pin-cushions to procure some of the conveniences of life, which cannot be distributed in public alms-houses. O! it is astonishing that the heirs of heaven should be found in such circumstances; that the friends of Jesus, who are to share the felicity of heaven with him, should be made meet for glory, through extreme humiliation!

The other person is a younger widow, whose hands and feet, having been frozen, are now in the state of progressive putrefaction. She sent me a message, requesting me to visit her; but it was apparently in vain. Her agony was unutterable. Her eyes were swollen, and horribly wild, as if ready to burst from their sockets. I asked if I should pray with her, and she shrieked out, "O yes! yes! yes!" but while I spake, her agony and groans must have excluded both hearing and reflection. Such an hour of human misery as this, I never before witnessed. But if such are the torments of this life, what must be the excruciating agonies of the accursed in the life everlasting?

January 11th.

At the moment of my entering the hospital, this morning, Dixon died. Intemperance in drinking was the cause of his premature death. About three weeks since he lost his appetite, and continued to drink for several days, until he could retain nothing on his stomach. While he was a servant in the institution, the superintendent

often warned and entreated him. He denied that excess was the cause of his sickness; but when he found that he must die, he became greatly alarmed, and confessed the sin of slow and certain suicide. Since his last sickness, I have once preached in the ward where he lay, and sung the third part of the 107th psalm. The second verse was a probe which reached to his heart; but it was necessary.

“The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
’Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.”

I could not serve the dead, and therefore I directed my attention to the living. Mrs. B. B. desired to see me. • She is a woman of too fair a face and form for any one to possess in this licentious city, who is not, by a refined education, or by the fear of God, guarded against temptation. Such has been her conduct, that her husband has some time since refused to protect her. When I approached the unhappy woman, she began to weep aloud, and appeared to see in me the messenger of death, instead of a minister of peace. She has probably seen the ministers of Jesus at the bed of death, and in few other places. “O sir, it is too late for me now! I have rejected religion, and it’s too late now!” Such were her exclamations. They induced me to state the character and faith of Mary Magdalen, and the penitent thief. “The hour of sickness is indeed a miserable time to transact the business of eternity; but while life remains, it is never too late to consider, believe, repent, and escape to the ark of a sinner’s safety.” She promised to pray. Should she *really* pray for mercy, she will be saved.

The asylum for maniacs, in this city, is an appendage to the New-York hospital. Both institutions are under the same honourable governors, and the same superintendent. Consider them both as one establishment, and one more benevolent, or better regulated, for the relief of the sick and insane, cannot be found in America. The asylum was opened for the reception of patients on July 15th, A. D. 1808. Yesterday it became the asylum of Miss Lanse, who may never leave it, until she takes her silent departure to the grave. The circumstances which produced her insanity are interesting. She was born in England, and last week arrived in New-York. Her mother, with four children, of whom this young lady, of about eighteen years of age, is the eldest, came to this country in pursuit of her husband. On the passage, Miss Lanse was much reduced by the sickness incident to a long voyage. In addition to this, there were in the ship's company two comedians, who played a very censurable farce; which may terminate more tragically than they would wish. What were their motives I know not; but the part they acted shall be recorded to their infamy. Shortly before their arrival in this country, these "teachers of morality" by mimicry, ornamented themselves with the glory of their art, masks and touchwood; and with the disguise, or in the real character of villains, entered the female apartment in the darkness of midnight. Miss Lanse was aroused from her feverish slumbers, and frightened into paroxysms, of frequent return, and long continuance. She had not recovered from these fits, when she landed in America. Then they, who sought a husband and a father, had to learn that a few days since he embarked for England. Such was the anxiety of the eldest

daughter, for herself, for her mother, and her sisters, that while the mother was gone to the theatre with the newly imported actors, and the daughter was left in a strange boarding-house, in a strange land, her fits returned, and a delirium supervened. She is now so frantic, as to be confined in the maniac's chair. Consolation cannot be offered; but the hearts that feel can pray, that the God of mercy would pity the lost female maniac.

As for these actors, it is their trade to beguile the people of their senses, or frighten them to madness. I would ask the wise, if these mischievous lunatics ought to go at large? Could one of these comedians take Miss Lanse's place, and deliver her from the strait waiscoat, it would be a mild retribution. In the asylum are many persons not more insane than those who, during the present season, support a drunken buffoon, to the tune of FOURTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Any sober countryman will pronounce this as incredible, as that a Frenchman in yonder walls should believe every dirty scroll of paper which he finds, either a bank-note or obligation in his favour. Both cases of delirium, however, actually exist.

The afternoon of this day I devoted, in part, to the instruction of two persons in Bridewell, who are under sentence of death, for the crime of murder. One is a German, of seventy-seven years, and the other a man of colour. The first had his Testament in his hand, appeared very devout, and while I prayed, wrung his hands, smote them together, and gave repeatedly the loud AMEN; but denied the crime of which he stood legally convicted. The man of colour was very ignorant, and a short time since did not know, that the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are one God. He sat pensive on the floor, with his back

against the wall, and his feet chained, directly opposite to his companion. He confessed that he was worthy of death, because he did stab a man, while he did not positively design to kill him. In this respect he conducted as those do, who reject offered mercy, continue in sin, abuse the day of grace, and rivet their chains by unbelief, while they do not positively design to murder their own souls. They destroy themselves, because they are willing to continue impenitent and risk the consequences. The black man, however, appears much more like a penitent, than his wretched fellow-prisoner. Would to God that all sinners could believe that they are really condemned already! Did they know this, they would know also, that their future salvation depends upon the acceptance of pardon through the blood of Jesus Christ. Impenitent sinners are not only under condemnation, but imprisoned, or *shut up* to the necessity of being delivered by *ONE*, mighty to save. They are *shut up* to the hope of the Gospel, and excluded from *every other* hope.

January 13th.

“Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair,)
 On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
 At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
 How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
 What numbers groan for sad admission there!
 What numbers, once in fortune’s lap high-fed,
 Solicit the cold hand of charity!”—YOUNG.

ABOUT one hundred persons were present while I preached in the hospital this morning, and the door of the ward opposite to that in which I stood, was open, so that

about fifteen wretched females could hear, who were on beds of disease, planted with thorns. After service, one of them requested me to call and pray with her, which gave me the opportunity of addressing many of this almost hopeless class of human beings. The woman who was the principal object of my visit, is the descendant of a respectable family, but has for many years been discarded by all her relatives. After a life of dissipation, she is about to close her mortal career in the common sewer of the vilest. Verily, verily, "the way of transgressors is hard." While speaking the words of life, I stood beside the miserable B. B. who seemed eagerly gasping after that truth which is life from the dead. Many other patients were unusually attentive; and when I passed from ward to ward, I found many reading the Holy Scriptures. This is a favourable omen.

In the afternoon I preached in the ward of blind persons in the alms-house. About thirty persons who are bereft of sight attend on my ministry. Among them is a person called *Blind George*, who regularly officiates as my clerk. He has never had vision since he had the small-pox, and then he was only a few years of age. He has lived about thirty years; has a retentive memory, and a very fine voice for church music. What he hears sung, he can sing again; and what he hears read, he will very soon repeat. Commonly I pronounce two lines of a hymn, but sometimes three, and even four, and he will sing them with little mistake. From some pious Methodists, who have occasionally frequented this institution, when neglected by all others, he has learned many sacred songs. He is remarkable for adapting his notes to the words. Never does he set a plaintive sentiment to a sprightly air; and never, as

do many of his brother choristers, does he name the tune "mortality" for a song of exultation in redeeming grace. It is, indeed, a matter of gratitude, that the blind can be directed in their solemn songs by such a leader; and many are the hours which could not be employed in sight, that are now devoted to the sounds of celestial praise.

Since I was at the alms-house last, two persons have resigned their spirits to God, the Judge.

January 14th.

EARLY this morning, the woman of ill fame who yesterday requested me to pray with her, resigned her mortal life. She was rational to the last moment, and often said, after I left her, that she knew she was an exceedingly vile sinner, but could not help entertaining some feeble hope that God would pardon her sins through Jesus Christ. Her present state is known to God alone; but possibly she may have entered the kingdom of heaven, while such as trust in themselves that they are righteous, shall be forever excluded. At the same time, it is lamentable, that in the same room in which she died, are many sinners of the same class, sensible only of their animal agonies, without the fear of God; without hope in his mercy. One of them, however, whose sufferings are very acute, acknowledges,

"His strokes are fewer than *her* crimes,
And lighter than her guilt."

January 17th.

A member of the "society for the relief of poor widows with small children," Mrs. Levi Coit, took me this morn-

ing to visit a sick person, supported by this benevolent institution. It is a pleasure to the good, to know that the ladies who have espoused the cause of the widow and fatherless babes, regard with tenderness the spiritual, as well as the temporal situation of their respective charges.

This poor widow is not past the age of thirty-five years; but she is trembling on the verge of the grave. She said to me, "not long since, I had a very pretty visit from the Rev. Mr. ———, who told me he would administer the sacrament to me at any time I should desire." This prepared the way to ascertain the reason of the hope which she indulged. She did not fear hell, she said, because there was no such place as hell; but she believed that all would in future have some punishment, and some reward, according to their deserts. She added, that she had always done as well as she could, and was therefore persuaded that God would not punish her much.

Such was the faith of a woman, who was invited to celebrate the offering of the great Sacrifice for our sins. Had she knowledge to discern the Lord's body?

While I was with her. I spent my time in attempting to convince her, that if God should punish any person according to his deserts, he would be completely miserable; that one sin not pardoned, would entail the curse of the law upon all succeeding ages; that all the impenitent and unbelieving shall be turned into hell; that she had *not* done as well as she could, in the sense in which she pretended that she had; that as a sinner she had done *no* good; that she was likely soon to die, (which she almost resented!) and that she must be everlastingly miserable, if God did not impute the perfect righteousness of Christ to her, which should become hers, through *his* grace and *her*

faith. These were hard doctrines, but if they are not blessed of God, to her spiritual life, she must remain proud of her own performances, dead in trespasses and sins. The doctrine of a sinner's being declared legally just, while in himself unjust, and accepted as pure, on account of the obedience and sufferings of Christ, while in himself impure, was a new doctrine to her, which she has yet to learn. Her attention was so far gained to these subjects, that she earnestly entreated me to call again.

This morning I have also prayed with Mrs. B. B. in the hospital. She declines in body; but from fear, or some other principle, she spends the greater part of her days and nights in ejaculatory prayer. The unfortunate Miss Lanse is thought to be better; and some prospect remains of her being restored to reason. Still I say, the comedians played a tragical farce.

In the evening, a room in the alms-house was again my church. All were attentive. Many on each side of me were on beds of sickness, and several were near the close of life. Who would not have been affected at such a sight? Many have frequented this place of suffering with me, and have been so much overcome by their emotions, as to be unable to speak. Once I could weep; but of late I have been so conversant with disease and death, that my feelings are somewhat blunted. Instead of obtaining relief by the free perspiration of grief, my heart swells and burns with an unremitting fever. After public worship was concluded, a warm debate arose about the nomination of the ward in which I should next preach. Seven or eight aged women were entreating for their turn next, and naming the number of their sick for arguments. In most of the rooms are several who cannot move; and from these I

receive messages, entreaties, and gentle remonstrances. What can I do but serve them all in rotation? When I was leaving the room, many poor creatures half raised themselves from bed, to make their obeisance to a fellow-worm, and express their fears, that since so many beset me, they should not soon obtain another sermon. "Be patient, be patient," was the reply; but it really requires great patience in sickness, to be destitute of the consolation of a preached gospel. Many supplicate the divine blessing on me, in such a manner as fully to induce the belief, that they love the messenger for the sake of the message.

It did indeed move my soul, in descending from the fourth floor of the house, to see my blind hearers feeling their way down the stairs. One of them, a girl of seventeen, born blind, was pressed away from the balustrade by the crowd, and was necessitated to move her hand around the wall of the whole entry, to gain the next descent. Some of the blind had palsied, halting leaders, and some without any guide but a staff, passed down one wing of the building, over the yard, and up into the western apartments. Could any one expect these blind persons to find their way to the churches in the city? Or must they perish for want of spiritual vision? God forbid.

January 19th.

"The pitying robber, conscious that, pursu'd,
He had no time to waste, yet stood and view'd;
To the next cot the trembling infant bore,
And gave a part of what he stole before;
Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear;
He felt as man, and dropped a human tear."—LANGHORNE.

THE distinction frequently made between *the power of*

sympathy, and *the conviction of duty*, is important. Even the voluptuary will weep in the theatre, when a lovely person is represented to be ruined by the seductions of taste, the blandishments of a fascinating youth, and the promises of an ardent, but faithless lover. Represent misery to the man who makes gold his idol, and you may not unfrequently excite a violent commotion in his soul between the passions of avarice and sympathy. These same men, however, will produce and continue the misery, at the representation of which they felt commiseration for the unhappy.

The man of *feeling*, without *religion*, when the æther of his imagination pours liquid fire through his veins, rushes on, heedless of consequences; and shame, poverty, disease, and even hell, are phantoms to him. He is an unrestrained libertine. But when the flames have consumed their present store of combustibles, he feels again like something human. When cool, approach him with a tale of woe, and he is mild in tone, and tender in his actions. He gives with liberality: but such feeling as the wounded animal excites in a brute companion, is the sole excitement to his charity. Benevolence, which becomes a rational being, and which God will approve, is a consistent, habitual regard for the welfare of others, which is manifested by corresponding actions. *Sympathy* is natural and amiable; but *benevolence*, when exercised by a fallen man, is supernatural and holy. Would to God that the two were united in every human heart! Possibly both have been exercised in the relief of a certain poor widow, whose husband, a carman, died about a year since; leaving her, after she had defrayed the expenses of his sickness and burial, nothing for her support, but ten children. Four of these

are able to provide for themselves, and one or two can give some assistance to the mother, by tending the four younger children, while the mother washes or sews for the necessaries of life. For eight months I have known this woman and her family. She is a professor of religion; and more, she is pious. Her children are neat and industrious. For a single room she pays twenty-five dollars, yearly rent; and earns a part of this by sewing nankeen pantaloons and common shirts, *for the eighth of a dollar* for each garment. This I find to be the common price of job-work; so that the poor widows who will support themselves, must be content with *one shilling*, while the purchasers pay *many shillings* for the same work. All who sell ought to have lawful gain, but the poor, who perform the work, ought to receive at least half of that sum which is charged for making of apparel. Some of the children attend that benevolent institution, "The New York Free School," and if the Lord shall spare them, I doubt not will make useful mechanics. When this widow was in her most destitute condition, before she could gather something to begin the world anew, with her fatherless children, a young man of generous, native feelings, who never saw her, sent five dollars for her relief. This same man of tenderness, however, gave that for which he was indebted, and soon after defrauded many of his friends. Alas! alas! why had not this youth *benevolence*, as well as *sympathy*? Another young man, who is poor indeed, but whom Providence has hitherto protected, has more than once divided with the family, when almost destitute of wood and bread, his last dollar. The pride of doing good, or sympathy, or *something else*, may have actuated him. God searches his heart.

To give to the street beggars of this city, is not well directed charity. Those persons who have large families, who make great exertions to live out of the alms-house, when they are almost driven into it by want, are the proper objects for pecuniary assistance.

The wind blew the piercing cold from the north; but the southern sun illuminated the abode of the widow. The children had recovered their ruddy countenances, and were seated round a frugal fire. They had a little wood still remaining and a loaf of bread in reserve. The widow was restored to her wonted strength, from the debility induced by long watchings with misery; and contentment was in her countenance. This sight gave new vigour to a heart which had been depressed with the remembrance of wretchedness which it could not dispel. It encouraged me to take a missionary tour through some of the wards in the alms-house.

Here I saw one of my aged friends, to whom might be applied Milton's description of honourable old age.

“So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for Death mature.
This is old age: but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
 To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then
 Obtuse, all sense of pleasure must forego,
 To what thou hast: and for the air of youth,
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
 To weigh thy spirits down.——”

At my request, she repeated thirty or forty stanzas of different hymns, which she learned in childhood and youth.

Some of these hymns have been remembered by her for a century. She was born in Berwick upon the Tweed, lived some time in London, was a hearer of Mr. Whitefield there, and came to this city long, she does not remember how long, before the revolutionary war. Her maiden name was Christiana Ritchie, but she is now the widow Webb, having had only one husband in a life of one hundred and three years. Being disposed to converse familiarly with all, to gain their confidence, I one day said, as any man might speak to an aged friend, in health, "But why did you not marry a second time?" She answered, with a smile, that she was old when her husband died; that they had always lived in peace; and that she was "afraid to try another, lest he should not be so good." There is not a more cheerful person of my acquaintance, in the world. It is good to see such an aged saint, and hear her bless God for the goodness of a century. The hymns and scenes of her childhood are fresh in her memory; but most intermediate things, saving the general remembrance of God's love, have vanished from her mind. To the remark, "You appear still to love God," she replied, "Aye! whom have I to love better than him! I would not be without his love, and love to him, for a thousand worlds!" She delights in religious conversation, and public worship. When her nurse told her that I was to preach in her room to-morrow, she said, "Well, I am very glad, Sir; and may God give you instruction, that you may instruct us."

To-day the German convict seemed more tender and sensible of his situation than when I saw him last; but still insisted upon his innocence in relation to the murder. The other convict was also deeply affected at the exhibition of a merciful Saviour; but when men expect death in

less than a week, and their sins arise in horrible array against them, it is difficult to distinguish *filial fear* from the *slavish dread* of God. The one is a saving grace of the Holy Spirit; and the other, an actual infliction of a part of the wrath and curse of God due to sin. Terrors of a guilty conscience are inflicted penalties of a violated law. If then the penalties of the law are partially inflicted here, who dares to say, "there is no hell?"

January 20th.

THE room in which I preached in the hospital this morning, was very full, and all were attentive. By the assistance of a few young friends, I was enabled to present the patients with some hymn books, to be detained in the institution, which were received and used with great pleasure. It was a matter of regret, that I could not present more of the excellent "Hartford Collection."

Between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, my time was devoted to the men who are to be executed. At their united request, prayer was addressed to the throne of grace. The German shifted his chains so as to arise on his knees; and the man of colour bowed his head in awful depression. Both of them appeared to feel that their last sabbath had dawned on them, and expressed a desire to remember past privileges, and improve the present moment, by singing the praises of God. Several persons were in company with me, and the prisoners, as well as they could, united with us in singing:

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve:

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose."

During public worship in the alms-house this afternoon, the woman of 103 years sat before me, and said she could perfectly understand me. I read a hymn to which she had been accustomed in youth, and which I knew she could repeat. It gave her so much pleasure, that she involuntarily lifted up her hands, and said in the hearing of all, "O, that's a fine hymn!" But how different are the dispensations of Providence! Catharine Welsh, a woman of 96 years, sat beside me also, but has become so much of a child as to understand nothing. Indeed, she differs from an infant only in her form, and the love of taking snuff. This habit has survived the exercise of all her mental faculties.

George, my blind clerk, was delighted with the present of a hymn book. "Of what use," a stranger might ask, "will it be to him?" While he owns it, he will have the satisfaction which all desire, of calling something his property. Besides, he can now persuade others to amuse some of his solitary hours, by reading to him; who, were they in possession, would read only to themselves. Two books were presented for the use of two other rooms; and strong solicitations came thick upon me for the other wards. I have not the power to gratify them; but must resort to those who have, at least, a little silver and gold. It is more painful to ask, than to bestow, I have found by experience; and witness, angels, if ever I beg a cent in any other name than that of the Lord Jesus Christ. Had he not been poor, one might be ashamed of poverty; but

for him a Christian *can* beg, without deeming it a degradation.

When leaving the room, I said to Mary L****, a blind woman, "well, Mary, I hope it was some consolation for you *to hear; for faith cometh by hearing.*" She replied in an instant, "it is better to *believe* than to *see*; but I hope to *see* in the next world; and among others, since I have been comforted by your words, I greatly desire *to see the preacher there.*" Verily, it was the divine design that the gospel should be preached to the poor, that their profiting might appear to all for the manifestation of his benevolence.

In addition to the other employments of this day, I have enjoyed the communion of saints, and inflicted pain on my own mind, by chastising an infidel. His infidelity is to be hated; but it is painful to wound the personal feelings of any being.

The communion was doubly dear, from the circumstance that Christians of different sections of the Presbyterian church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. B. Romeyn, D. D., and the Rev. J. M. Mason, D. D., who never united before in the breaking of bread, were seated at the same table, to commemorate the death of their common Saviour. They have happily discovered, that brethren who love the same Lord, agree in the same faith, serve the same master, and love one another, may testify to the world that they commune with one another, in defiance of the warfare waged by names.

The church in Cedar-street, and the third Associate Reformed church, with many individuals of other sections of the Christian community, deserve the thanks of the whole church, for the discovery, that the word *Scotch* is not the test of religious fellowship; and that the mem-

bers of the same mystical body, who are born of the Spirit, may descend, according to the flesh, from Highland, Lowland, English, Irish, Dutch, French, German, or American ancestry. Long live this friendly intercourse between children of the same family and the same faith! Multitudes may enter heaven with whom the churches ought not to commune, lest they should encourage the errors of the saints; but where the *same gospel* is supported, there should be visible union and co-operation. When any religious society advocates *another gospel*, (“which is not another,” for there is no *gospel* besides one,) God save the members of that church, but confound their false doctrines, so that the whole fraternity of heretics may find as many difficulties to impede the erection of their system, as obstructed the building of its prototype, Babel.

The infidel, whom I attacked in the evening, deserved severe rebuke. His late conduct was the proper subject for the lash of scorpions. Not long since he had the courage to attack the Christian faith of a very amiable lady, and ridiculed her *hope*, because, forsooth, he had been a traveller, had visited Judea, and was qualified to attest that the history of Jesus Christ is a fiction. It was known to the writer, that this boaster had been retailing that knowledge, which is contained in the primer of infidelity, “The Age of Reason;” and if it is honourable for a deist to commence hostilities, it is not dishonourable for a Christian, when opportunity permits, to cut and thrust with the sword of the Spirit.

“Are there, (still more amazing!) who resist
The rising thought? who smother, in its birth,
The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way;

And, with reverst ambition, strive to sink?
Who labour downwards through the opposing powers
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night?—————”

Samson Occum, the Indian preacher, after a long contest with an Universalist, terminated the controversy, by saying, “Well, well, remember, if you are correct, I am safe: if you are not correct, I am safe: I have two strings to my bow; you have but one.” This was related, and applied to the argumentation between the friends and the enemies of divine revelation. “He is a friend,” said I, “neither to himself, nor to others, who would deprive any Christian of support under afflictions, and consolation in death, by shaking his faith in the system of Christianity. The religion of Jesus can injure no one; and were it a delusion, I would gladly cherish it in preference to despair; I would support it, merely for the advantages it affords in the hour of dissolution, until a better source of consolation should be substituted in its place.” My friend, the amiable lady, related the anecdote of Hume’s mother, who desired her son to restore to her, on the bed of sickness, the consolation of which he had deprived her, by making her a sceptic. After this severe, but gentle, reproof was given, our conversation was terminated. This bold and ferocious fellow, who could worry a lamb, would not even defend himself against an equal. He heard the whole, discovered considerable agitation, attempted to divert the course of conversation, but opened not his mouth in favour of his own opinions. Impudence and cowardice often co-exist in the same breast.

Of the truth of this remark, I have additional evidence.

Not long since, I called on a friend, who, from great urbanity, and regard to the acquaintances of his childhood, entertained two persons at his table, who were avowed deists. They had been educated in religious families; had removed to one of the southern states, and were now men of consequence, because they possessed five or six hundred slaves. Their dignity is commensurate with their plantations, and their honours have been multiplied at the birth of every negro or mulatto child. Since they left "the land of steady habits," the sabbath has been the day of their amusements; and deeds, at which they shuddered in youth, have become familiar by practice. To quiet their consciences, they have concluded, very philosophically, to believe nothing. Of course, no truth which they believe, can condemn their unhallowed indulgences.

When I entered the room, the gentlemen were near the end of the desert. It was the time for every man to expose his whole heart. After denying the divine institution of the sabbath, and the inspiration of the Scriptures, one of these mighty men of the plantation turned to me, and said, "Christianity has made more damned rascals, than all other religions under heaven." With indignation, I arose to leave the room, and said, "It is false! it is false, sir!" He arose too, in terrible wrath, exclaiming, "I demand explanation, sir, or satisfaction! We do not suffer such language in the country where I live."

"An explanation I am ready to give. What you have said is utterly false; is a base aspersion on Christianity."

Upon this he swore, with the oath of a bully, that I was a fellow of low breeding. "You must be," I rejoined, seating myself with a smile of contempt for his baseness, "*a gentleman* of refined education and manners, to tell

your host, who is a ruler in the church, and his two friends, who are ministers of the gospel, that the system which they espouse, and on which they build their hope of everlasting life, is a system of knavery which makes men rascals." The Rev. Mr. Hall, who had remained silent, upon this disclosure took his departure; but having entered the lists, I felt constrained to add, "I shall affirm that your assertion is false, until you show some doctrine, precept, or promise in the gospel, which countenances deception and licentiousness."

In this critical juncture, as became the wight, he gave me to understand, that in spite of a black coat, I must *meet* him; and his brother infidel volunteered his services as an honourable friend,—I suppose to carry the powder-horn and bullet-bag. My friend the elder, was unfortunately so deaf, that he did not distinctly understand the conversation; and of course, the Rev. Mr. Hall being absent, no one offered his services as my armour-bearer in the dreadful conflict. My answer was,

"I am ready to *meet* you, sir, and shall *meet* you *now*, with no other weapons than those of truth and conscience. I did not say that you was *a liar*, but that your assertion was false. Every *lie* is a *falsehood*, but *every falsehood* is not *a lie*. What is not true is false, and an untruth may be spoken, from ignorance or prejudice, as well as a disposition to deceive. I have not said that you spoke contrary to your belief: for I know not your thoughts; but you have uttered what is untrue: for christianity has no tendency to make bad men."

After I met the man in this manner, he asked my pardon; said he did not know we were clergymen, and excused his conduct by pleading the violence of his native passions.

Finally, he made his retreat, by alleging, that he intended to say, "more deceivers have assumed christianity for a cloak, than any other religion." To this I consented, and to this only, "that many rascals pretend to be christians, who were rascals before, created by infidelity, and are not improved by the religion of Jesus, because they have not felt it." When departing from the room, he offered me his hand, and I left him, with the expression of my desire that he might feel the influences of christianity, and experience its blessings.

When I related this anecdote to a pious wit, he said, you should not have contradicted him; you should have said, "true, christianity has made more damned,—rascals, all rascals, than all other systems of doctrine." The remark which I made in my own mind, after leaving the company, I would propose as a moral to my kindred according to the flesh.

When a young man discards the pious customs of his native place, and the faith of his christian ancestors, he commonly becomes one of the vilest of the vile.

January 24th.

THERE is a woman of colour, now in the hospital, who has been dreadfully mangled by her husband. He had been often deranged in mind, by the stimulant effect of ardent spirits; and on the night of her sufferings, said that Jesus commanded him to sacrifice her. He stabbed her in several places in the head, and cut her hands, which made resistance until the blade of the knife was broken in the bloody conflict. Her throat was also gashed in seve-

ral places; but in all this struggle for life, she did not cry so loud as to alarm the family, which slept directly over head. Groans were heard indeed, in the morning, and the neighbours coming in, found the poor creature with her hands on the wounds, and the floor wet with blood. Her reason for not making more complaint was, a conviction that her husband knew not what he did; and a fear that he would be executed, while an impenitent sinner. She now discovers great concern for the soul of her husband; and while she knows that the physicians despair of her life, is anxious that prayer should be offered for his pardon, rather than for her own recovery. She has but little knowledge; she suffers extremely, and yet her confidence in the wisdom of God might well be the object of imitation; and her peace, the desire of the learned and affluent.

With the criminals I found many persons, who appear to have more *disposition* than *ability* to teach; for many good men are poorly qualified to indoctrinate the ignorant. With one consent, exertion was made by these persons to prevent the poor convicts from doubting of their good estate. They really appeared to think that to die in the persuasion of acceptance, from whatever source that persuasion was derived, was actually to die in safety, to sleep in Jesus. Without any direct attack upon those who claimed the honour of having converted Johnson and Sinclair, it was my endeavour seriously and rationally to convince them from the word of God, of their own *sin*, of the *righteousness* which is in Christ Jesus, and of the *judgment* which is to come, that by a divine blessing they might possess contrite hearts.

Besides the word of exhortation in the alms-house this

morning, it was an unfeigned pleasure to give several more hymn books for the use of the destitute wards.

January 25th.

“ So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtains round,
And let us all to meditation.”——SHAKSPEARE.

THE cell of the murderers was this morning opened at an early hour for all ministers of the gospel, who pleased, to enter and give instruction. To gratify a wish which the criminals had previously expressed, I visited them, among many teachers of different denominations. Two German ministers devoted themselves to their unhappy countryman, who confessed perhaps all his sins but that for which he was to be executed, and with many tears followed them in their forms of prayer. Several persons who had, I would hope, pious intentions, assured Johnson that he was converted, that all his sins were unquestionably pardoned, and that now he had nothing to do but sing hymns of assurance and triumph. He was exhorted again and again to say that he was *confident*, and that he had *no fear* of death. To this poor prisoner of hope, were devoted all my attentions, because he confided in me, solicited my last advice; and because I thought it more important that he should be prepared for death, than that he should think or say, “I have already attained.”

While his friends were insisting upon the song of Hallelujah, he frequently turned to me, and asked, “How shall I pray? What shall be my last prayer?” Having explain-

ed the nature of sin, and of Christ's satisfaction for transgression, the hope was expressed that he would die with the prayer of the publican in his heart. When the singing men gave a short intermission, I proposed the 51st psalm;

"Show pity Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;"

and the words seemed perfectly consonant to his feelings. A dying penitent will always prefer confession and petition, to confident declarations of his own sincerity.

At the appointed hour, spectators withdrew from the cell; the chains were taken off; the prisoners were arrayed in white garments and caps, trimmed with black; had their arms pinioned, and received the fatal rope about their necks. The father and friends of Johnson then approached him, and gave the last embrace. The family of the keeper also approached, with much tenderness, and bade them farewell. When the prisoners had descended to the yard, I designed to have left Johnson among his friends, who were particularly desirous of walking with him, while the German brethren led Sinclair; but when the cart which contained the scaffold and the coffins appeared, the black man turned and inquired for me with anxiety. His entreaty that I would not leave him, induced me to see the consummation of this dreadful scene. On the way to the gallows, he took my left arm, and the right arm of one of his coloured brethren. Behind us were many, who incessantly sung as we marched, with military escort, but he seemed to regard songs as now inappropriate to his circumstances. Again and again he entreated me to teach him how to pray; and when I dictated suitable expressions, he would repeat them with

great fervour. He had no heart for any thing but the revelation of the grace of our Lord Jesus, and the petition, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." This he repeated at almost every step. Under the gallows he was unwilling that I should leave him, and when he was ascending to be made fast, he said to me, "What shall I say? O tell me my last prayer again?" Again I said, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." When every thing was ready, each of the criminals prayed in his own vernacular tongue. The German protested his innocence to the last. Johnson confessed; and shaking hands, while they looked up to heaven, they reciprocally greeted each other saying, "God bless you: farewell." In an instant after this, Johnson perceiving the cartman about to drive, exclaimed, "stop! stop! one minute longer; let me pray one breath more! "God be merciful to me a sinner;" when they were suspended together, and together were ushered into the presence of Jehovah. When Johnson uttered his last cry, almost every hearer involuntarily prayed for him. Would to God that we all could feel that the time for prayer is precious! Would to God that all who exclaimed "God forgive him," would ask, as he did, "what shall we do to be saved?"

If either of these unhappy men is now assured of his salvation, the assurance has come as soon as, under their circumstances, it could be expected: and if now he sings "alleluia to the Lamb, doubts have fled, fear is extinguished, faith is superseded, hope is absorbed in fruition," it is in the best time. *To know* the only true God and Jesus Christ, is eternal life; but to be confident that we savingly know them, is not absolutely essential. Yea, *such confidence*, if not founded on thorough scrutiny of religious experience, if not derived from a considerable

course of consistent piety, *is presumption*, if not DAMNING DELUSION.

January 26th.

“Let us consider one another, to provoke unto love, and to good works.”—PAUL.

LAST evening a member of the Widow's Society made me promise, without delay, to visit the poor woman whom I saw on the 17th inst. It was my intention to have visited her before this time; but many similar concerns might have created a longer delay, had I not been, in Paul's sense, *provoked* to the work. She had decayed rapidly, and was assured of speedy dissolution. Her imaginary goodness too had fled; and what she long cherished, was now, in her opinion, pride, pollution, misery, and death. Many pious instructions had she received from her female benefactors, and she appeared now to feel that she was a sinner, in perishing need of a Saviour. This was the time to preach good news, and I attempted with more apparent success than formerly, to show her how *a sinner might be just with God*; but whether she believes to salvation, must be left to the Searcher of hearts.

January 27th.

LAST week five patients died in the hospital, and while speaking there, this morning, in the presence of eight or nine, who were too near the grave to arise, one died of an inflammation by a broken leg. When first the bone was

fractured in the line of his daily business, his wife could not endure the thoughts of parting with him: but her feeble attendance on him, surrounded by poverty and sickness, was insufficient, and he became delirious. He has left, I am informed, a worthy wife, with five small children, the youngest of which is not more than three weeks of age. Her name and number I have taken as a present to some one of the Widow's Society.

Afternoon. After speaking in one room, I visited another in the alms-house, which is full of sick persons. Their misery makes me sick at heart; especially when I consider that in nine cases out of ten, premature sickness comes in consequence of making a god of animal appetite. One man, however, of middle age, whose countenance indicates past intemperance, was greatly moved by the word of God. His attention has been increasing for some weeks. O may God bless my poor labours to the salvation of his trembling soul!

Evening. The widow whom I visited yesterday, is gone. Her departure I did not imagine to be so very near. Thanks to Mrs. J. E. Caldwell, who urged my last attentions to the dying fellow-sinner! To reciprocate her kindness, I presented the card of the lately bereaved mother of five babes, which she accepted with an assurance of affording the most immediate relief within her power.

January 31st.

WHEN I first saw blind Sally, I went at the request of an elder of the Dutch church, to converse with her upon the concerns of her soul. She was greatly troubled, by

reason of spiritual darkness; and was the first person who besought me to preach in the alms-house. Many weeks she sat under the preaching of the word, before she found consolation from faith. At length the child long before brought to the birth, was brought forth into God's marvellous light. Not long since she was admitted to the full communion of the Reformed Dutch church. When under examination before the consistory, she was asked why she loved Christ? and immediately replied, "we love him because he first loved us."

Blind George was very attentive to the word to-night. His emotions clearly indicate when he is pleased or displeased with a discourse; for all sermons are not alike to him, nor is the *last* sermon always *the best*. He has already committed several hymns to memory since I gave him a book, and he requested that I would select some new ones for him to learn. This was a pleasing request; and after I had folded down a few leaves to guide his feeling, half a dozen other hymn books were handed me for the same purpose. An old woman observed to me, when she presented hers, "all we blind persons take great pleasure in learning as well as George." New applications were made by old and young, for similar books, with which, on account of my inability to gratify their wishes, I was almost as much troubled as pleased.

It was gratifying to see another aged blind woman very attentive, who formerly, when a gentleman, Mr. Baldwin, who accompanied me, said in her hearing, "perhaps many of these persons are more blind in spirit, than in their bodily organs," discovered considerable resentment, and leaving the room, exclaimed, "perhaps we are not so blind, neither!" Soon after this I took occasion to deli-

ver a public discourse, in her hearing, from the question of the spiritually blind Jews, "are we blind also?" Since that time I have often seen the tears trickle down from her aged eyelids, (which having no eyeballs to cover, could certainly not be devoted to a better use,) at the sound of that Gospel, which offers sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, soundness to the lame, and life to the dead.

When singing a hymn, which commences with these lines,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;"

I was surrounded by eight or ten boys, of about nine years of age, who tuned their little musical organs to the words, with all their might. The sight of their ragged garments and brilliant eyes, accompanied by the remembrance that some of them are orphans, some fatherless, some motherless, and others not acknowledged by any earthly parent, was calculated to excite melancholy feelings. Some of them, however, I said to myself, since they are instructed at the benevolent Free School, may in some future day rise to usefulness, influence, and even affluence, for many have arisen from indigence to honour, and have become the ornaments of society. In such a frame of mind, it was more than vocal music which I heard, when they sung;

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

February 2nd.

My journal is of necessity the record of wretchedness. The unfortunate Miss Lanse is more frantic, and there is very little reason to expect that she will ever be restored to sanity. The poor black woman, who was mangled by her husband, still lives, but her head seems to be a mass of putrefaction. She exhibits an example of patience and forgiveness, which is worthy of imitation.

Another sufferer lies in the hospital, bereft of reason, who, not long since, went to see a tiger, which is now exhibited in this city; and while offering the wild beast an apple, was caught by the arm, a little above the wrist, by the paw of the ferocious creature. The unguarded prey was drawn violently against the cage, and with the loss of flesh, nerves, muscles, tendons, and blood-vessels, from the arm, with difficulty made his escape. Of all public shows, those which exhibit the works of creation are the most proper; but it is dangerous even to stroke the mane of a tame lion; or, in proffering a favour, to extend the hand to a tiger.

It would be difficult to decide which was most cruel, the tiger or the drunken African.

February 3d.

IN the ward of the alms-house in which I preached this morning, were ten bedrid females, who cannot continue long in life: for they are most of them in the latter stages of the consumption. A little lad, who, on Thursday evening entreated me to give him a book of hymns, to-

day renewed his application with great ardour. He was very respectful, but very importunate. I doubted his ability to read, but he soon convinced me of my mistake. Two books were all I had; and since several little boys were watching the success of their companion, I presented one to an aged man, and put the other in my pocket, for a widow, to whom I had partly promised one; while I assured the children that I would soon procure some smaller books for them. The little fellow was so dejected that he could scarcely refrain from weeping. Down I came, by the shortest passage, from the upper story, to the outer door; and whom should I meet there, but this same child of importunity! He had descended by another stair-case into the cellar, and came up under the threshold over which I was to pass. There he stood, without a hat, in a storm of sleet; and plead, that he was going away to the cotton factory, on the succeeding day; and that he should never get a book, if I did not give him one now. At first I did not know that he was to be bound an apprentice, and asked, "When will you be here again?"

"I'm going there to live: I'll not be seen here again, sir, very soon, if they use me well at the factory."

The book was his; and mine the pleasure of his promise, that if ever I saw him again, I should see his hymn book also. The lad is sprightly; and I am persuaded, from the delicacy of his complexion, and the brilliancy of his eyes, that no *vulgar* blood runs in his veins. Who can say what will be the future history of this book? It will go to the factory with the lad, and there, possibly, besides being of service to the owner, will be read to other children, or will comfort some one infirm child of God, who, being an heir of glory, to learn patience, and

have an opportunity of imitating Christ in his humiliation, tends a cotton machine for a scanty subsistence.

In the afternoon, my audience at the hospital was unusually full and attentive. Here my hearers are frequently changed. Some go in a few weeks, others come, and a few remain for the greater part of a year. By death and restoration, the inhabitants of one ward have been almost entirely changed in three weeks. A preacher here resembles a guide-post indeed; for he stands beside a public road, multitudes pass him; he points them to the path which leads to a better country, and they are soon out of sight. Some of the doctrines of the cross, however, which are taught in this place, may be carried in the minds of the seamen to distant lands. Some mariner may remember a discourse about the blessed Saviour in a storm; and some forlorn female, thoughtlessly returning to her former abode, may find arrows of truth fastened in the mind, of which she was insensible, and which may eventually give her no peace, until her polluted conscience is cleansed, and her wounded heart healed, by divine grace.

Several abandoned women listened to my discourse today; and among them was a beautiful girl of only fifteen years of age. It was astonishing to see so fair and young a person as M. D. in such a situation. She was brought to the hospital by her father, who has two other daughters beside this, who have been patients in this institution. The eldest sister led the way; the younger sisters followed. In early childhood they were all left motherless; and the father, as is commonly the case with labouring men, had no time to stand sentinel over the chastity of three fair daughters.

February 7th.

IN the course of the last week, several blind people have committed a long hymn to memory, and this evening they sung it: so that my blind hearers contrive to perform their part of public worship with great propriety.

The little sprightly beggar of a book was gone to the factory. Some of the aged men, who have been without God, appear to be awakened from their stupidity, and requested that our next meeting might be in their ward. It is a singular fact, that all my public preaching hitherto has been in the rooms of the female paupers, and that the chief nurses of those rooms are pious. They have contributed much to my comfort, by making their rooms clean for my reception. Some unusual exertion, which was much needed, has uniformly been made to purify the apartments in which our assemblies have been convened. If no other purification should result from our coming together, this will be no trivial benefit to the poor.

February 10th.

AN aged man presented me the petition of a blind boy, who desired a hymn book. The boy was born blind, but could sing, as I before had learned, many sacred songs. He can commit to memory any common chapter in the Bible, by hearing it read a few times. It was decided that he should have the book, which was intended for my own use.

When I entered the room, I spake to the aged woman, whose case I have stated under date of January 1st. She expressed great gratitude to God for giving her this holy

day, and said she hoped He would give me something good to give them. During the service, she was much affected; and after it, bathing my hand with her tears, she said, "O what a coot Cot I have! He give me all things. Ho could my plessed Saviour stoop so low as me, as pick up me, poor sinner! He cover my nakedness, wash me, make me see, make me feel, and take me to be his! O my plessed Jasus!" I asked her if she could not read a Welch Testament. She could, if she had it, and her eyesight was not almost gone. "Well, then, I hope Christ will continue to teach you by his Spirit."

"O he has, he does, I know he will; I can understand you when you read the English Bible; as my prother the minister, said, he will never leave me, he is my plessed husband, the bridegroom, and my record is on high."

"Had you then a brother, who was a preacher?"

"You, you I mean; you pe my prother in Christ."

When I returned to my lodgings, a gentleman gave me a book for W. R——, the blind boy; so that the writer had the pleasure of giving and receiving.

The hospital I found this afternoon unusually full. Besides about sixty lunatics, it contains at present two hundred and forty patients. In addition to these, there are many servants and nurses in the house, who compose a part of my audience. They can better attend public worship here than they could any where else; because when some under their care are dangerously ill, they can unite in prayer, or hear the sermon, and immediately be at the bed-side of their respective charges.

The deluded child of fifteen years, M. D. was present, and paid solemn attention. But she is sick now; and many are serious while a fever rages in their blood, who,

with returning health, return to their former stupidity. This unfortunate I design to trace, if possible, in her future course. It cannot be a long one, unless God should reclaim her by the power of the gospel. Should she evince a disposition to live a moral life in future, must she be turned out again upon the world, to encounter strong temptation? The hospital is designed for the sick, and must not therefore be occupied by the sound. When she is restored to health, she must return to a worthless father's house, where she will find the sisters who seduced her. The eldest took her to a dancing house, provided a gallant for her, and after much solicitation, persuaded her to become a mistress. M. D. thinks she should never have yielded, had it not been for the precept and example of this syren sister. The three daughters have all been ensnared by their beauty, pride, and idleness. No mother taught them to be industrious; no mother warned them of the horrible pit into which they have fallen. Their father thinks it enough to provide himself food and drink. By what profession, then, could they live; by what art could they adorn their persons? Under such circumstances, where there is no fear of God, an effectual repulsion of insidious approaches, a persevering struggle against temptation, need not be expected. It will never be found.

At present M. D. professes to detest her past manner of life; but, alas! I fear! She is too proud, and has been too much caressed, to become at present a good servant to any body but the devil. She has no trade; there is no Magdalen Asylum in which her protection shall depend upon her good behaviour; she must return to her former abode of temptation; and there was a poison in the cup

which she tasted, that will perpetually irritate insatiable desire.

In such a city as this, in which are not less than seven thousand females of this description, it is devoutly to be desired, that some retreat should be afforded to those, who, from any cause, are willing to relinquish their vices; and that some association should be formed, which shall save at least a few from what they deem the necessity of prostituting themselves for a piece of bread.

After service, I prayed with the wounded negro woman, of whose recovery there is some hope. A large part of her skull is made bare by suppuration, and several parts of the cheek bone have come away; but she is perfectly patient, and resigned to life or death. She is one of the weak things of the world, who, by her patience and humble confidence in Christ, is calculated to confound the wise. Is she a fool? She feels pain as sensibly as other persons; and comforts herself with the plain doctrines of the Gospel. The man of science will find, on his death-bed, that this is enviable "foolishness."

February 14th.

"Now also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not."

PSALM lxxi. 18.

THIS was my text this evening, in the ward of aged and infirm men. The room was more capacious than any I have preached in, and contained about two hundred souls. Every corner, bed, and bench, was full. Very many of my hearers were gray-headed men. Some of them were the most perfect pictures which my mind can

conceive of venerable decrepitude and adversity. Some of them were like aged trees, whose decayed roots have yielded them to the blasts of winter. They have fallen on their beds to arise no more. They can be moved by others, but their leaves are no longer green, and their branches no longer wave in the air. So long have they stood that the younger trees, which grew after them, have mouldered into dust, and not a single scion shoots up around the withered stump.

Others of them still stand, but they resemble the solitary oak in the field, whose companions of the forest, all, all are gone; whose branches have fallen down, whose body is moss-grown, whose top has been shattered by the lightnings of heaven, and which even now trembles to its fall.

“Thus shiver’d by the lurid lightning’s blast,
The dying fir, late monarch of the grove,
Still aims at heaven, with naked arms upcast,
And pays, or seems to pay, its wrath with love.”

W. M. JOHNSON.

O my God, when I am old and gray-headed, forsake *me* not; and if I cannot preach to others, let others speak to me of Jesus Christ, the sinner’s righteousness, strength, and salvation!

W. R—, the blind boy, repeated a hymn which he had committed to memory since I saw him last. With a desire to know if the blind can have any notion of sight, I said, “my poor little boy, have you ever seen one ray of light?”

He rolled up his half-formed sightless eye-balls, and said, “I can tell by my feelings when it is day, and when

it is night; when there is light in the room, and when there an't: that's all, sir."

"Can you think how a man in appearance differs from a tree?"

"I have never *seen* a tree, but I know how a man *feels*."

"Well, child, you must hear what Christ says: believe in him, love him; for he died for sinners; and then you will see him in a better world."

When I was going down stairs, the man, "whose countenance indicates past intemperance," referred to under the date of January 27th, and who has been unusually serious ever since, presented himself, and said in a low voice, that he should be very thankful if I could procure him a hymn book. It was his intention to have made the application privately, that he might not have rivals; but two or three aged women heard him, and expressed their hope that I should not forget them. The books already distributed, I see at least twice a-week, and find that they are devoted to a proper use. Shall this man, apparently under deep conviction, a shoemaker for paupers, be denied his request? The books cost about fifty cents each. It is a small sum, indeed, but it may accomplish much good.

February 17th.

FOR more than a week, with the exception of Thursday evening, and a few hours on Friday, I have been confined to my room by sickness; but to-day I found the way to the hospital and alms-house, and was enabled to preach in both places, to many more grievously afflicted than my-

self. All very solicitously inquired after my health, and without doubt many sincere prayers were offered for my recovery. George sat on one side of me, and the blind boy on the other. Before me stood a table, covered with coarse, but clean linen, which served me for a pulpit, and supported a quarto Bible. It was *the better* for wear; and although the property of an individual, yet the use has been common to many widows, who have designated passages of peculiar interest to them, by more than one hundred different shreds of calico. Until the Bible Society, composed of young men, began a distribution in the alms-house, the word of God was a scarce article among the children of poverty.* New applications were made for hymn books, by some who told me they were “poor old creatures, and had nothing but religion to comfort them.” Not one obtained the favour which he sought, but they shall be gratified, if God preserves me, and gives the opportunity of seeing them at the appointed time of social praise.

February 21st.

W. R—, who is without father, without mother, and without relative, or, at least without any person who recognises relation either by blood or affinity, repeated seven stanzas which he had committed to memory since the last sabbath.

* The young men first *sought out the cause which they knew not*; and since that time, the poor in the hospital and alms-house have been honourably supplied by the two Bible Societies in this city. The Bibles have been uniformly preserved with great care.

To the poor old creatures I gave neither silver nor gold; but what may be of more use to them, a sermon, and some sacred songs. When the ignorant are anxious to learn, to teach them what relates to their everlasting peace, affords higher gratification, than the luxury of that praise which is bestowed by the good; a luxury, which none but idiots would reject.

February 22nd.

“In vain
To rave at mischief, if the cause remain.”

It is the duty of christians to seek the wanderer, and, if possible, reclaim the most abandoned. If proper means are not used to reform those who have departed from the paths of peace, the pious ought not to complain, that the wicked continue in iniquity; and that persons once polluted return to their wallowing in sensuality. What has been done to restore the fallen females of this city? To which of them has any benevolent society proffered protection? What female has sought to convince one of the miserable of her own sex, that the door of mercy is unfolded, and that there is hope for one, who may have been the habitation of seven devils?

It would be grateful to believe that many have so far subdued what is called *the pride of chastity*, as to imitate the Saviour of sinners in seeking the lost. Unkindness and contempt have hardened many wretched wanderers, and left others to sink, who possibly might have been saved. Legion is the name of that unhappy class of persons, who, in the fondness of expectation, in the security of promise,

in the ardour of youth, and madness of blood, have once yielded to the strong allurements of pleasure, but who would never have yielded to a second deceiver, had not the scorn of cruel relatives forced them to the streets for bread; or to the bagnio, for the gloomy satisfaction of securing an untimely grave.

Could we trust our own integrity to shield our reputation, or could we bear unjust reproach for Christ's sake, we might visit, with hearts of mercy, and hands of beneficence, the most notorious offenders.

The writer has to-day witnessed one laudable attempt. Two ladies, on Wednesday last, read what of my journal was then written, and felt such an interest in the girl of fifteen, M. D—, that they resolved to invite her return from perdition. One of these pious persons accompanied me to the hospital, and held a private conference with the motherless child, who wept, professed a desire to reform, and seemed grateful for the attention. She could not read; neither can she repeat the "Lord's prayer." What must have employed the attention of her father? Alas! he is one of those parents of whom great Milton says,

"Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget.
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye."

PARADISE LOST, B. xi. l. 613.

These children of Cain are numerous; and parents of this description, who ought to sustain the double office of

father and mother to their daughters, must render a most solemn account in the general judgment. How many must confess that they have been the indirect causes of the prostitution of their families! "If thou sayest, 'behold, we knew it not,' doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?"

February 24th.

Rev. Dr. Miller, at my request, delivered a discourse in the hospital this morning, to a very attentive audience; and expressed his full conviction, that it is as important to maintain the preaching of the gospel in this institution, as in any congregation in the city. Every minister who has given me assistance, and all the gentlemen who have attended public worship with us, have expressed the same opinion.

February 28th.

THIS evening, with George on my right, and the blind boy on my left, we sung three new hymns, to as many new tunes. The blind commit to memory with great facility; which astonishes me; because when others learn to repeat what is written, they are greatly assisted by recollecting the place which they have seen. One who preaches from memory, I am informed, thinks of the paragraph and page, and even turns over the leaves in imagination; but the memory of the blind cannot be local. They must think,

and their minds must review their own operations, more accurately, than the greater part of idle gazers on the works of God. Six or eight blind persons can repeat more sacred poetry and passages of inspiration, than all the other inhabitants of the alms-house. W. R— repeated another hymn. He can always tell me the number of the hymn, and the page.

In singing, my blind musician, very unexpectedly, repeated, and repeated again, the second line of the fourth stanza, of the 86th hymn;

“Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;”

and onward all proceeded, with as much ease, and with as little discord, as had the repeat been written in the music. The deviation was so appropriate, that every one, who had heard, would have honoured the judgment of this eccentric singer. The crowd of hearers was so great, that many were obliged to stand, and some on crutches too; so that every square foot of room was occupied, except immediately before the fire, where the preacher stood, very much to his disadvantage. But the Lord gave the hearing ear, and one could well afford to suffer from the want of fresh air. To stand in a confined atmosphere, before a warm fire, amidst the sick, who are attentive, is not so painful to the heart, as to preach in a spacious church, to empty seats, or to thoughtless people, who either whisper, cough needlessly, examine faces, or slumber. All ministers of the gospel must have their respective trials!

Of many of my hearers, I may safely say, that I have good hope of their spiritual welfare. God bless the poor.

March 3d.

“He answered, and said, ‘I will not;’ but afterward he repented and went.”—*MATT. xxi. 29.*

IN the hospital these words commanded attention; and every eye was fixed, from the beginning to the end of the discourse.

Three times, weekly, I have an audience, more resembling that which Christ commonly addressed, than can be found in any place not devoted to the poor and wretched. May I but tread in the steps of my divine Master, blessed will be my ministry. Deeply do I regret, however, that there should be so much occasion to address lewd persons as there really is, and that multitudes of them should never hear the word of life. The language of Christ in the context was applicable to some of my hearers; for some amiable young persons, moral in life, who say, “we go, Lord; but go not,” were seated around me; and to these intimate friends I said, alas! with truth, “verily I say unto you, that publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.”

In the alms-house I preached in a ward which was full of poor mothers with little children. They would cry, and required attention continually. It was no favourable place for thought and speech, and I was not a little interrupted by fifty babes. The poor women, however, were anxious to hear what they could of the discourse, and a small portion of the word of life is better than no food.

March 7th.

W. R——, the blind lad, repeated several hymns. I have heard him read a chapter in the Bible. He must

have the book in his hand, opened at the place, (from habit, I suppose,) when he will commence, and finish the reading of many chapters, with the omission of only a few words. The person who first paid attention to this child deserves high praise. It was Mrs. Graham, an aged Dorcas, abundant in all good works. She found him not merely blind, but like the greater part of the children at that time, abounding with a very undesirable animation, and ignorant as the beasts which perish. She began to cultivate his mind; and by the assistance of "the Friendly Union Society," in catechizing him, the benighted orphan has obtained as much knowledge of religion as most boys of his age possess. He learns, weekly, more divine songs, and passages of the Bible, than any of his companions in years who enjoy the light.

March 9th.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

"He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again."

THE pious person, of accurate observation, will never want evidence of the divine faithfulness. The promises of God, which relate to the present life, as well as those which respect the future, are undoubtedly fulfilled. Who ever perished with hunger, that so trusted in the Lord as to be an heir of this promise, "verily thou shalt be fed?" Who ever "waited patiently for the Lord," and could not affirm, in the promised hour, "he inclined unto me, and heard my cry: he brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock,

and established my goings?" I am young, and have seen many promises fulfilled. There are many who can declare, "we are old; yet have we not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." This is a general rule, that he who feeds the young ravens when they cry, will make all necessary provision for the offspring of his people; and when we find the child of a good man reduced to beggary, there is commonly good reason to conclude, that the parents of the vagabond, like Eli and Samuel, were defective in family government. The promise which is subjoined to the command, "train up a child in the way he should go," is not unfrequently thought to be abrogated, because many pious heads of families have the reputation of *commanding their households after them*, who, in fact, when their sons make themselves vile, restrain them not. Prove that a child has really been educated and governed as he ought to have been; and I will then prove, that when he is old he will not depart from the way of life.

To-day I have seen that bread returned, which many years since was cast upon the waters.

In the war, which separated the United States from the crown of England, a family was much reduced, by the death of one of the heads, and the loss of all his personal property. The widow, with her two daughters, who were then young ladies, were necessitated to keep boarders for their subsistence. Among their boarders, was a native of New England, and a soldier in the cause of liberty; who, while a resident in the widow's family, was visited with dangerous sickness, and must have died, had not the daughters of his hostess treated him with the most benevolent attention. For six weeks they watched the wavering flame of life, with the tenderness of sisters, and expected

daily to see the last glimmerings extinguished by the dampness of death. It pleased the Lord to preserve the soldier; but he was poor; and his attendants knew it. They did not expect remuneration; nor was he able, in the hard times which our fathers saw, by the soldier's pay, never paid to many of the brave, to discharge even the bill of his lodging. So soon as his health would permit, he shouldered his gun, and marched away, to unite with his companions in contest. Never did he again see his female guardians; but, for many years after, he told the tale of his misery, and their kindness, to his wife and friends, in the land of his nativity.

The widow and the fatherless cast their bread upon the waters: they had pity upon the poor soldier. That widow is dead: the soldier has fought his last battle, in which, through Christ, he was victorious; has laid aside his armour, and now slumbers with those, who shall awake on the morning of the resurrection, to walk with the Captain of their salvation in the pure robes of righteousness. The two daughters survive. The widow and the son of the departed soldier are also in the land of the living. The son is now in Europe; but his wife and mother are in this city. A few days since, they knew not that any of the family which had supported their near relative were in want, or even in life. But a benevolent young man, of the Episcopal church, asked of them assistance for two poor maiden ladies, who were in poverty. The daughter-in-law of the deceased patriot paid them a visit. On learning her name, they told her the story of a soldier of the same name, and she made report to her mother-in-law. Behold, that soldier was her husband, Mr. Hyde, of whom the poor women spake.

It was a remarkable providence, which brought this young lady to the assistance of persons, who, without her knowledge, had more than thirty years ago preserved the life of her husband's father. One of the females is sick, and her sister watches over her sleepless nights, but that which they loaned to the poor, when they were in more prosperous circumstances, is now returning to them with interest.

Reader, would you provide for the days of want, which may come? Would you secure friends for the day of adversity? Remember the poor, visit the widow, comfort the fatherless; and when you are reduced to a piece of bread, or a handful of meal, may the descendant of some one who was relieved by your bounty, furnish you with a covering, and a few sticks of wood, at least, to warm your withered frame, that you may be grateful to God, while you say, with new convictions of its truth, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

March 10th.

ON the 24th of the last month, the writer preached in the ward of the alms-house in which he held public worship this morning: but the room was almost cleared of its late inhabitants. He was then surrounded by many, who have since gone to the state of the dead, and others are stretched on the same beds, to die in their turn, in the same manner. It may be necessary, here, to observe, that those persons who are unable to support themselves in sickness, are carried to the hospital, when there is a probability of their being restored to health; but when they have chroni-

cal complaints, or when the hospital is full, they are brought to the alms-house, to die and be buried at the public expense. Servants and labourers, who have not been sufficiently prudent or successful, to make provision for a lingering disease, find this institution their last home—but one. From the hospital, those who are pronounced incurable are also removed to this place, that their removal may make room for new patients, who may be assisted by the medical and surgical attendance.

M. D—, the girl of fifteen years, with returning health appears less humble, so that the intended benevolence of the ladies who compassionated her, will probably be frustrated. Much it is to be feared that she is ruined for time and eternity. It has been found difficult to procure any place in a decent family, where it is proper that she should reside. The situation of these women in the hospital is unfavourable to reformation; for it is impossible to exclude them from all intercourse with wicked men. Possibly, restraint, counsel, and kindness, might pluck some of them from the flames. Again I exclaim, “O for a Lock, or Magdalen hospital.”* The different sexes should not only have different apartments, but be confined in different buildings. In the Magdalen of London, many are preserved from the contempt of the world, idleness, temptation, and themselves. Some might be instructed in religion, and the useful arts: yea, some in this city, as well as the metropolis of England, might be rescued from perdition.

Would it not be lawful, and is it not expedient, to confine

* These institutions in London are exclusively devoted to outcast females. The first heals them; the second protects and provides for them.

in work-houses some of the clamorous and diseased persons, who are a nuisance to the city? Bridewell is a place by far too narrow for one out of every hundred, who should be kept at some honest business, for their own support. The morals of many very young men are corrupted, and their health destroyed, by the allurements of those who walk at liberty, spreading the pestilence in all their way. "At the window of my house," every man of observation in this city may say, "I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man, void of understanding, passing through the street, near her corner; and he went the way to her house in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night: and, behold, there met him a woman—subtle of heart." "With her much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattering of her lips she forced him." The writer has seen a youth of fifteen years going "after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks, till a dart strike through his liver, as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." This is stated, that parents may beware betimes; for many never caution their children, from fastidious delicacy, until it is too late; too late for ever!

Last week, a child was found, in the evening, at the gate of the alms-house, which was deaf, dumb, and lame. It was sewed up in a blanket; and since no one acknowledged it, the institution humanely received it. It is one of the effects of Christianity, that such asylums are provided by the community. The child appears to be about twelve years of age. But who were the parents? Had they been so poor as to be unable to support the child,

they would have brought him openly, and claimed support. If they were able to protect the child, and yet deserted it, they have souls, which “were made of sterner stuff.” There was a similar case of desertion some years ago, of a poor idiot, who was found in the yard of the hospital. Whence he came, no one knew; but, since he was found on Friday morning, like Robinson Crusoe’s man, he has been called by that name. From his appearance, he must be thirty years of age. Where he was born, where he has lived, and who were his parents, he knows no more than the oyster which adheres to a rock. He has no more reason than the sensitive plant, and though he has all the organs of speech, yet he never attempts to use them. Like Balaam’s ass, he has uttered a few articulate sounds, from compulsion, without understanding their meaning. In every respect, Friday, erect like a man, is inferior to most animals. Would any of our race have exhibited such a spectacle, had not sin, deformity, imbecility, mental disorder, and idiotism, entered the world by the first transgression?

March 13th.

“Should the world frown, and all its pleasures fly,
Should every earthly comfort disappear,
And all the charms of nature sink in darkness,
If thou art with me, if thou art my God,
Am I not happy? Can I wish for more?
Thy gracious presence well supplies the loss
Of earthly bliss, and yields superior joy
To all that universal nature boasts.”

MRS. STEELE.

THOSE sick and dying persons, who belong to no cler-

gyman's cure, and have regularly attended no place of worship, seem to be providentially allotted to me. Many, who are ashamed to send for those ministers whom they might have heard habitually, have sent me a request to come and pray with them, and seem to think that I am exclusively their property, because they are poor, or because they have been so wicked as formerly to slight all religious ordinances.

This morning I have visited three sick families. In the first, I found a widow with two small children, and a young man on the bed of death, who appeared to be about twenty-three years of age. He was solemn, and deeply anxious about the salvation of his soul. The law had performed its appropriate work of alarming, terrifying, and convincing him; yea, of killing every hope of salvation by his personal obedience. By familiar comparisons, I attempted to illustrate the doctrine of a sinner's justification, on account of that work which was performed, without man's pre-concert, or co-operation, when the Son of the Blessed offered up himself a sacrifice for sin.

In this doctrine there is life, and a gleam of hope appeared to dawn on the visage of death. The young man was much affected; desired prayers; and earnestly entreated me to call again.

From this place I went to the abode of those maiden females, who befriended the sick soldier. I raised the outer cellar door, and knocked upon the inner, which opened into their abode. A feeble hollow voice said, "come in." I descended, but on entering saw no person. Something like a coverlet, (the lining and stuffing of which was gone with use, so that nothing remained but the patch-work calico, and that defective here and there,

where one piece was taken, thirty years ago, from a gown older than that which furnished the fellow squares,) was suspended, like a curtain, to divide the cellar into a kitchen and bed-room. The sick woman drew this curtain to behold her visiter.

“What! are you here alone?”

“Yes, alone; but not alone neither.” She stretched forth her hand, and after a few convulsive struggles with the enemy at her vitals, said, “I am glad to see you: I rejoice to see any Christian being.” Her sister was gone out to work, for the day, but being near, ran in frequently to assist her patient. I expressed my surprise, that when she was so dangerously sick, she should be deserted; but she replied, that it was necessary for their subsistence, and she was as willing to die with God alone, as with any other company. After I had prayed with her, she said, “What a mercy it is to me, that God has afflicted me! that he did not cut me down, and sweep me away in a moment! that he has not punished me as I have deserved! He has visited me with lingering sickness, that I might know him, and love him better.” Such is the humility, gratitude, and faith of this woman, that in prayer I had little else to do, than to thank God for giving such rich consolations of grace as she experienced, to miserable sinners. Until she was providentially found by the compassionate, she suffered from the want of many of the necessities of life; but now “she is quite comfortable.”

Lastly, I visited the widow and the fatherless, to learn their present situation. A few days ago I was at the abode of the same woman, and her little son was dangerously sick. She watched with him incessantly, which made me apprehensive that I should find her ill; and I

was not disappointed. The little boy saw me coming, and welcomed me with a smile; but the mother was almost insensible; was confined to the bed; had sent for no physician; and had no other nurse than her half-recovered child. This woman, I positively know, has been industrious, and poverty in her case is not her fault; unless it is a crime to find needles and silk, to close and bind Morocco shoes at the rate of four shillings for twelve pair, when every cord of wood costs her more money than she can accumulate in a month.

For her relief, I had only to state her case to Mrs. Brodhead and Mrs. Perit, daughters of faithful Sarah, who have often relieved her, and will continue to do it, with truly tender beneficence. She will not want; for these friends of Jesus will visit her in person; and while they raise the drooping head, will pour into the lacerated heart the balm of gospel peace. There are many such pious women in this city, and God reward them a thousand fold.

March 14th.

THIS evening was devoted to public worship, private conversation, and the hearing of hymns repeated, in the alms-house. The usual solemnity prevailed, and many were affected at the inquiry, "will ye also go away?" After the discourse, some of the blind stood around me to be instructed, and expressed so much gratitude, that I really felt ashamed that any worm should be thought a guide, comforter, and almost a saviour. Let it not be thought, however, that half, or even a fourth part of the

thousand people in this institution, are disposed to pay constant attention to the preaching of the gospel. Some miserable, polluted beings never show themselves in our assemblies; some are like the half-day hearers of a more polite audience, and some never wish to see a minister until they think death ready to plunge them into hell.

March 17th.

Most of my hearers, this morning, were aged women, who are foreigners; and almost every other person was upon crutches. I never saw, at any one time, so many wooden limbs as were now presented.

The good matron, from Berwick upon Tweed, was seated with her cane in her hand, and clad with a blue cloak, which has become almost white with age and use. It is a cloak by day, and a covering by night. From its texture, I am led to suppose, that it must have seen better days, when its owner had not outlived all her friends. Happy is that person, who being free from debt, and at peace with mankind, can wrap himself in his mantle, saying, "I have hope in Christ; I brought nothing into the world; I can carry nothing away; let this garment be my winding sheet; I am ready to depart; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."* There was no object in the room, which did not excite compassion, except a little bird,

* This aged woman, in the spring of 1812, became quite infirm. Her cheerfulness seemed to be supplanted by an earnest desire to depart and be with Jesus. She was more childish than when the above was written; and in June, fell asleep; but her piety was apparent under all circumstances.

which sung occasionally a soft song to a poor invalid, its mistress. She listened to me, to-day, and after service besought me with tears, that I would not let it be "so long" before I came again. Alas! I pitied her. Her limbs are drawn into knots by the rheumatism, and she cannot leave her bed; but other persons under similar confinement earnestly contend for their turns, and I must preach in eight or ten wards before she can be gratified.

The hospital, with the approach of warmer weather, begins to part with some of the patients, who could not endure the frosts of winter. Still there was a full room, this afternoon; and more hearers than I could have addressed in a week, had I gone on several missions to the dispersed inhabitants of the wilderness. Why is not one soul as valuable in this city, as one soul in India? The gospel should be preached to every creature; but the messenger should begin at Jerusalem, and make a regular progression to "all the region round about" her.

So long as sin reigns, and this city exists a commercial mart, the two institutions in which I labour, will abound with miserable offenders, who must perish, if the bread of salvation be denied them. Here sinners meet, not only from every State in the Union, but from almost every kingdom of Europe.

March 20th.

Miss Lanse is numbered with the dead. She was restored to reason, and continued sane for a few days; but, from delicacy of constitution, could not sustain the shock. She was so extremely weak and low, that few were per-

mitted to visit the unfortunate victim of tragical farce, before she resigned her life into the hands of God.

Of all the disorders, to which humanity is subject, that of insanity is the most dreadful; because, in almost every instance, it puts the patient beyond the reach of the gospel. In two hundred cases, I have known only two persons who were benefitted by religious instruction. In one of these, a young man, who was on the recovery, but deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul, apparently derived consolation from repeated instructions. It was hope in the mercy of God, which finally established his soul in peace; and without this he would probably have made a second, and fatally successful attempt upon his life. The word of God, when it was personally applied, he found to be a far better remedy for mental anguish, than the razor, which had stained his hand with his own blood.

March 21st.

HAD an enemy seen me to-night, he could not have wished me a more unpleasant situation than I had: or a friend to Jesus, he could not have desired a better employment than I found in the alms-house. The ward of blind people was crowded, and many, who sought to enter, were unable. The room was warm, and the atmosphere odious; but since our Master stooped to the meanest condition; yea, endured the hardest fare, how could ministers retreat, until they had delivered their message? The singing was animated, and the attention of the hearers compensated for the want of wholesome air. When the weather is warm, it is

impossible to be comfortable, where are twenty beds, and more than one hundred people, respiring the atmosphere of a single room, again and again. After the sermon, I was sufficiently fatigued to have left the place. At this moment, a little boy, with a pair of bright eyes, wanted to repeat a hymn; and two sick persons sent a request that I would pay them a visit. In going to them, I passed through several rooms, in one of which blind Sofa, an old German woman, hearing my voice, stretched forth her hand to detain me. She has been one of my constant auditors, and sings broken English with George very devoutly. Her natural eyes see not; but her mind discerns glorious things out of the gospel, which her heart loves. It was a grief to this poor saint, that she could not attend public worship this evening. She was too unwell to leave her room, "but you must tell me," she cried, "what your text was."

I replied, "She hath done what she could," and began to tell her what use I made of these words. "O I remember," she said, "the passage of scripture;" and convinced me that she was well acquainted with the context; which one of her companions promised immediately to read for her; and I departed to the bed of an aged man, a soldier in the revolution, who is grievously afflicted with an inflammation of the head. He has served as a governor of the boys, and has assisted in keeping the flock of children still, who surround the door of the ward in which I preach. For many reasons I was sorry to find him sick. What I should do without him, for a constable or tithing man among the noisy little ones, I do not know. Alas! almost every soldier, when the toils of war are over, will drink too freely. It is the case with this

man. At the fear of death he trembles, but says, that if he was certain of pardon and freedom from sin, he should be glad to die. While I conversed and prayed with him, many of his room-mates, aged, infirm, deformed, and miserable in appearance, listened to my speech, and on my departure, offered me their hands with many blessings.

Lastly, I visited a sick woman. "Do you know that you are a sinner?" "Oh! I am one of the very worst!" This commenced a dialogue, which was concluded with prayer. Her anxiety of mind is great, and her sickness dangerous. Such instruction as seemed most suitable, was freely given. Glad, indeed, and yet sorry was I, to leave her; for a fever made her very offensive, while her mind was prepared to receive the gospel. The room was full of old and young, sick and well, good and bad.

On the general management of the alms-house, I feel constrained to make a few remarks. I do not censure the corporation of the city, nor the present superintendent, for he cannot be every where, to manage every thing; and he certainly attends to his duty with fidelity. The plan of the house is radically wrong. All the apartments are large, and have connexion with each other. There is no public hall in which all the paupers could eat at once; but different messes, at different times, are dispersed through the house. Although seventy or eighty children are lodged in one room, in which all the beds touch, yet many are allowed to ramble through all the apartments, and many live entirely with old people. In some rooms, husbands and wives, with children, and even unmarried persons sleep together. Marriage is permitted in the institution, because it cannot be prevented under existing circumstances, to procreate a future race of paupers.

These things should not be. The present establishment, in the heart of the city, should be sold; a spacious situation should be occupied, at some distance from the present; and instead of one immense pile of buildings, there should be at least four, in as many separate enclosures. One should be allotted to males, another to females, a third to children, and the fourth, containing a convenient place for public worship, to the superintendent's family, and the various offices of the institution. No sort of connexion should subsist between men, women, and children. This would prevent the multiplication of many paupers, and much expense. A minister of the gospel, and a teacher of children, no less than a physician, should be officers in the establishment, and co-operate in the government, with the superintendent. The rooms should be small; and all who are able, should work. All in tolerable health, in each department, should take their meals together, to prevent every room from becoming a cook-shop and a bed-chamber.

Several of the large rooms are now filled with decent people, and when an unfortunate person can obtain a birth in one of them, he ought to think it a great favour; but the greater part of the wards abound with the vile; and here and there a solitary believer is vexed with the filthy conversation of this second Sodom. Every good man must pray, "Oh God! if poverty be my lot, assign me not a residence among such transgressors: let me die in some solitary hovel, where I shall not hear thy name blasphemed."

March 22nd.

THE young man whom I visited on the 13th of the pre-

sent month, I found to-day weaker in body, and in nearly the same state of mind. He requested me to say the same things again, which I had communicated on a former visit; for he wished more perfectly to understand the ground of justification, and the way of life. Again was proclaimed the sinner's hope; again the glassy eyes, almost closed in death, shed the full tear; again we prayed, and again he entreated me to renew my visit. But death will come first. Whether he is to be saved or lost, is beyond human ken; but where the gospel is heard with attention, and apparent faith in it, we may entertain the fond persuasion, that it is the power of God unto salvation.

March 24th.

WHEN we attempt to praise God in the alms-house, the dialect of almost every nation is heard; for the English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, German, French, Spanish, and Italian, as well as American poor, have met together. What some of the foreigners want in pronunciation, they more than make up in their musical notes. I have become, now, so accustomed to this confusion of dialects, that it does not disturb my devotion. Nine persons are dangerously sick in the room in which I preached this morning. One of them was well last Thursday evening, attended service in the blind ward, and urged me to preach in her room to-day, with which request I complied; and possibly she may have heard her last sermon. She is now burning with a fever. She is a widow of good report, of amiable countenance, and of exemplary deportment. She

has one little daughter of about eight years of age. The poor-house has become her home, in consequence of a "white swelling" on one of her limbs, which is incurable, and utterly prevents her from labour. Poor woman! Her trials are great; but they will be sanctified to her good, and the divine glory; for she is a child of the most High, a daughter of the Lord Almighty.

My tithing man sent for me to pray with him again. His knees bowed at his bed-side, while we offered up such petitions as were deemed most appropriate.

From him I turned to a Scotchman, in the same room, who on the fourth day of this month commenced his eighty-fifth year. He told me in the broad dialect of the land of his nativity, that he was "very auld, and without feeling a'most. I cannae e'en feel," said he, laying his hand on his vest, "to button my clothes."

"You know, then," I said, "the force of Solomon's expressions, concerning that state in which the grinders are few, desire fails; the hands, the keepers of the house, tremble; and the knees, the strong men, bow themselves. The grasshopper, every little trifle, must have become a burthen."

"Few and evil," he replied, "have the years of my life been." The old man was well acquainted with the system of Christianity; and, indeed, where will you find a native of Scotland, that is destitute of doctrinal knowledge? "Could I be sure," he said, "of an interest in Christ, I should think myself a happy man."

"From what you have already said, I should think that you had a well-grounded hope of your being in Christ by faith; and I trust it will be well with you, when this time-eaten garment shall be laid aside."

“My dear sir, no man is certain until the very last, until he is secure; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, which leadeth to death, while strait is the gate, and narrow the way, which leadeth to life. I have hope, however.” When I left him, he thanked me for a little attention to “an auld mon.” While I was coming out, two other persons of seventy years arose to pay their respects to me. One was a tall, pale, hoary-headed man; and the other was blind. When I exhorted them to pray, the tears of the former fell upon his frosted beard. They said, that in such a noisy place, they found it difficult to pour out their hearts to God in any corner, but in the night, when most around them were asleep, they always attempted it.

I could easily believe their assertion, for on descending and crossing the yard, I met not less than one hundred little children, without any one to restrain them, playing all manner of gambols, and roaring like the young bears of the wilderness. Some of the older ones are catechized on the sabbath, by pious individuals, and the members of the “Friendly Union Society;” but these were under five years of age, and have become expert in mischief. They should have a governess as well as a nurse; and under the general superintendent, there should be at least a lieutenant over children. Who will not be astonished, when I state that some affluent churches allow some of their baptized children to be educated in such a school of immorality as this? The words of CRABBE are so appropriate, that I beg the reader to peruse them.

“ At last, with all their words and work content,
Back to their homes the prudent Vestry went,
And Richard Monday to the work-house sent.

There was he pinch'd and pitied, thump'd and fed,
And duly took his beatings and his bread;
Patient in all control, in all abuse,
He found contempt and kicking have their use:
Sad, silent, supple; bending to the blow,
A slave of slaves, the lowest of the low;
His patient soul gave way to all things base,
He knew no shame, he dreaded no disgrace;
It seems so well his passions he supprest,
No feeling stirr'd his ever torpid breast;
Him might the meanest pauper bruise and cheat;
He was a footstool for the beggar's feet;
His were the legs that run at all commands,
They us'd, on all occasions, Richard's hands."

In the afternoon, I had the pleasure of a clean room in the hospital, and attentive hearers. Many of them are dying men, and under such circumstances, who would not be attentive? It is a subject of no small gratitude with me, that this Institution is well managed; that the superintendent, under the honourable governors, keeps his numerous family in subjection; and, so far as he is able, promotes the spiritual, as well as temporal welfare of the patients.

In the hospital, we are most deficient in that important part of worship, the singing of psalms and hymns. I want such a clerk here as I have in the alms-house; but since there is no such patient as George, I am happy to express my gratitude to Mr. HENRY CROCKER, for repeatedly leading in our sacred songs. He has kindly volunteered his services in many instances, and I trust the Lord will reward him for his exertions to help the devotion of the poor.

April 5th.

SINCE my last date, I have performed my usual services to the poor, and wish it to be understood, that I shall regularly preach in the alms-house twice, and in the hospital once, weekly, when I do not give the reader notice of my absence.

This morning the superintendent of the hospital called, with a request that I would visit one of the patients. I went to the bed-side of the unfortunate female; found her in tears, and left her in tears. And would to God, that my fellow-citizens, who certainly are not devoid of commiseration, might turn their attention to a MAGDALEN ASYLUM, when I assure them that the tale I relate, is no less true than affecting.

Four years ago, a certain dame, of this city, whose name might be given, would it answer any valuable purpose, visited the town of E——n, in the state of New-York, in the character, and, as the vulgar would think, in the attire of a fashionable lady. By appearances and professions, she imposed on the simple. She found a poor, ignorant widow, who had many children, whom it was difficult for her to support; and among them a daughter of twelve years, who was, in the estimation of a harridan, adapted to procure the spending-money of the licentious in the middle grade of sensualists. The girl was masculine, and ignorant. The mother gave credit to the speeches of a *fine* lady; and consented to part with her child, that the deceiver might make her a city chambermaid of distinction. The daughter was promised high wages, kind treatment, and easy service. The mother was deluded; the deceiver triumphed; the child was ruined.

The female monster brought her prey to this city, and before she was thirteen years of age, prostituted her to the vilest purposes. In this deplorable situation she has been almost four years. In the lapse of this time, her mother has twice been to this city in search for her child, but could not find her. Once Amy W——n knew that her parent was in pursuit of her, and would have gone, with all her growing consciousness of guilt, to meet one, who could have pardoned, while she repented; but the monster who had decoyed her from her mother, absolutely locked her into her chamber, and by force made her drunk with cordials.

Now the poor, miserable, seduced being, is in the hospital, and apparently nigh to the grave. No mother is near to comfort her. She cannot read the Bible. She has, however, and I bless God for the circumstance, the pious instructions, attentions, and prayers of the present matron, who seeks to imitate her Master, by doing good to the most profligate.

The child knew that she was a sinner, and has been for some days deeply afflicted in spirit, as well as in body. Such copious weeping I never saw before, in any single instance. I doubt whether Mary, who washed the feet of Jesus, shed more tears in the same time. But floods of tears cannot wash away the guilt and pollution of one sin. The blood of Christ, the precious blood of the atonement, cleanses believers from all sin.

The hope which may be rationally entertained of the salvation of this person, is certainly more animating than that which can be cherished concerning thousands, who dwell at ease, and hundreds who, not knowing the power of God, think it can be of no service to preach the gospel

to such wretches as inhabit charitable institutions. Let those who are ignorant of the efficacy of the living words and blood of Christ, and who nevertheless deem themselves Christians, know assuredly, that there is more reason to expect the salvation of a Mary Magdalen,* than of their souls.

In another corner of the same ward, lay a mother of harlots, whose face scarcely resembles any thing human. Lazarus, who probably knew nothing of the modern demand for mercury, and the sores it produces, was not more afflicted than this woman. For years past she has made merchandise of many, many female boarders, but seeing the grief of Amy W—n, and being affected at the situation of the country girl, she said to me, “I am drawing near to the eternal world; but although I have encouraged many to continue in sin, yet I thank God that I never stole away and ruined such an innocent child as that. That’s all my consolation!” Miserable consolation, indeed! But in this manner, the vilest of dying sinners seek consolation, by comparing themselves with some of their companions, whom they deem more obnoxious to divine justice than themselves. The Pharisee was not singular in the expression of his heart, “God, I thank thee that I am not as other men.”

April 6th.

AMY W——n continues in the same state of body and

* Common use has rendered this name descriptive of a degraded female; but the scriptures present no evidence that Mary Magdalen was a woman of the city. The *sinner* of whom we read in Luke vii. 37, is not called Mary; but it was Mary, the sister of Lazarus, who in the house of another Simon, the leper, anointed the head of Jesus.

mind. She was convulsed with emotion; wept while I prayed for her; thanked me for my attention; and seemed to think herself too vile to excite even a fellow-sinner's commiseration.

April 7th.

How it might have affected others I know not, but to me it was an interesting sight to see a tall respectable female of about fifty-five years brought into our assembly in the alms-house, by a compassionate man, that she might hear the word of God. The rheumatism has prevented the use of her limbs; so that she can neither stand nor walk; but she could sit and listen to the doctrine which she loves. After sermon, the same man took her in his arms to her own ward.*

* This man had been visited with the palsy, but was now in the possession of his usual strength. After the above date he frequently performed the same service for the same pious woman. Sometime in the winter of 1812 he was taken sick, with a second attack of his disorder. I visited him; found him much agitated in soul, and anxious to know what he should do to be saved. His sins were his tormentors. Christ, the Saviour of sinners, was offered to his acceptance, and after prayer I left him weeping. A few days after, he requested to see me, when I had been preaching and praying with other sick persons. Such was my fatigue, and indisposition of body, that I excused myself for that time; but the next morning I found that he died, while expressing a wish that I was present to pray for him. This is the only instance in which I have excused myself from any unpleasant duty of this kind; and, although I cannot severely censure myself, because I was really sick, yet I think it will be the last. If I can stand and speak, I am resolved to pray with dying sinners, who request me to be their leader in devotion.

April 21st.

THE most pitiable object, whom I have seen of late, is an Irish woman, who is dangerously sick of a fever in the alms-house. She was a good mother, and wife, before her husband deserted her; and she is a good mother still. From every one, who has known her, I learn a favourable account of her moral conduct. To-day she would have melted any heart. Four little children surrounded her bed, who were all of them like herself, and all so much like one another, that nothing but stature seemed to distinguish one from the other. All of them were crying for their poor mother. The whole family lately came from Ireland, but the husband has left her with her babes to languish, and perhaps to die, without a friend. Alas! that drunkenness should, in this country, transform a generous and wildly enthusiastic son of Erin into something worse than a brute! In Hibernia, it is probable that this same fellow would have divided his last potato with his superannuated grandmother; or would have shed his blood in defence of his wife and children; but here, where ardent spirits are sold for six shillings by the gallon, wife, children, relatives, and friends, may all go to the alms-house, or even to "Potter's field," for a glass of grog.*

April 25th.

AGAIN I have seen, beside many other sick persons, the deserted Irish woman. She was found with three children

* It is said that a newly naturalized citizen, to induce some of his countrymen to immigrate to this country, wrote to his friend, "that in America a man might get drunk twice for sixpence!" This is too true!

in one bed, in a room in which were many widows, or deserted females, in the same predicament. Two were laid at the foot of the bed; one was at her side; and the youngest was in the arms of a friend in adversity. If the children are preserved from the putrid fever, it will astonish me. For them she wept, and prayed to live, while several of her acquaintance sobbed in unison. If any situation can be imagined, which requires much grace to enable one to resign life without a murmur, it is that of a deserted wife, who has little babes hanging about her parched lips and panting bosom. What will become of them, in this busy world, where thousands might say in truth, "I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul?" *Psalm cxlii. 4.*

May 16th.

SINCE the last introduction of the name of W. R—, the blind boy, he has repeated, weekly, a hymn; and this evening more little children proposed to follow his example than the writer could patiently hear. They had the promise of being attended to at our next meeting, and of a little book; for the Rev. Dr. Proudfit had presented a bundle of tracts, with Owen on the 130th Psalm, for the benefit of the poor. This reverend gentleman I have never seen, but his books shall be loaned to those who think every religious book a treasure; and in heaven some one may bless him for publishing and distributing, gratuitously and otherwise, a cheap edition of a book, which clearly illustrates the doctrine of pardon.

May 19th.

“Thus must foul earth be purified by fire!
Her guilty hosts in burning seas expire!
Thus must her dust, which drank her Maker’s blood,
Be washed away beneath a flaming flood.”—B. FRANCIS.

Who can behold a city in flames, and not think of that day in which the earth shall burn like an oven; in which all things in it shall be consumed? While on my way to the alms-house, on the morning of this holy day, the cry of fire resounded from a thousand tongues. The wind was unusually boisterous for a clear day, and the buildings in the vicinity of the fire were of wood. In a few moments, many houses were enveloped in the general conflagration, and before one o’clock, more than one hundred tenements were reduced to ashes. Most of these were inhabited by two or three poor families. The whole scene was dreadful. Mothers were running in every direction in pursuit of their lost children, and husbands, in consternation, were seeking for their wives. Many of the public buildings took fire, and for some time half of the city seemed to wait a fiery doom. In the midst of this distress, I entered the alms-house. In the blind ward, one of my pious hearers, blind Patty, was in a fit, and her room-mates were crying aloud for her, and for themselves. They knew that the fire was near, and thought that no one would take the trouble to lead them out, even should the house over their heads be in flames. To be blind, and to be near the raging element, must be alarming indeed! Oh! that they would consider this, who are blind, while they stand on the brink of hell! At the sound of my voice in the room, many exclaimed, “our friend has

come," who felt for me, and hung around the skirts of my garment, praying that I would lead them out, until I repeatedly assured them that they were in no immediate danger. During the violence of the conflagration, I visited several wards, and attempted to make use of the scene, by reminding the paupers of that day in which the heavens being rolled together as a scroll shall pass away, and the material universe shall melt with fervent heat. Before twelve o'clock they were sufficiently composed to attend to a discourse, in which they were taught to seek the best things, even durable riches and righteousness.

Ten persons were confined to their beds in the room in the hospital which was this afternoon visited by the word of the Lord; and one of them, who seemed unusually tender upon religious subjects, told me in conversation, that many had been the troubles of his life, "but they are not worthy to be named; for I've deserved them all, and I think that they have been for my good." He was born in England, bred a brewer, and for some time past, had been a journeyman at his trade in this city. On the first of May, a time when half of the poor remove from one shed to another, he was left houseless for the night. The room which he had occupied had been let to another, who could pay a higher rent. He could not, on that day, procure another tenement; and the new occupant, according to the custom of this good city, cast the furniture of T— T— into the street. To preserve his goods during the night, the brewer seated himself on a stoop beside them. When all was silence but the hourly rap of the watchmen on the pavement, he fell asleep. A young rogue passed that way, and undertook to search the sleeper's pockets, in which he found some money; but could not make good his

retreat, without arousing his plundered neighbour. The brewer gave him chase, and followed him into a cellar. This is the last that he remembers of the events of the night, but in the morning he was found alone, with a bruised head and a broken leg. "It was all well, however," said he, concluding his tale with a sigh, "for the sufferings of the present state are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

On the latter part of the last week, the writer had the pleasure of finding two poor women in the suburbs, who are now rejoicing in the "just God and Saviour," but who had never listened to the glad sound of the gospel, before they heard one of his discourses in a school room. At that time he preached under the patronage of the "Friendly Union Society," and these females turned in, as they informed him, from idle curiosity; but by the good will of God, their attention was arrested. It was the first discourse which they had heard for many months. They were not in the habit of attending public worship in any place; but have since given abundant evidence, that they love all the ordinances of Christ's kingdom.

At the solicitation of these children in the faith, accompanied by the request of several poor families, he sought on Friday last some convenient place to open a weekly lecture. Having fixed his eye upon a school house which he deemed suitable to his purpose, he drew near to it, and half consented to retire, from the reflection, that he could not afford to hire it. The lecture was to be free for the poor; and since contributions were not to be taken up, who will furnish lights, and prepare for our reception? He had opened the gate before he had answered this question, and would have drawn back to make some previous

arrangement, had not the master presented himself, like one who should say, "pray, sir, what is your business?" To save him the trouble of asking such a question, the writer told him what was wanted. "I presume," said the master, "that you are of the Episcopal church." "No, sir; but I wish grace, mercy, and peace, to all of every denomination, who love our Lord Jesus Christ." He asked the question, it afterwards appeared, because he and the owner of the property were of the number of those lately proscribed beings, praying churchmen. He gave encouragement, and directed the preacher to the owner, a pleasant, pious man, who made the poor welcome to the use of the room, and said his son should be sexton, if the applicant would find candles.

On his way to this room, this evening, he passed along the still smoking ruins. A little beyond them, he overtook a woman of colour, who appeared to have been brought from Guinea, about eighty years ago. Under one arm she carried five large brands, which had been quenched by the engines; and under the other, a quarto Bible, which had lost one of its covers, and which, like herself, appeared much the worse, and in other respects, much the better, for wear.

"Poor woman," said he, "have you been burned out too?"

"Yes, massa, but blesset be God, I'm alive."

"You are very old to be turned out of house and home."

"I well stricken in years, but God does it; and in dis world, 'tis one's turn to-day, and anudder's to-morrow."

"Have you saved nothing but your Bible?"

"Noting but one trunk o'things: but dis blesset book

is wort more as all de rest. It make me feel better as all de rest. So long as I keep dis, I content."

With all the animation of Uncle Toby, when he said of the sick soldier, "he sha'n't die;" but without his oath, which made the accusing spirit blush as he gave it in, and shed a tear "to blot it out for ever," the stranger said, putting his hand into the pocket, "you sha'n't be houseless." She replied, "O a sister in the church has promised to take me in." Some good thing can come out of the noisy Methodist church of coloured people. The old saint was carrying her sticks to her sister's house, to cook necessary food, and her Bible to comfort her heart. She received a pittance; and in return, gave the stranger, of such things as she had, a blessing in the name of God. It was of more value than the praises of many mighty. Perhaps it rested on him; for when he arrived at the place of worship, God gave him affections flowing like grateful streams. His own heart was refreshed. The room was crowded; and many who would, were unable to enter.*

May 24th.

THE fire has greatly increased the population in my dominions. This evening the doors were open into three wards in the alms-house, so that many more than usual listened to my discourse. It was a solemn evening to many, and God grant that the persons burned out of home, may derive some spiritual advantage from the affliction.

* I have since had the pleasure to learn, that the discourse which was then delivered, was not without fruit in the hearts of others.

May 26th.

It is not unusual in this world for men to get out of one unpleasant situation into another. At the instigation of several paupers, who could not find seats at our last meeting in the alms-house, I consented to preach this morning in the school-room of the institution. It is situated in the yard; and I had entertained the hope, that I should escape the loathsome effluvia of old beds, cookery, and drugs; but I changed sides to keep the pain: for the room was full; the scorching sun could not be excluded from the windows; and all the swine of the place, which are not few, surrounded the building.

Blind George made his appearance here in a new style. Hitherto he has made a doleful figure; for his long black hair was tumbled over his sightless face, his hempen jacket and trowsers were covered with grease, his hat was without top and brim, and his feet were bare. Designing that he should assist me at the hospital, I had thought it necessary to beg him a hat, from a young man, a blue broad-cloth coat, of middle age, from Wm. Smith, and to furnish him with pantaloons, a vest, and shirts. His appearance now corresponds very well with the profession of clerk to the stated preacher to the poor. He sung more cheerfully than ever. The Irish woman, whose case I stated, on the 21st of April, was present, with her babe in her arms, to give thanks for her recovery, and beg a catechism that she might instruct her children. She manifests great humility, and deeply mourns for her misguided husband.

In the afternoon, I led my clerk to the hospital. He was a great acquisition in our social praise; and gave the patients great satisfaction. After public worship was

over, many surrounded him, and he sung solemn songs for the space of an hour. The stolen country girl, Amy W——n, attended my discourse with many tears. She lives, beyond the expectation of all who know her case. One of her companions, Patty, who is now recovering the second time, has for months regarded religious instructions with a lively interest; and seemed to be quite delighted when George sung for her Newton's "Good Physician," and "the sinner's Friend."

In consequence of the throng about the door of the school-room in the suburbs on the 19th inst. application was made for the use of the Irish Church on sabbath evenings, and, thanks to the liberality of the pastor and his people, the privilege sought was readily granted. To this place I led my clerk this evening, where he performed his part, to the satisfaction of a very attentive audience.

May 30th.

ON returning from the churchman's lecture room this evening, a very judicious woman informed the writer, that one of her acquaintance turned in to hear his discourse in the Irish church, who had never entered a church before but three times in her life. This person was a married woman, who has two children; but, great as her past negligence has been, there is now some hope, for she declares that she will hear, so long as he continues "to preach within her reach." If one such heedless sinner is allured to Christ, he will be amply compensated for preaching regularly five times in each week; which he has now engaged to do, so long as his health and other

imperious circumstances will permit. May God speed his own word.

May 31st.

AGAIN I have proclaimed salvation to the poor in the alms-house, and conversed again with a pious woman, who has been confined to her bed twelve months with the rheumatism. To her, I trust, my services in the glorious gospel of Christ have been sanctified. She has long been one of the most emaciated persons I have ever seen, and I was not surprised to hear her say, "for sometime the world has been nothing in my estimation: Christ is all. Might God be pleased to pardon my sins, and take me away, I should be thankful; but I have no reason to complain. He has afflicted me for good." She is destitute of near relatives. Her only child, a dutiful son, the last of her kindred, died suddenly in a fit, not long before she entered the alms-house, and with him fell every earthly confidence. God has been her support; Christ her refuge. That the prosperous should desire life, is natural; and that one, who is friendless, houseless, pennyless, weak, and full of pain, without hope of better temporal circumstances, but who has good hope through grace, should desire heaven, is equally natural. Grace becomes so much a part of the renewed man, that from a new nature, he very naturally desires to depart, and be present with Jesus, while that which is born of the flesh shudders at the thought of the coffin, the worm, the putrefaction of the grave. Many, who cannot delight in death, desire what is beyond it, and, from enrapturing prospects of Canaan, launch into the dusky Jordan.

June 2nd.

INSTEAD of delivering a regular discourse in the hospital to-day, I visited eight wards, gave a short exhortation in each, and prayed with the patients. Miserable and sinful as most of these beings are, they are not the most insensible of the human family. Hundreds appear every sabbath on the public walks, who read the Bible less, think less, and pray less, than the poor in my diocese. When I entered the ward of—— forlorn—— hope, and no male hearers were present to stimulate them to impudence, by way of defence against their own emotion of shame, they were as attentive as any audience in the city, and some could not restrain their tears, while others covered their faces, like persons who blush to look up to heaven.

June 4th.

SOME young females who belong to the city, have frequented my lectures in the alms-house. Who they are I know not; but I have observed for some months past, that the same faces are present. There is reason to believe, that they are ashamed to appear in any other congregation than that of the poor. O! that all the deluded, in some place or other, might listen to the doctrines of life. Some few poor women, of good character, who live without the walls of the institution, from want of a more convenient place of public worship, or because they are too poor to purchase pews, have been permitted to hold a place with us on the sabbath.

June 8th.

A short narration of my future visits may give a spe-

cimen of my past conduct, for I think, in defiance of censure, to pursue the even tenor of my way. Three patients I have particularly visited and prayed with to-day. One was too full of pain to make much reply to my inquiries; the second repeated what he said on the last sabbath, that he desired nothing so much as *this life*; and the third, a very intelligent man, thought his case hopeless. Once he thought he knew the Lord, but now he apprehends that there remaineth no more sacrifice for his sins, because he has trodden under foot the blood of the Son of God.

Four wards in the alms-house have also been visited with instruction and prayer. Particularly I sought some, who had been sent from the hospital, under the dreadful sentence of "incurable cases." I found two. One, M— B—, so soon as she saw me, called me by name, and put forth her withered hand, which one who remembered that Christ washed the feet of his disciples, would not refuse. We held a long conversation in presence of twenty, who are incurable from the same cause. M— B—, was born in England, is about thirty years of age, and has lived twelve years in notorious licentiousness. Very few of this class of people have so long a course of iniquity; for I should think that not one of a hundred of them survives her twenty-fifth year. This woman confesses that she has been well instructed, was of a good family, has resisted great light, and abused all divine mercies. For three months past, she thinks that the eyes of her mind have been opened to behold the light of truth. Prayer is her delight. Her greatest present trouble, not excepting absolute confinement to her bed, arises from her belief that she does not feel so deeply her own vile-ness as she ought. She has no expectation of recovery;

and she wishes that God may never permit her to arise again, unless it is to depart from iniquity. "Let me die," she says, "unless I should be kept from sin, and glorify God by my future life." Many similar things she said with great humility; and if she is a deceiver, she is an adept indeed. The other person, whom I found, was Amy W—n, in an adjoining room. She lay in the middle of it, surrounded by about thirty as miserable as herself. She was glad to see me, and desired prayer. If any one cannot pray, it is a proverbial saying, "send him to sea:" but if any minister cannot occasionally preach without reading his manuscript, send him to the alms-house. The sin and misery of this place are indescribable.

June 9th.

MY brethren, who have polite congregations, find no difficulty in gaining assistance from transient ministers; and to-day I have succeeded for the fourth time in obtaining "a labour of love." Of course I preached only twice on the present sabbath. The man whose chief desire was to live, retains his rational faculties at intervals only. He desired me to pray for him, and particularly that he might live, while he was sensible of the approach of death. Our reluctance to meet the king of terrors cannot retard his advancing steps. This man must die, and to-morrow will present him before the tribunal of God.

J—— B——, the person who yesterday thought his case hopeless, does not doubt the truth of divine promises, but their application to his case. This is a common temptation in the Christian family. When I asked him what he would pray for, might he offer two petitions

with the assurance of being heard, he said, "I would first pray to be received into the kingdom of heaven, and then, to be restored to health."

June 10th.

EARLY this morning, he who clung to life was compelled to relinquish his hold. Even so expires a drowning man, while holding fast a straw. Who can render permanent a vapour, whose nature it is to appear for a little time, and then vanish? Who can protract what God has denominated "a moment?" Our days are as "nothing" before him.

To a multitude of these beings, who, like myself, are flitting to the tomb, I have this evening proclaimed Jesus Christ, the Saviour. In my presence were three persons, whom I have known to be bed-ridden ever since I first visited the alms-house. Two pious women were brought in the arms of some compassionate men. A fine little boy repeated a hymn, and having received a cent, thought it ample compensation for his trouble. Much good may be done at a small expense; for I have procured many pious songs to be committed to memory, at the same rate, which may prove restraints in youth, and consolation in old age.

In one part of the room in which I preached, lay Mrs. M——, a German woman of seventy-eight years. Often have I conversed with her to my own edification. She is lingering on the verge of time, is full of humble confidence in Christ, and by faith looks steadfastly into the eternal world.

After public worship was concluded, I visited twelve

persons, who are old and full of pains. One was an Irishman, of excellent understanding, who is well acquainted with the doctrines of the gospel, and apparently with Jesus crucified; but the most affecting object was one W—t, of fifty years of age, who is reduced to the borders of the grave by intemperance in the use of ardent spirits. The following dialogue ensued.

“Have you formerly thought that you was a miserable sinner?”

“*Yes: but now I KNOW that I am vile. I have ruined myself. I have been, besides committing other sins, a drunken carman for nineteen years.*”

“Do you know how you can be saved?”

“*If I should live, I hope God will enable me to reform, and lead a better life.*”

“But should you die to-night, what would become of your soul? Do you know of any way in which a rebel man can be justified, and saved from hell?”

“*No; I should have no hope; but upon my word and honour I want to pray God to be merciful to me a sinner.*”

“No better prayer can be offered by any sinner, and while you live I hope you will continue to pray.”

“*I do keep praying, but I'm a poor sinner, and make a miserable hand of it. Do pray for me.*”

I commenced praying, according to his request, and very unexpectedly to me, he repeated my words in an audible voice. Perceiving his intention, I uttered short sentences, and made a pause after each of them. He followed me with great exertion and emotion. Sometimes he faltered, then was silent, while a few petitions were offered, and again repeated my words, until his tongue would serve him no longer. The scene was awfully so-

lemn, not only to me, but to a crowd of paupers, who nearly filled the room. Inexpressibly horrible is the death of a drunkard!

Descending from this room into the cellar, I found Mr. B——e, of sixty-two years, whose companion, the wife of his youth, died about a week since. From that hour he has rapidly declined. The vine, which had long shaded the old oak, was torn away, and the scorching sun has withered its branches. The mouldering trunk will fall soon.

The man could not speak to me, but signified by expressive gesticulation that he desired prayers. Once or twice he attempted to repeat the words of my address, but I could only distinguish, in a whisper, a part of the publican's petition, which almost every dying sinner, who feels his guilt at all, finds appropriate to his condition.

From him I turned to a woman, who has been three months in the same helpless situation. She informed me that she read her prayers every day, and should it please God to take her out of the world, she should be very thankful for his kindness.

It is not a pious feeling in myself, I must acknowledge, which makes me shrink back from disagreeable duties, and desire, in a moment of gloom, to depart from a world in which I have found abundant sin, disappointment, and misery; but whether this poor woman's resignation is of the right kind or not, I will not pretend to determine.

June 11th.

To day, W——t and B——e have appeared before God.

This afternoon I have visited two wards of the hospital,

in which I gave a general exhortation to all present, besides particularly conversing with three patients.

J—— B—— will not be comforted. He has been in the habit of reposing confidence in his past experience of the love of God, wrought within him, and cannot be convinced that it is safe to trust himself anew to Christ for pardon and salvation. Those who have not received lucid instructions upon the doctrine of justification, who have not been taught a thousand times, that the sole ground of their salvation is without them, are liable to perpetual disquiet. Their feelings change; they hope for salvation, because of pious feelings; and why should not their hope of heaven fluctuate in the twinkling of an eye?

This unhappy man has been ignorantly attempting to make his imperfect personal righteousness answer that purpose for which the righteousness of Christ alone is sufficient. No sinner ever ought to perform a commanded duty, or desire the lively exercise of any christian grace, with the expectation or design of securing heaven, even in part, by his obedience. He must be pious from some other motive, or he will dishonour the mediatorial work of Jesus Christ.

J—— B—— continues to spit blood, and must soon die. He knows it too, and discovered that solicitude which becomes a dying man. I repeated to him Newton's fable of "the spider and the toad," to convince him in a familiar way, that the sinner must continue to apply to Christ for pardon and consolation, with that repentance which is unto life; but when I came to that part which speaks of the removal of the healing plant, and the death of the toad, from the sting of the spider, he exclaimed,

“and that will be my case!” It was in vain I told him,

“’Tis here the happy diff’rence lies,
My Saviour reigns above the skies,
Yet to my soul is always near,
For he is God and every where.
His blood a sovereign balm is found
For every grief and every wound;
And sooner all the hills shall flee
And hide themselves beneath the sea;
Or ocean, starting from its bed,
Rush o’er the cloud-top mountain’s head;
The sun, exhausted of its light,
Become the source of endless night;
And ruin spread from pole to pole,
Than Jesus fail the tempted soul.”

One man, Calvin Otis, with whom I have several times conversed, is a native of Connecticut. Until to-day, he has been attentive to what I said, but quite reserved. This afternoon, he introduced a long dialogue, by saying, “that men could not have religion by merely saying, God, be merciful to me a sinner.”

“True” I replied, “for even a parrot may be taught to repeat those words; but no man ever prayed for mercy, from faith in the Saviour of sinners, who was finally lost. It is one thing to use the form of prayer, and quite another thing to pray.”

“But the thing is,” he rejoined, “to know that we really have that faith, and are not deceived.” The question was proposed, “do you doubt of the truth of the Bible?”

He assured me that he did not; but thought it very difficult for any one to know that he possessed true religion. He was “brought up” in the family of the late Rev. Mr.

Little, of his native place, "to a religious life," and thought, until lately, that he had "a good deal of religion;" but now he doubted whether he had ever possessed any. Thirteen years ago he came to this city to live, and for the last four years had been with three of his children, who are settled in the southern part of our country. In all the places in which he sojourned south of Pittsburgh, and particularly in New Orleans, he could find very little religion. On the sabbath, the people would race horses and gamble. Most of the people whom he saw were deists or atheists.

"Well, did it not grieve you to be without religious society, and to see people live so wickedly?"

It did, for almost three years; but during the last year, he feared that he had been as bad as any of them. By degrees his faith was unhinged, and he learned the wicked ways of the people with whom he lived. Now he desired truly to bewail his sins. He found that he must start anew, or perish; for he could take no pleasure in any thing that was past. Now all his former knowledge and experience of vital piety afforded him no ground of hope.

"It never should be the ground of a sinner's hope. The Lord Jesus Christ is the only foundation for *christian* hope.

"Too many have supposed, that they should be saved, because of some good work performed in them by the Holy Spirit. Sanctification is *an evidence* of such vital union, by faith, to the Lord Jesus Christ, as ensures salvation; but it is in no case *the reason why* we are united to the Redeemer, and justified through his blood; for

then it must have influence before its existence, and supplant the meritorious services of the Saviour."

It was stated to the sick man, that his late defection was calculated to make him seriously question the genuineness of his former faith; for nothing but habitual hatred of sin, sorrow for it, and struggles against it, can afford continued evidence of saving faith. That belief of the truth, which is not followed by contrition, godly fear, and diligence in the performance of religious duties, is vain.

The stated preacher has invariably insisted on the necessity of repentance, as well as faith, in all his intercourse with the poor of his charge; for although faith has the precedence among the christian graces, yet no one of them is ever found alone. That man who savingly believes the testimony of God, concerning sinners and the Saviour, will hate iniquity, and turn from it, while he works not for the purpose of justifying himself, "but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly."

One circumstance appeared very favourable. When any syllable reminded him of his religious education, he appeared to be deeply affected; and when he learned that I was acquainted with the inhabitants of his native town, he asked if several of his early acquaintance had become persons of religious character. When he was answered in the affirmative concerning many of them, it appeared to afford him great pleasure.

For such a person every believer would pray, "O Lord, if he ever knew thee, return to him in tender mercy: if not, now give him to know Jesus, which is life eternal; and may his future obedience evince to himself and others

the sincerity of his faith, the transforming efficacy of the love of Christ."

June 14th.

THIS afternoon I have visited six wards of the hospital. In all, the patients were attentive; and many of them thanked me, not only with words, but tears. J— B—, the desponding man, is disposed to pray; but retains nearly the same dejection of spirits.

In one of the wards of coloured people I had a long conversation with J— J—, who is thirty years of age, according to the account of his master; but his gray beard indicates him to be at least fifty.

He thinks that he has been much deceived, but cannot ascertain his years. He had heard people say, that all were sinners; and he knew that he had done wrong; but he did not know of any way in which a sinner could be saved.

"Has no one ever instructed you in religion?"

He had heard people say that men could be saved, but he could not think how. This led me to preach Christ to him; and since he had been a sailor, to explain familiarly the doctrine of substitution. I asked if he had ever seen one man tied up to the shrouds for another? "*That I have seen; and known him flogged too!*"

"Yet it was by his own consent."

"*O yes, or it would have been wrong.*"

"But after the substitute was chastised, it would have been wrong to punish, with the same stripes, the man whom he represented."

All this, he said that he could understand.

“Now you must know, that God sent his only Son, by that Son’s consent, to take the sinner’s place, and be made a curse, bearing the chastisement of his peace; so that the sinner who believes in Christ, taking him for his Saviour, cannot be condemned.”

“*It stands to reason then,*” said the black man, “*that if believers’ sin ever so much, they will not be punished for it, because Christ was punished in their place.*”

“That is true; but do you think that any one who trusts in Christ for salvation from sin, would consent to sin, because Jesus had suffered death for him?” He thought “that would not stand to reason.”

Then I told him the consequence of knowing the way of life, only to reject it.

He confessed, that he had always been very wicked, and asserted, that no one had ever “taught him about religion,” but now he thought that he should “*attend to it with his might; for such a thing ought to be stuck to, all one’s life.*”

Other interesting conversations I had, which want of time prevents me from relating. God bless his word.

In the evening I preached in the alms-house, to a crowded audience, and then visited a Mr. L——se, aged seventy-nine years, who for some time has been an inhabitant of this place, through the imbecility of age. He has been a regular attendant on public worship, and appears to have scriptural views. Soon he will leave his miserable residence here below, and perhaps exchange it for one eternal in the heavens.

June 16th.

AFTER public worship in the alms-house, I visited four wards, gave an exhortation in each, and prayed with the sick in three of them. My gracious God, what a scene of misery do thine eyes behold! How great must be the wickedness of a fallen world, which the HEAVENLY FATHER chastises with so much wretchedness, as even I discerned. First, I went to see old Mr. L——se, who is yet alive, but who will spend no more sabbaths on earth. In the bed next to him, directly before my face, lay the corpse of a younger man than himself, who was lately from Philadelphia, and who yesterday walked out into the city. It was a solemn scene. The old man could not speak; but made me understand that he desired to unite in prayer. He has ever been a punctual attendant on the Dutch church; and since he has resided in this place, has loved the gates of Zion. Beside him stood an aged friend, looking upon him with great tenderness, who has long been his companion in poverty, to whom the dying man gave his hand, and would have said, “brother in adversity, adieu;” but his tongue refused to move.

From this abode of the living, the dying, and the dead, I went into the ward of destitute, sick, and rejected females. Here the outcasts full of sores, meet together: and not fewer persons than thirty, I saw, who are literally half consumed. I addressed the stolen country girl, who bears the name of Amy W—n. Whether this is her real name or not, I cannot say, for on her left arm I saw, in India ink, the initials J. † C. and under them, the letters A. W. which have apparently been made since the first. She told me that she could not expect to recover;

and in God's name I exhorted her; but because she is too sad, or too hardened to weep, she wept not. Still I hope from her attention to divine truth, and apparent gratitude to the messengers of pardon, that all her convictions were not washed away by her floods of tears in the hospital.

Having given a general invitation to the gospel feast, and offered prayers in this room, I visited M— B—. She told me, that she did not feel her sins to be a heavy burden upon her, weighing her down into hell, as she did a few months ago; because she believed in Christ, and hoped he would pardon her; while at the same time she knew, that her crimes were as many, as odious, and as deserving of damnation, as they formerly were. While I was conversing with this outcast female, at my back lay a young girl, of round features, of dark complexion, of eighteen years, who at this early period is brought to the borders of an untimely grave. When I asked M— if I should pray with them, this poor thing, who had been listening, cried out with great earnestness, “O do! do, sir!” After prayer, I turned my attention to her; and her cheeks were of scarlet; her lips were pale; she trembled; but closed her eyes as in the sleep of death, and could not be persuaded to answer a word.

I went into one of the hospital rooms, in which Mrs. B—, the nurse, is a mother to the sick; and in which I preached on Monday evening last. Here I saw one, whom I never expected to see in this grand charnel-house of the city. She was a tall, meagre person, whose countenance and manner told me that she had seen better days. So soon as she perceived me, she stretched out both hands, and called to me, with the overflowing of tearful joy.

“How came you here?” was the first question which

escaped from my lips. "Do your friends know that you are in this house? Where is your sister?"

My questions were soon answered. "*My kind Master has sent me here. I did not like to come; but somehow he wonderfully supported me. My sister is still living where you saw her, and trying to support herself.*"

"So your sister still lives in the cellar; but do those ladies who assisted you last winter know where you are?"

They were ignorant, she said, of her present situation; and they had helped her so long, that she was willing they should remain ignorant.

"My blessed Saviour," said the weeping shadow, whose consumption outlives common patience, "is with me here; and it comforted me to think, that I could see you oftener, and hear you preach, which I could not do where I lived: so that I bless my Lord that he spares me, that he does not banish me. O how good is Jesus to poor sinners!" My heart was supported by the manifestation of such resignation; and I still thought it true, that he who casts his bread upon the waters, shall, after many days, receive it again; for this old woman, lingering in the slow consumption, has probably been assisted for as many months, as she protected the sick soldier weeks. At any rate, God gives her in recompense the bread of life. But, gracious God, leave me not to the charity of the world: or be pleased to bestow such grace as will support me under all circumstances. When active usefulness shall cease, and when a lesson shall no longer be taught by patience in suffering, be pleased to take me from time. O take me to thyself!

Leaving this good woman, I addressed the old German lady, beside whom I preached on the 10th instant. At

first she thought me the attending physician, but so soon as I spoke to her, of Christ, "O my dear friend," she said, "you love Jesus, and you love my soul." I perceived that she was drawing near the close of this life, and expressed my persuasion that she would soon be gone. "O yes, sir, I be glad, should my blessed Lord come soon and fetch me home: but while I can, I must eat and drink, and not lay hands on myself. But I hope he'll come soon, and then I shall go to my fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters." The writer asked if she spake of her relatives.

She replied, "O! all of them in heaven are my friends and relatives. I should be glad to be there; but I am in the flesh still, and have not put on the perfect robe, pure and white. But I shall wear it by and by."

When such a person spake, it was meet that I should be silent. Indeed, I listened with great delight.

It may not be improper to add, that a very little girl repeated a long hymn, and obtained a cent, which is the established pecuniary premium for such exercises.

An old Scotch woman has repeatedly amused me, while she taught me the important lesson, of doing much good at a little expense. She comes to the alms-house, with a bundle of tracts; the children flock around her, and she says to one, "dear child, do you want to buy a book?"

"I ha'n't got no money," cries the boy.

"But would you give me two cents for this little book, if you had them?"

"That I would."

"Well, then, if you will learn five questions and answers, I will give you one cent; and when you have learned

five more, I will give you another cent; which will buy the book."

The lad consents; she calls again to hear him repeat his lesson; and in this manner she has sold a cheap copy of the catechism to very many of the poor children. This same pious woman I have often found reading some religious book, to a circle of old women, who were much gratified by her enunciation in that broad dialect, which was natural to them, but which I could scarcely understand.

In the afternoon I preached in the hospital, and then visited five wards.

Poor J— B— died to-day in despair.

One man, who was partially blind, a sailor, followed me from room to room, until, in the last, I turned my attention particularly to him; but even then he remained in solemn silence.

In the last ward which I visited, I found one James Roe, aged fifty-four years, who had been attending my lectures, and who appeared to be deeply impressed. I found him, as I found many in this well regulated institution, reading the Bible. After I had conversed with two or three of his companions, and was turning away, he said to me, "I believe what you say; I feel, and have long felt, that I am a poor sinner. Once I called myself a Christian, but I have behaved worse than a Turk."

"It gives me pleasure," I said, "to hear you confess your sins, and I hope you do it from the heart. Are you not ashamed to say before these persons, who may laugh at you for your superstition, that you believe the gospel?"

"No, sir, for whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed. If it was not for that I should sink into despair, for I have been

examining, and find I have broken every commandment but one; for I do not think I have committed murder."

"But have you not been angry without a cause, and does not unreasonable anger produce every instance of murder which actually exists?"

"I have broken that commandment in that sense, but I never really wished to kill any man."

"Well, do you know how a sinner can be saved?" He had the Bible open at the 10th chapter of Romans, and said, *"I believe all this book, and every word of this chapter, and particularly the ninth verse."* He pointed me to the place, and I read, "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." "This, however," resumed he, "troubles me; the scriptures say that faith without *charity* is nothing; and I have always been a poor man, that could not have charity." This he really said with great grief; but when I told him that the Greek word rendered *charity*, really signifies *love*, or a disposition to do good as we have opportunity, his difficulty vanished. This fully convinced me that judicious criticism is really of great importance, even for the common hearer. The words of a dead language, however, need not be quoted to those who do not understand them.

James Roe arose and walked the room, saying with great emotion, *"O if I could mourn for my sins as I ought, and shed fountains of tears, it would ease me; but my heart is hard."*

"If you could weep as much as you desire, it would be suitable, but it would be no reason why God should accept you."

“ True, sir, I should merit nothing, if I should be in agony all the rest of my life, but I feel that I ought to mourn.”

In this manner he mourned that he could not mourn; but, alas! he has a dominant passion! He was warned of his danger, and exhorted to bring forth such fruits as are becoming the profession of repentance.

June 18th.

THIS evening I preached in the alms-house, heard two children repeat hymns, visited old Mr. L—se, and received from one of the poor helpless women, a bunch of roses, which was all she could give in testimony of her gratitude. To have rejected it, would have been unkind indeed. During service, which was in the blind room, a blind methodist preacher offered one of the prayers. His language was proper, and I trust his heart sincere, but I lamented that he was so vociferous as really to pain my auditory nerves. Why cannot these good people use the natural language of fervour and respect, without unnatural vociferation? Is their God afar off? Or is he deaf? Or is he moved by such excessive noise as indicates almost every thing but respect?

June 19th.

TO-DAY I have visited seven wards in the hospital. Some with eager looks followed me from room to room, that they might hear of Jesus, crucified for the sins of men.

Calvin Otis says that when he is full of pain, he desires

to die for two reasons; first, from a desire to be free from pain, and secondly, from fear that such a poor sinner as he is, will never be better prepared.

With James Roe I conversed again. Taking off his hat, and looking up with the deepest reverence, he said; "I declare, sir, in the presence of God, who I think hears me, that I think I am the vilest sinner in this hospital."

This Roe has been a sailor for about forty years, and says that he never took to reading the Bible much until within a few months. His progress in the knowledge of the scriptures is certainly wonderful.

With one Wm. H—on, who is far gone in the consumption, I have often conversed, and particularly to-day. His convictions appear to be of the right kind. He waits, and even hopes for death. When about to leave the place where he lies, I observed a young sailor, who was raising blood profusely, and who was in tears. Before to-day I had not addressed him individually, but now I found him anxious about the salvation of his soul. He tells me that his attention was first excited the other day, by my conversing and praying with H—on. Now the young man feels that he is a sinner, and bewails it bitterly. In short, I have considerable hope concerning five or six, who are now patients in this place. But, alas! the greater part will hear from respect to *me*, who care not a rush for *Christ*.

With a Roman Catholic patient I reasoned. He was ready to confess his sins, he said; and demanded of me, "what follows?" "*If you truly and humbly confess your sins to God, pardon follows, as God's free gift.*"

"I confess my sins to my priest," said he, "and when I confess to him I confess to God."

This is a Catholic of more than ordinary information; but the other day some sin burthened his conscience, and he would neither eat, nor obey the prescription of the physicians, until his confessor came to disburthen his guilty soul.

The writer discoursed also with one captain Jarvis, who has experienced many reverses of fortune, as the world is pleased to say; but who, two years ago, after he was seventy years of age, was found by Jesus Christ. He converses very sensibly; is ready to live or to die, and manifests an unshaken confidence in the truth of God.

“I know,” said he, “that I am an old sinner; but God will not lie. He says he will pardon and accept me in Jesus Christ; and I am sure he will, because he says so. The words of God are all faithful. O what a mercy it is, that he did not let me die before he brought me to believe in him; and while I was in my sins.”

June 21st.

THIS morning I have visited four wards of the hospital, and could, had I time, relate much interesting conversation. Captain Jarvis talks, and appears to feel like a saint. The Roman Catholic, whom I saw on Wednesday, appeared to be pleased with the information, that he might confess his sins to God, in any place: but in another room I said to the dying H—on, “continue to confess your sins to God, for none can forgive sins but God alone;” and did not know that a Catholic heard me. I turned however to a sick man, and asked how long he had been afflicted. He answered, “*four months.*”

“Well, I hope your sickness will be sanctified to you.”

“Sir,” said the sick man, roughly, “when I want a priest I will send for one. We are of different religions.”

This is the first open repulse, that I ever received from any one of the patients. I assured him, that I claimed no right to teach him, and had in no case imposed my services upon any one, contrary to his inclination; but I desired him to remember, that there is but one religion in heaven, and but one religion that leads to heaven, which consists in repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. With these words I left him; but he could not help railing at me, for saying to another, without a thought of hurting the feelings of any one, “that all the men on earth could not forgive a single sin.”

June 22nd.

TO-DAY captain Jarvis went home. The Catholic who was well disposed, and who thought yesterday that he was recovering, has likewise departed this life. Within twenty-four hours, four persons have died in the hospital.

This evening I preached in the alms-house, in the hearing of the soldier's friend, and many other afflicted persons.

June 23d.

MANY of the inhabitants of the alms-house followed their preacher to the hospital and Irish Church, to-day, that they might hear, and as it were treasure up a store against the time of his temporary absence, which has been announced

to them. At both places of worship George sung as he has invariably done, since he commenced his extensive clerkship. This blind man has been of great service to many; and it gives him satisfaction to be cleanly in attire one day out of seven, and to change occasionally the scene of his benighted life.

After the public worship is concluded in the hospital, he remains there, and sings in different wards, until evening. The nurses and patients treat him with great attention, and seem pleased to give him a portion of their good things. They ought, truly, to communicate to him of their food, for one says, "George, will you sing this hymn?" and then another pleads, that he would go to the couch of another dying patient, and sing a second, third or fourth sacred song. "The labourer is worthy of his hire."

In this manner he performs his part, in the consolation of the sick; and not unfrequently arrests the attention of those who lightly esteem the word of God.

After I have visited the hospital once more, I deem a vacation necessary for my health. To depart, for a season, is a matter of reluctance, because many will probably die without instruction. When one sick man is addressed, many listen; and in the course of a few days, not unfrequently some one of them desires "that minister" to be called, who lately visited his companions. In this manner, new applicants for spiritual treasures are procured, who would otherwise, most commonly, die in stupidity.

Even so died, annually, not less than two hundred persons, in these two institutions, before there was any establishment of a stated ministry for their benefit.

“But are our efforts only to be directed to the heathen? Do they alone need our aid? From different parts of our *city* cries reach us in the language of the man of Macedonia, ‘come over and help us.’ They are the cries of our Christian brethren, who once like you enjoyed the benefits of a gospel ministry, but in the course of providence have been deprived of them. They feel their wants the more sensibly, because they know from past experience the value of divine ordinances. Their case is painful; their necessities urgent.”*

“Is there a Christian here, who knows how to *do good unto all, but especially unto them that are of the household of faith?* Among these afflicted, who are sinking under their infirmities, and *have not where to lay their heads*, are some to whom the celestials minister, and who are *fellow heirs with Christ in glory*. I state the facts: I use no arguments: I leave the result with your consciences, your hearts, and your God.”†

Were Christians solicitous as they should be to evince their faith to the world by their works, were they mindful of their high destination, or would they constantly remember that there is but a step between them and death, there would be no want of ministers of the gospel, nor any lack of a suitable support for them. Men and money enough can be found for all other purposes beside religion. When was it difficult to find men, who would teach and bear rule in social and civil matters? Let us strive to act for eternity under this impression, that it is appointed unto all men once to die, and after the dissolution of soul and body, to appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

* Dr. Romeyn’s Sermon before the Committee of Missions.

† Dr. Mason’s Sermon on Living Faith.

“ O death, thou king of terrors! dreadful name!
Nor rev'rend hoary age, nor blooming youth,
Nor boasted strength, escape thy fatal dart.
Not the persuasive power of beauty's charms,
Nor the soft moving tears of innocence
Can stay thy hand: nor can the miser's gold,
Nor all the treasures of the eastern shore,
Buy one short moment of relentless death.”—MRS. STEELE.

Lord's Day, July 28th.

ON Thursday last I returned to this city, after having been absent four sabbaths, and on Friday visited both the institutions in which I labour.

Were a representation of the lively joy which was manifested on this occasion to be attempted, I should undoubtedly be thought proud of the esteem of the poor. It may be permitted to me, however, to state, that I could not wish a more welcome reception.

In the morning of this day I preached in the alms-house to many; and should have addressed more, but they could not gain admission to the room.

In the afternoon some of the paupers who desired to attend public worship twice on the sabbath, followed their preacher to the hospital. He stood in the long gallery, between two rooms, and had more hearers than could be conveniently seated. It is not amiss for the well, sometimes to stand, and hear a discourse, but it will not favour the restoration of the sick. The superintendent wisely decided, that in future, no persons shall be admitted from the alms-house excepting the blind clerk and his leader.

An English blood was one of the hearers in the hospi-

tal, who was brought in to have a broken knee made whole. He has a fine countenance, and one who was ignorant of his history would certainly be prepossessed in his favour. Such an eye as he possesses does not indicate a bad temper.

But he came to this country almost destitute of pecuniary resources, and completely devoid of principle. He was soon after followed by a young lady, to whom he had been long engaged, and who was so unfortunate as to love him. Unworthiness is often discovered, when the heart says, "it is too late!" and when the development of character presents a feeble obstruction to the indulgence of that passion which has become dominant in the soul. This young woman must have imagined her pretended lover worthy, when she first indulged a partiality for him; and perhaps she thought that his face could not be the index of dishonourable character.

When she arrived in America, (according to preconcert between them, I believe,) she had property, and he had none; and being disposed to secure a little fortune, with little trouble, he was united to her in the solemn bands of wedlock, by a reverend gentleman, who can attest the fact.

It might have been expected, that from this day, according to covenant, they should be no longer twain, but one. This was not the case, for the young man having come into possession of her property, before the night of the day of their marriage, sailed on a mercantile expedition to one of the southern islands, where he contrived to squander the four or five thousand dollars, which he had obtained by a sort of connubial swindling.

After some time he returned to this city, and avoided

seeing the woman whom he had deeply injured. He boarded in a respectable family, and sought to gain the affections of another young lady, whom he persuaded himself that he loved to desperation.

The rumour, that Mr. — was already married, came to the ears of the father of the female whom he sought, and in consequence of this, the young man was banished from the house. The fact of his union to the woman who claimed him for her husband, he solemnly denied; but at this critical juncture he was arrested in the public streets by a civil officer, who would have led him to the proper abode of such a cockney. The prisoner requested that he might be permitted to ride to Bridewell, *because he was a gentleman*: and assured the man in authority, that if he would relinquish his hold of the bridle, there should be no escape, no resistance. Repeatedly the blood promised, by all that was sacred, to ride with his keeper peaceably to the place of destination. Behold, now, the value of this exclamation, “upon my sacred word and honour!” So soon as the officer believed the assertion, the person whom he trusted, put spurs and whip to his horse, that he might escape. Away he fled like John Gilpin; and the officer followed hard after him; but the way of transgressors is hard; for in full career through Broadway, the horse of the fugitive dashed his rider against a cart, and fractured his leg. By this event he was made a prisoner again; and now is not only a patient, but a prisoner in the hospital. What is to be the issue I know not; but I could wish that he might return to his senses, and prove himself a faithful husband to her who is his lawfully wedded wife.

It is said, that she still tenderly regards him, and would

gladly pardon all his misconduct. Something within him should say,

“Can that soft fabric stem affliction’s tide?
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth,
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;
And I, perfidious! all that sweetness see
Consign’d to lasting misery for me?”—FALCONER.

August 1st.

EIGHT wards of the hospital have been visited to-day, in such a parochial way, as I suppose faithful pastors visit the families of their congregations. My own motives I shall not presume to state, for my readers would be dependent on the testimony of one person concerning himself; but this may be asserted, and I trust accredited, that more apparent good has resulted from personal conversations, than from public discourses. These should never be separated. A popular sermon resembles a note of hand; and the private application which should follow is like the endorsement, which often proves the most important part of the instrument. An old pastor, of my acquaintance, has been in the habit of saying to young ministers, “remember *to back* your discourses well, in your intercourse with your people.”

When a few personal questions are proposed to a patient, he feels, like that man who was the only auditor of a clergyman on a rainy sabbath, that the doctrine must be intended for himself, and not for others. The circumstance, that he was the only hearer, so powerfully arrested his attention, that the sermon, which he then heard, was sanctified to his conviction of sin, and conversion to God.

In one of the wards, an aged woman, whom all denominate "grandmother," was yet alive, while a sweet little child, which the Almoners of the Dorcas Society found half starved in a garret, clothed, and placed in the hospital, was dead. This society is of modern origin; and has already done much good. The members of it deserve an honourable record of this fact, that they make all the garments which they distribute, with their own hands. One of the company reads some entertaining book, while all the other members ply the needle. From unfeigned respect to the ladies of this charity, the writer begs their acceptance of the following

HYMN.

The heavens declare Jehovah's praise,
Let earth her incense yield,
For He who clothes the sun with rays,
With verdure clothes the field.

In gay attire the lilies stand,
With ev'ry humble flow'r,
To own their drap'ry from his hand
Who mingles love with pow'r.

He gives each bird a plumy dress
To shield it from the storm;
And to preclude a hare's distress,
A vestment soft, and warm.

From heav'n's high wardrobe ev'ry lamb
With fleecy wool is drest,
And ev'ry lion with his dam
Receives a sackcloth vest.

The tender tribes are finest clad,
And coarser clad the bold,
But heaven permits not tigers mad
To perish with the cold,

When the first pair of human race
Knew exigence by sin,
A sacrifice prefigur'd grace,
And coats were made of skin.

He makes the flaxen herbage grow;
He bids the silk-worm spin,
And cotton thrive, in summer's glow,
To yield us garments thin.

In spring, their fleece the flocks divide
With ev'ry northern clan,
To warm mankind, and humble pride
In ev'ry fallen man.

To imitate her Maker's love
Good Dorcas was intent,
And when ascending far above
A pattern downward sent.

Some females found it, and have made
Like vestments for the poor,
The naked poor of ev'ry grade,
The white child, and the Moor.

In robes of heaven-wrought righteousness
May ev'ry Dorcas shine,
And bless'd by others, Jesus bless,
For garments all divine.

Almost every face in the ward of courtesans was new to me; but I found one sad young thing, called Caroline, reading the Bible, and commended her conduct in searching the scriptures. "I think it, sir," she replied, "the best of books, while I am confident that I have violated all its principles."

In another ward, I approached the bed of the young Englishman, and conversed with a sick man, whose wife

supported her husband's head on the next couch. What I said to this person was as much designed for the Englishman as himself; but I avoided the appearance of knowing any thing about the latter. When I was turning away, the apparently neglected young man said, "we all feel indebted to you, sir, for your attentions, and I hope we shall profit from them." His words were uttered in a soft tone, and with a pleasingly pensive countenance.

Hastily turning around to him, and fixing my eyes firmly on him, with mingled emotions, I said, "it would give me great delight to be of service to you all. I am constrained to acknowledge, that had not divine power prevented, I might have been in your situation; and therefore do not imagine that I reproach you, from any disposition to say, 'God, I thank thee, that I have made myself to differ.'"

When I gazed on his mild eyes, they looked something like ingenuous shame, and they were cast down. Who could believe the story of his baseness?

"Forlorn of hope, the lovely maid *he* left,
Pensive and pale, of ev'ry joy bereft.
She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,
While her *mad* swain embarked upon the deep."

"You appear to be of my age, and I presume, in relation to worldly prospects, have seen better days. May your latter end be better than the beginning of life."

"I am twenty-five years of age," said the youth with a smile, and intimated that he was gratified with the interest which a stranger appeared to take in his welfare.

"We have lived long enough to know the vanity of that 'world, which lieth in wickedness.' I have tasted

of the bitter cup of disappointment, vexation, sorrow, and anguish, because, through my whole life, I have been a sinner. Let me tell you, friend, that all *your* troubles are the effects and due punishments of your own wickedness."

After this speech, he said that he would frankly confess himself a gay and thoughtless fellow; but it was from the want of reflection that he had yielded to almost every temptation.

"Now, then, you have time for reflection. 'In the day of adversity consider,' for 'thus saith the Lord, consider your ways.' If you are not brought to serious reflection on the past, if you make no preparation for the future, your sufferings will be of no use, and all, even the soul, will be lost for ever."

After much confusion of face he recovered confidence, and diverted the discourse from personal applications of truth, to doctrinal discussion. He proposed many questions about the nature of repentance, the certainty of divine forgiveness, and the evidences of a future judgment.

Repentance, in general, was stated to be such a change in a person's conceptions as is inseparably connected with regret for past conduct, and a determination to pursue a different course in future. Repentance relates to our own actions; for I may *lament* the misconduct of others, but can never *repent* for their transgressions. *Evangelical*, or saving *repentance*, is such a change in a person's conceptions of *evangelical truth*, as is inseparably connected with regret for past sin, hatred of it, and solemn purpose of new obedience. From an apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, the penitent feels the emotions of hatred against all unbelief, and of earnest desire to live a life of faith on

the Son of God. This change of mind will produce a corresponding alteration in the external conduct.

The certainty that God will forgive the sins of every believer, so as not to punish him for one of them, was proved by some of the positive assertions of Jehovah, which are recorded in the Holy Scriptures.

That there will be a future, general judgment, may be rendered probable, from a statement of the principles of distributive justice, and the proof of the fact, that, in the present world, all men are not treated by the moral Governor of the universe according to their conduct: but, when it is granted that the scriptures were given by inspiration of God, it is enough to read, that God "hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness."

The same young man argued in favour of a state of insensibility between death and the resurrection, "because," he said, "none can be miserable until they are condemned." He had forgotten that unbelievers "are condemned already," that the whole family of Adam is subjected to partial punishment in the present life, in consequence of the universal condemnation, and that future sufferings will be nothing more than the protracted vengeance of the original curse. The day of final judgment will rather witness the confirmation of the first sentence of condemnation, than present a new one; for then such as have been unclean, and abominable, and accursed, will be assured that they shall remain "filthy still," and "go away into everlasting punishment." If it remains still to be decided whether men shall come under the sentence of condemnation, why do they suffer? why do they die? Can it be possible, that God inflicts the penalty of his law upon mortals, without solemnly deciding that they are guilty?

Many of the common arguments against the slumber of the soul for ages, which were conclusive in the mind of the speaker, were then exhibited, and the Englishman was left to his reflections, but not without the expression of a prayer, that God would make him wise and happy.

That a young man, who possesses a good mind, pleasing manners, and many personal accomplishments, should marry to defraud a young lady of her money, squander it upon his lusts, seduce the unsuspecting, engage himself to be married again, "pawn his sacred honour," violate it the next moment, and traduce his lawful wife, by saying that he had, during courtship, kept her as his mistress, exhibits in strong colours the odious depravity of unsanctified human nature.

I next visited the room in which I was accustomed to see the old sailor, James Roe. The last time I had an interview with him, was on the day before I left the city for the country.

I met him in a solitary part of the hospital. He arose, bowed, and said, "Sir, I am glad to see you: I wish to speak to you: I want to know what sins *a believer* may be left to commit."

It was not in the power of any man to tell him what sin, except blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, the renewed man might not, when tempted, and in a measure deserted, perpetrate. With much solemnity he wished to know what was the sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, for he confessed himself a blasphemous wretch. There is a sin unto death, which we are not to pray that God would pardon. It is a sin, which springs from *conscious enmity to what is known to be the gracious operation of the Holy Spirit*. It is a *public, wilful sin of the tongue*, against

the *Holy Ghost*; in which a person desirous of destroying experimental religion, imputes, contrary to the dictates of his own conscience, the divine operations in the performance of miracles, or in convincing, converting, and sanctifying sinners, to the devil, or some devilish priestcraft.

This sin Roe thought that he had not committed, but said, with tears streaming from his eyes, "I sin so enormously and so repeatedly, that I fear there is no mercy for me. When I hear you preach I believe what you say, and last Sunday I wanted to hide myself, and *cry my fill*; but yesterday I fell into my old sins again. You do not know what a sinner I am."

"But Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners from themselves and from Hell, and the greatness of your sin cannot exclude you from heaven, if you truly believe and repent."

"*Sir, I confess,*" said Roe, falling on his knees,—"*confess not to me, for I am a sinner!*"—"Sir, *I confess to God, that I am the vilest, hell-deserving sinner, and I pray God to take away my sins.*"

His attitude, his tears, his unaffected agony of soul, accompanied with the conviction, that in spite of the terrors of the Lord he would yield to the dominion of ardent spirits, made me tremblingly ask myself, "Lord, what is man?" Were it not for the *habit* of intemperance, might not this sinner enter the kingdom of heaven?

James Roe was now gone, not to the grave, as most seamen do, before they have floated half the number of his days, but to the city; and I fear will soon arrive at one *world of spirits*, which will prove an awful prelude to the other. In his place, I found a respectable, white-

headed man, Mr. T. S. C—, who entertained me with a long religious conversation, which was like a sermon to the patients of the room, from one of their companions. The substance of his conversation, and of his language, was this.

“I am an old man: I have travelled much; and particularly in the southern part of our country. There people call me a fatalist, because I maintain that God convinces of sin, God works faith, God pardons, God justifies, and God saves the sinner from divine self-moving goodness. When I was in Washington a methodist came many miles to hold a disputation with me, and prove that I was a fatalist; but finally, he confessed that God awakens, alarms, convinces, and converts the sinner, so that I had only to thank him for coming to me with the confession of the truth. One thing I shall maintain with my latest breath, that no sinner would ever be saved, were it not for the *compelling grace* of God; for after the sinner is converted, he keeps drawing back to sin. My only consolation is, that if God intends to save me, he will not suffer me to sin, so as finally to fall away. The reason why people call me fatalist, is, because they are Arminians.”

With much similar doctrine and language, the old man spake for nearly half an hour, and then fell back exhausted on his pillow. Half the doctors do not teach so well as this man.

Among the events which deserve a place in the short, but faithful annals of the poor, is the foundation of the new alms-house. The corner-stone was laid on this 1st day of August, A. D. 1811.

The new building will be erected a few miles from the

city, in an airy situation, near the east river. It is to be much larger than the present, and divided in such a manner as to prevent all improper intercourse between the paupers. It will also contain a chapel for public worship, in which I hope some one, or many, will preach the gospel of salvation to the poor.

The honourable corporation of this city have deserved the applause of their fellow-citizens for laying the cornerstone of an edifice, which will, in the opinion of every benevolent man, be a more distinguished ornament of this metropolis than the beautiful marble hall of justice. The latter is one of the finest structures in our country; but the plain walls of the former will have more glory.

In this place, the reader may not be displeased with an extract from an anonymous letter, addressed to the stated preacher; which appears to be in the autograph of some venerable clergyman.

“What is our world but an alms-house and a hospital! Are not all upon alms? Who made the world for us? Who hath spread out the heavens for entertainment, for our dignity, and for our glory? Who from the heavens poureth down daily bounties on every living thing? Who hath stretched abroad the sea, filling it with its treasures, conveying on its surface the fulness of every clime? Who hath ordained the vegetable, the animal, and the mineral kingdoms, that they should contribute of their bounties to the use and ornament of man? Who hath ordained to us life, and health, and friendships, and employments, and profits, and riches? Are not all these, in measure and sort, best suited to our condition, poured out from the store-house of God’s infinite fulness? Do they not fall as alms upon impotent, impoverished, and

needy mortals here below? Surely we are all receivers of alms. God is the *Grand Almoner* of the universe. Angels and men, heaven and earth, must subscribe to this doctrine.

“Pensioners we all are. Life we did not procure, and life we cannot keep. Health may be enjoyed, but who can endorse upon it? Riches may be in hand, but who can command that they should never flee away? Friends may surround us, but who can blunt the edge of death, that it shall never mow them down? Mental strength, vivid imagination, and powers of utterance, like dew-drops, may sparkle about our head, but shall not the scorching sun and blowing wind soon dry and shake our leaves? Alas! alas! how soon is gone, what man may most call his own! From stations of honour, from the sanctuaries of learning and religion, how soon fade the gifts, which form the wreath of human glory! Certainly the most celebrated persons were the recipients of alms. They deserved them not, they procured them not, they retained them not. Can less be said of your congregation at the alms-house? They are only stripped of what once they were, from the free bounty of heaven. They have lived upon the alms-house from their birth; and so have we, and so has every man. If you are ashamed to preach at the alms-house of one city, look up, and be astonished that the Deity should condescend to minister of his alms to such a thousand cities, in such a thousand ways! What a glorious and full handed Almoner must the Almighty be! He deals out worlds, and their inhabitants; kingdoms and their hosts; men with their families; and appoints to them their supplies. Glorious God! we bow at thy ful-

ness, astonished at thy goodness, and are humbled at the sight of our emptiness!

“Your alms-house, then, is an epitome of the universe! All dependent, all needy, all provided for! What then is the hospital? It is a commentary on the alms-house. It teaches, that well as we may be provided for in meats and drinks, the hospital must receive us at last. As fully as your city is supplied, it must have its hospital. As healthy as the inhabitants may appear, there must be a sick room: and long as some may promise to live, they must die: so that all who have drawn their supplies from the great store-house of God’s bounty through life, must come to the hospital of infirmity and of death, at last.”*

The founders and supporters of the new alms-house, therefore, are permitted to become workers with God, in relieving misery, feeding the poor, healing the sick, and promoting the happiness of needy mortals.

August 2nd.

THIS afternoon was devoted to the visiting of six wards in the alms-house.

The guardian of the sick soldier has revived a little, and has left the institution. From the room in which she lay, several have lately been carried to the grave. In another ward I found Amy W—n still alive, but more emaciated than when I saw her last, and in the same gloomy stupor. In another ward, I found, besides one or two from the hospital, one whom I do not disdain to call friend; for

* The author believes that the foregoing extracts were written by the Rev. DAVID AUSTIN.

she appears to be a friend to Jesus. It was M— B—, who has gained considerable flesh, and who has now some hope of restoration to health; but who gives as much evidence of penitence, as she did when in despair of life. In another ward, as my shade darkened the door of the room, the aged woman, introduced to notice in my record of Jan. 1st, exclaimed, “there comes my Christian friend again. O sir, stop, I want to hear you talk; I want to talk to you.”

Among other things, she said, with emphasis, “I know that Jesus died for *me*, poor wicked *me*, and how can I help loving him?”

I demanded if she was not afraid to say, that he had died *for HER particularly and personally*; and asked how she knew it.

“By the spirit he has given me,” was her reply; “for if God had’n’t given his Son to die for me, he would’n’t have given me such faith, and hope, and love. O Jesus is precious, sir, to me, for he is *my* Saviour; he is all my hope; and I wait to go to him when he calls. I believe every word he says, and that makes me alive. I live on him by day and night, and that makes me forget my old age, my poverty, and bodily pain.”

Had I talked to this woman about Christ’s dying for sin in general, and not particularly to redeem the persons of believers, I think she would not have understood me.

In the blind ward I found Wm. M‘D—, an old man, blind ever since his remembrance, turning out button-moulds. Commonly he is found at this business; for he is allowed the profits of his labour. He purchases huck-bones of the cooks, splits them with a hatchet, and pre-

pares them, by boiling, to come under the operation of his turning machine. He can make two gross in a day; and they are far superior to any of the imported button-moulds. Here I saw also a widow, who has been blind four years, helping herself to a few cents, daily, by cutting walnut skewers for the butchers to give a bloated consistency to their meat. She was contented with her employment, and said that her first wish was to know and please God. Such advice and consolation as I was able to give, was bestowed upon all. God bless the poor! May they be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of God!

August 4th.

THE room was more than full this morning at the almshouse; and one person who was never present before, was arrested by the truth; so that before the close of service he wept like a child. Besides him, a middle-aged woman, who has for months been attentive to the word, was overcome, I hope, by the grace of God. She could not restrain her feelings; and requested, after service, that she might soon have opportunity to converse with me. E—C—, a tall, neat, aged, pious woman, evinced how much she loved the truth, by arising from the bed, to which she was confined yesterday, creeping up stairs, and paying eager attention to all the parts of public worship. She gave me her hand, burning with the hectic fever, and death looked from her eyes upon me; but the Spirit of God dwells in her soul.

I visited some aged women in another room, who almost chided me for not preaching in their presence more

frequently. They cannot follow me from room to room, by reason of many infirmities. One was reading the Bible when I entered, and I said, "you must comfort yourself with that book, when you cannot hear the ministers of reconciliation."

"It is my comfort," she said; "and I am impatient that you do not come, for you help me to understand it."

In the afternoon I exchanged with Dr. Romeyn, who went to the hospital, preached to my audience, and assures me, that he was never more deeply affected in any place of public worship, than at the attention of the afflicted patients.

August 8th.

IN his excursions through eight wards of the hospital, the writer found one T——s J——s, a miner, who was born in America, but in youth went to England, resided there several years, and spent much of his time in subterranean regions. He has not long resided in his native country. During the whole of this summer season, sickness has prevented him from labouring more than two or three days.

For the space of several weeks before he came into this institution he was insane: but when reason returned, he proposed to take up his residence in this temple of charity, that his wife might have opportunity to maintain their children.

Now he is afflicted with the dysentery; but is patient in tribulation. When he first went to England, about twenty-three years ago, he thinks that he was converted under the preaching of Mr. John Wesley. For a few years he

supposes that he grew in knowledge and grace; but since that time he feels that he has, the greater part of the time, been growing worse. "When I look upon myself," said he, "every one else is whole. I know that I am the chief of sinners; but still I hope, because God has spoken peace, through Jesus Christ." He declared that the situation of his wife and children was the only thing which made him desire life.

"There is, sir," he affirmed, "such a thing as a *willingness* to die." Although most men will not believe it, yet there is in some believers even a desire to depart.

The writer visited the young Englishman again, and found him with a hymn-book by his side. He was fond of conversing, and thought that "affliction must naturally and necessarily, without any supernatural influence, make men better." This is the judgment of all who know but little of the sad depravity of the human heart. Experience has long since decided, that if sickness and tribulations are not sanctified by some extraneous agency, they are of no personal advantage.

With Mr. T. S. C——, the aged traveller, considerable time was spent; and our conversation gained the attention of all the patients in the room. His principal fault, which is discoverable, is a polemic spirit, which savours a little too much of bitterness. Still he thinks many erroneous persons sincere Christians. In doctrine he thinks all the churches are Arminian in the United States, except the different denominations of Presbyterians and Baptists. To a long hymn of thirteen stanzas, which he composed in the hospital, and which contain much sound doctrine, but no poetry, he has subjoined the following

NOTE.

“These lines go to show the impropriety of depending too much on men’s works, instead of grace, for salvation; and also of saying that a covenant of God can be finally lost, as it would argue imperfection in God, and give the preference to the devil. The Arminians work by faith without grace, and the Predestinarians through faith by grace. The Arminians say, after God converts and declares the soul an heir of heaven, that the devil can revoke the decree, and damn the creature at last; but the Predestinarians urge, that when God does the work, it is eternally done, independent of hell itself.”

August 10th.

“Yet shalt thou know, nor is the diff’rence nice,
The casual fall, from impudence of vice.
Abandon’d guilt by active laws restrain,
But pause——if virtue’s slightest spark remain.”

LANGHORNE.

SIX wards in the hospital I have visited to-day, and prayed with many in the closing scenes of life. No object interested my feelings more than the young person, who, on the first day of the present month, was found reading the Bible. She has a fair complexion, a soft eye, a fine form, agreeable features, and hands more delicate than they should be, unless she has lived in a family of distinction, and is a child of affluence.

She says that she has lived only eighteen years, and her many tears made me solicitous to become acquainted with her whole history. Something has been collected

from her, by some of the persons in the hospital, at different times, which may be partially true, wholly true, or entirely false. So many romantic tales are told by the patients of this sort, that few of them can be trusted.

According to her account, she was born in Guildhall, in the state of Vermont. She has a father and mother living, who have been divorced. All the children continued with their mother. One of her brothers and a sister are married; but she and her youngest brother remain single. Caroline, (for that is the name of the person in the hospital,) was sent to a boarding school, at the distance of a few miles from her mother's residence, where she became acquainted with a fascinating young man. For three months, this young stranger, who had business in the vicinity, paid her flattering attentions. At the expiration of that period, with the consent of her mother, who had approved of his suit, they commenced a journey, with the professed intention of seeing his relatives in P——, and of being there united in marriage. Instead of taking her to P——, they came, without her knowledge, to Pearl street in this city, where they boarded with a widow and her daughter, in genteel lodgings, for ten days. The seducer continued to renew his promise of taking her to his friends, and of becoming her husband. She loved him ardently, and therefore he succeeded in quieting her apprehensions. He enticed her delicately, and therefore successfully. The spoiler came, found the sweet flower of the mountains, plucked it in wantonness, rifled it of its fragrance, and cast it away to perish with noxious weeds. She believed him true, but found him false. So long had she resisted his solicitations, that he consorted with others, and when he vanquished, he con-

taminated his prey. She was far from friends, without money, in a strange city, under the protection of one whom she criminally loved, and exposed at the same time to the fear of his declining the desired union, and to the horrors of an accusing conscience. In sickness she was deserted, and, when scarcely able to move, sought a retreat in the hospital.

She wept abundantly, to-day, and assured me of her serious intention of returning to her mother, and of departing from iniquity. Vigorous exertions to snatch her from perdition, shall be made, if I live; and the result must be left to God. Success would be grateful; but to fail in the attempt will be honourable. May the Lord give her repentance.

While I was preaching in the alms-house this evening, four dying persons surrounded me, whose bodies were in such a putrescent state, that although the nurse burned, occasionally, some linen, and fumigated the room with acetous evaporation, yet I loathed my necessary breath. In another room I visited a dying woman, who was perfectly rational, but speechless. After a short discourse was directed to her, she put out her hand towards me, and then lifted it to heaven. I did not understand her request. She looked upon me, in the language of earnest supplication, beckoned to me to bow my head, and whispered, "pray, pray for me." Her request being complied with, she took my hand again, gave it a gentle pressure, turned to heaven the aspect of gratitude, and closed her eyes on all messengers of the gospel for ever, and ever.

August 15th.

Two Irishmen are now in the hospital, who excite the

mingled emotion of pleasure and commiseration. ONE has lately arrived in this city, and would have gone immediately to his relatives, who preceded him to the western part of Pennsylvania, and now expect him to follow, but was arrested by the dysentery, which has left him in a very low condition. Beside his bed I took my seat, and he turned his blue eyes on me like a brother. A smile of complacency was lighted up in his countenance, when I began to speak of Jesus Christ.

“Should it please God,” he said, *“to take me up once more, I should be grateful.”*

“But if he allows you to wither here, what then? Does he any injustice?”

“No, I could not complain, for he deals kindly with me.” This appeared to be the undisguised sentiment of his soul. He firmly, and I think with personal application, with appropriating faith, asserts the authenticity of the scriptures, and the divinity of Christ. Death he apprehends must be the result of his present sickness; but still assures me, that his inability to read the Bible, from optical weakness, is his greatest present trial.

This young man is fairer and more gentle than any of his countrymen, whom I have seen. If the sons of Hibernia were generally to resemble him, and I were a native of that country, in the possession of civil and religious liberty, I would tune my lyre with every setting sun, and strike the bold numbers of “Ireland for ever.”

THE OTHER was cast in a rougher mould, and made of honest, but “sterner stuff.” Until lately, he has been on board of an English ship of war, of one hundred and ten guns. In childhood he was taught to read the word of God, and instructed in the principles of the protestant

religion. When he left home, the sailor's wardrobe, a silken handkerchief, contained the best of books, which proved a sort of silent companion in most of his voyages. For years he kept it as one would medicine, to be used in sickness, when he could not possibly avoid it. The sight of it was a reproof to him; he sometimes read it by way of compensation for past neglect; and eventually it proved powerful. For a few of the last years of his life it has been the instrument of his consolation. It has taught him that he is a sinner; that God has provided salvation for rebels, and that there is neither peace nor safety but under the divine protection.

"The goodness of God in preserving me," said this man, "is wonderful. I have often stood where one man has been cut down on my right hand, and another on my left. I thought, says I, if God pleases to preserve me here, he can do it; and he has done it: for why am I alive? Once, sir, it was hot work! in an action, thirteen men of us were at a gun, and in the hottest of the business, I thought he could preserve me there; and so he did, for every man of us thirteen was killed, but one man and myself."

Some antipathy this sailor has, but such as is very reasonable, against those persons who, for office, make a profession of religion, and partake of the Lord's supper. He could not respect a petty officer of the marines, who had a dispute with a private man, on the subject of their respective claims to the christian character. The little man, with a carving knife dangling at his hip, terminated the debate by saying, with an oath, "well, well, I am the best christian, for I've come up to the holy table, and you have not." The vanquished tar, indeed, had taken

many oaths, but never the oath of a baptized midshipman, whose profane lips are imbued with sacramental wine. The chaplain of the ship was equally contemptible, in the opinion of the Irishman, because, to use his own words, "he did not preach about spiritual things, and after sermon, would spend the sabbath in playing cards, in fishing, or, if near the shore, in hunting, with the other officers. Once, sir, for a sermon, he took out a piece of paper, and went to reading, that we ought to be thankful we had such good officers, such a good king, and such a good service; and that the yoke put on us, was not like the yoke Buonaparte has put on the neck of Holland. Upon this, all the sailors arose and capsized their seats, saying, "if he had nothing to preach to them about what they needed to know, they should not hear him."

"Were you not punished," I asked, "for this contemptuous treatment?"

"No, sir; for the officers knew that the chaplain was a worthless fellow; and six hundred men were quite too many for them to punish at once."

This man is of middle-age, and will probably fight his last battle, with death, in the hospital. He meets not the king of terrors in streams of fire, in sounds of thunder, and storms of chain-shot; but in the form of noxious vapour, which, unseen, pervades the vitals, and mingles deadly miasma with the purple streams of life. One might as well plunge a dagger into the bosom of a ghost, as contend with this enemy.

His greatest present sorrow arises, if I may believe him, from the remembrance of the profaneness of his youth, and the sins of his riper years.

The sorrows of a mother, on her death-bed, claim

peculiar respect. Mrs. Margaret Scott said, "dear minister, what will become of my *fatherless* children, when they are orphans?" This woman is a member of Trinity Church, has had all her children baptized there, and with many tears expresses her maternal apprehension, that should she die, they would not "be brought up to church, and taught religion." With gratitude she acknowledges the kind attentions of Mrs. J— and S— R—, who have furnished her with work, and assisted her to support four children, ever since she has been deserted by an intemperate husband.

She united with me in prayer, in a tearful and very devout manner; yea, when I left the room, her hands and eyes were still directed to heaven in humble supplication.

August 17th.

"The downcast eye, the tear that flows amain,
As if to ask her innocence again;
The cheek that wears the beauteous robe of shame,
How loath they leave a gentle breast to blame!"

LANGHORNE.

THE man who feels no compassion for a deluded female, who can blush, and weep over her fall; the being who does not hate the conduct of bewitching man, when it terminates in the ruin of domestic peace, and the loss of that which makes life desirable to the infatuated individual, has more than a common share of original depravity. By the offence of our progenitor, all men are deprived of the original righteousness which he possessed, and what they inherit is corruption; but some have more damning ingredients put into their composition than others. Some are born tigers, and some lions, and some foxes, and some like

the timid deer, or the "shorn lamb," to which God tempers the storm.

The amiable sort of men would be moved at the sight of seventeen females, withering in one room, in the morning of life; and the Christian would speak to them, with *something* of that meekness and tender concern which characterized his divine Master.

Caroline was one of the number. I found and left her in tears. Her mother, her "poor mother," was the theme of her discourse, and the remembrance of her, the cause of tears. For some months the mother has not heard a word from her daughter, and is at this moment ignorant of her situation.

I proposed to write to her mother. She declined, and said she had thought of writing herself; but could not endure the thought of letting her parent know her circumstances.

"You have another parent, whom you have more deeply offended."

She knew it, she said, but confessed that she was more anxious for her mother than herself. "Were it not for paining my mother, and exciting her fears, I would write. It is my most earnest desire to cast myself down before her. Were it possible, I would go on foot to her as I am, and confess all my sins."

"In that manner you must go to a forgiving God; for he alone can reform your heart and life. Before him you must appear in all your iniquities."

Another scene I have witnessed to-day, which is worthy of record on the annals of the poor. Well did Agur pray, "give me not poverty, lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." His honour the mayor,

De Witt Clinton, in the performance of his official duty, passed sentence on about thirty culprits, for their respective offences against the laws of the country. In the company, which stood at the bar of judgment, was a young man, of reputable appearance, on whom leaned a delicate young female, who was dressed with taste, and had the demeanour of a lady. The young man had lately come from Europe to Massachusetts, and, by his gentlemanly address, personal attractions, professions of love, or something else, which captivated the affections, gained the hand of the young lady, contrary to her father's consent. To escape the indignation of an injured parent, the European fled with his prize to New-York; and here, being in want of money, thought to gain a supply by stealing a pocket-book. He was detected, convicted, and plead necessity in extenuation of his crime. On this miserable pick-pocket hangs the happiness of a youthful wife, who married without fully knowing the character of her partner. In her behalf the attorney for the criminal prayed for the mercy of the court. Every eye was moved at her appearance, every heart at her situation. His honour warned her of the danger of continuing to live with such a man as her husband, in a state of vagrancy, exhorted her to return to her father, and remain with her friends until her lover should give evidence of an honest, industrious disposition, and at the same time proffered all necessary assistance for her journey. Should this man, said the judge, retrieve his character, he might then visit, and claim his wedded companion. In consequence of her youth and unprotected condition, the criminal was sentenced to imprisonment in Bridewell for no more than thirty days. The firmness and justice of his honour, for

which he is deservedly celebrated on the bench, were tempered with mercy; with such mercy as it is consistent with civil law to grant.

August 19th.

YESTERDAY, which was the sabbath, I performed my stated services, and to-day have visited eight wards in the hospital. In one I found a Spaniard, who a few hours before had fallen from mast-head upon the hatches, and mangled his crown in a shocking manner. He died while I was there; and such was the vehement circulation in his system, that his pulse continued to beat for nearly half an hour after all apparent respiration had ceased.

In full view of this dying man, I conversed with James Roe, the old sailor, who has found his way back to this institution already, by another season of drunkenness. He professed great gratitude to God, that in a long seafaring life, he had not been arrested in a similar manner. Never did I hear one insist upon it, with so little affectation of humiliation, that he was the chief of sinners. Roe lives under the terrors of the law, reads his Bible in an agony, and gets drunk the first opportunity which presents itself. "Sir, when I am here," said he, "and you preach, or I read the Bible, I believe every word, and determine well; but when I go out into company, if I will not swear and drink as my messmates do, I am nobody. It's a hard thing for an old sailor to get to heaven."

"You must be contented to be nothing for Christ's sake."

"Oh! I pray God that he would break my hard heart; and keep me from my sin; and I have long prayed, but it

will not break: 'tis hard as rock. I don't know that I ever prayed aright." This man presents an awful instance of mental agony, and the power of vicious habits. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil."*

* Not long after the above date, James Roe begged me to give him a Hymn-Book. He committed many of them to memory, and continued in the same frame of mind until he left the New York Hospital. Some time after, a respectable captain of a ship informed me that he had seen Roe, and that the old sailor always kept the Bible and my Hymn-Book with him; would read them when sober; and when drunken, 'would not part with them for love nor money.' When any one attempted to purchase them, if he was in his cups, it would enrage him; and, after imprecating misery, he would read, and cry, and pray again.

After my removal from New York to Philadelphia, I learned that on the 7th day of December, 1811, the same James Roe was admitted into the Pennsylvania Hospital; and continued in that well regulated and admirable institution until August 3, 1816. "After being out a little more than three months," says a note from my friend, Mr. Mason, then superintendent of the institution, "during which time he had various frolics of intemperance and intoxication, he was again admitted the 14th of 11th month, 1816. He appeared to have a great desire to overcome his evil propensities; but it seemed, that when he would wish to do good, evil was present with him. After his return to the hospital, he was, daily, I believe, in the practice of prayer, of reading the Scriptures, or some other good book, and of attending meetings when held in the institution. On account of his orderly conduct, the managers gave him permission to go every first day of the week to mass, or to his church, so long as he behaved with propriety; but he was not long enjoying this privilege, before he took out two pair of trowsers on him, and returned with one only, and in a state of intoxication. Of course, he was debarred from the liberty of going out again. I never found that he attended a meeting in the hospital af-

The young Englishman confesses that he has been a thoughtless rake, and is much amazed that God did not dash him into atoms; but that he will acknowledge his injustice to his wife, does not appear.

Among the people of colour, I found Richard Neal, a native of Delaware, aged twenty-eight years, who is blasted with the rheumatism. He lived, in childhood, in a family which paid decent attention to religion, and in which he obtained some speculative knowledge of the way of salvation. "At that time," he said, "I *knew* something, but *felt* nothing." He has been sick two years, and with tears in his eyes blesses God that he did not cut him off in health; that he has severely afflicted him, and made him acquainted with Jesus Christ. Had he died in health, he thinks that he should certainly have been damned.

"But how do you know now," I demanded, "that you shall be saved?"

terwards. His sufferings were of the most excruciating nature; and he bore them, I think, with great resignation for a length of time, until he was released from his bodily infirmities on the 3d of 4th month, 1820." During his residence in the Pennsylvania Hospital I frequently spoke with Roe, on the subject of the great salvation; and generally found him in the same state of mental conviction, self-condemnation, and gloomy, half-despairing hope, which he evinced in New York. Alas! "strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it." Isa. xxiv. 9. This is the monster, who, while our various sicknesses incident to temperate man are slaying their thousands, has, by his single hand, cast down into the gulf of endless misery tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens. This Samson in the devil's service should, by our national government, be shorn of his locks; a few of which were clipped during the late war, but grew again at the restoration of peace; and all good men should unite their moral influence to bind him in chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day.

“By the glorious approbation of God’s love, which he has put into my heart. He makes me feel that he is the forgiving God. I know that I am a vile sinner, but God would never have done this for me, had not Christ died for me. I can truly, sir, declare, that I have had more happiness since I have been sick, than I ever had in my whole life before.”

“Were you now to appear before God, what do you think would be your first business?”

“I would bless and praise his holy name for his salvation?”

“What would you do next?”

“I would pray God to keep me from sin, for ever, and ever.”

Christian reader, such was the conversation of a poor black man. Does not he exhibit the power of grace? Has he not a holy hatred of sin? God has taught him sounder practical divinity than is to be found in many ponderous volumes of Christian doctors. Should not this man’s proficience in the divine life reprove the sluggish believer?

Would to God that multitudes were like poor Richard, with the exception of his rheumatism!

August 20th.

Six wards* in the alms-house been have visited to-day, and it was found that one or two persons had died in each of them, during the past week. With some of the dying I

* By examining the remaining manuscript of the Journal, it appears that the stated preacher has visited not less than ten wards in the two institutions in every week, besides preaching, on an average, five discourses. In future, the reader will peruse an abridgment, instead of the manuscript in full.

prayed, and with some conversed. One man, who has been confined with a fractured limb six weeks, has in that time read Owen on the CXXX Psalm, and committed to memory twenty-six hymns.

August 24th.

CAROLINE appears to be more concerned for *herself* than she did formerly, when she thought more of dishonouring her mother than of displeasing the dreadful God. She says that she prays almost constantly that God would forgive her sins. If this person acts the part of a hypocrite, she must be a consummate mistress of her art. I know that the eyes may be wiped, when they are dry, and that the man whose heart laughs at the imposition, may shed tears like the crocodile, but will the hypocrite always weep? Will the deceiver wet his nightly couch, and his morsel of bread with tears? For one, I confess, that although I rarely weep, yet I think favourably of the person, whose eye, like that of Job, “poureth out tears unto God.” “She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her: all her friends have dealt treacherously with her.”

Even some of her companions, who rarely give each other much credit for sincerity, weep with her. One of them listened while I spake to Caroline, who never discovered any feeling before, and the opportunity was used of pressing divine truth home upon her mind.

Almost every day, I exclaim, “Oh! for a Magdalen hospital!” An institution of this name was opened in London, August 10th, 1758, and previously to January 3d, 1811, admitted *four thousand one hundred and twenty-eight*

females. Of this number, 80 remained in the institution; 103 were removed because they were lunatic, subject to fits, or afflicted with incurable disorders; 75 died; 612 were discharged at their own request; 526 were discharged for improper behaviour; and 2732 had been reconciled to friends, placed in service, or provided with reputable occupations. The Report for April 24th, 1811, states, that, "of the number reconciled to friends, or placed in service, some, undoubtedly, have relapsed into their former errors; but many who left the house at their own request, have since behaved well; and several of those discharged for improper behaviour in the house, have, to the certain knowledge of the committee, never returned to evil courses. In the year 1791, great pains were taken to trace out the situation of all those women who left the house during four years, from May 1786 to May 1790; and the result of that inquiry, which was made with the utmost accuracy, shows, that during that period, ABOUT TWO-THIRDS of the whole number of women admitted were *permanently reclaimed*." Of 246 discharged in four years, 157 were then behaving well, 74 behaving ill, 4 insane in confinement; and the situation of 10 was unknown. "The women, when discharged from the house, are, for the most part, UNDER TWENTY YEARS OF AGE; and it is an invariable rule not to dismiss any woman, (unless at her own desire or for misconduct,) without some means being provided, by which she may obtain a livelihood in an honest manner."

A chapel is provided for the persons in this hospital, in which the founders and friends of the charity have often heard the most grateful music from the choir of

protected females. One of their hymns is peculiarly appropriate and beautiful.

I shall transcribe it, with the hope that some who read it, may hear it sung in a similar hospital in America.

“ Father of mercies, hear our pray’rs
For those who do us good;
Whose love for us a place prepares,
And kindly gives us food.

Each hand and heart, that lends us aid,
Thou didst inspire and guide;
Nor is their bounty unrepaid,
Who for the poor provide.

Thou still shalt be our grateful theme,
Thy praise we’ll ever sing;
Our friends, the kind refreshing stream,
But thou th’ unfailing spring.

For those whose goodness founded this,
A better house prepare;
Receive them to thy heav’nly bliss;
And may we meet them there!

May all the pleasing pains they share
Be crown’d with wish’d success;
The present age applaud their care,
And future ages bless!

So shall the helpless, who remain
Expos’d as we before,
Increasing still our humble strain,
With louder songs adore.”

August 27th.

A SERVANT of an excellent family is now sick in the

hospital. Servants of colour can be more faithfully attended in this house, than in almost any private dwelling; and when their masters support them, it should not be considered unkind to transmit them to the care of ever-watchful nurses and physicians.

To this man the preacher said, "how great was the condescension of Christ in coming down from heaven to save sinners!"

The patient rolled over in bed, rubbed the large plaster on his breast in extreme agony, and lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, said, "O God, forgive! Yes, he is a dear, dear, dear Jesus." He could not speak louder than a whisper, but perhaps Christ was never called precious in a more affecting manner.

To be a servant in a religious family is an inestimable blessing. This person was taught the way of life through the example and counsel particularly of his mistress.

Mr. T. S. C— has lately begun to read the bible in one of the wards of black people, and it is said that his hearers are very attentive to the aged lay-preacher.

Caroline looks miserably. She has seasons of weeping, which not unfrequently last all day and all night. Every person in the house seems to feel deep compassion for her.

August 29th.

A DYING man requested that some minister might be invited to pray with him. When the Orderly man, who is very attentive to all the sick in such cases, asked whom he should call; the patient replied, "I have always belonged to the Episcopal church, but I do not care who comes, or what is his denomination, if he is a good man and can pray." He made an attempt to speak to the writer; but

after many struggles whispered, "Oh! I lament that I cannot talk with you."

The confessions of sin contained in the excellent form of prayer to which he had been accustomed, were repeated, explained, and enforced. Then the doctrine of pardon, which is set forth in the same liturgy, was exhibited. After a short pause, he whispered, saying, "when the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive. I have been a very great sinner, but I have been several years reformed." There was no evidence to disprove this testimony, and charity hopeth all things. It was intimated, however, that the sinner always needs pardon; and that, when truly reformed, his only foundation of hope is the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. After uniting in prayer with the writer, the dying man requested another visit.

Another man was the object of peculiar attention, because he is nigh unto death, and perhaps equally near to hell; who is so disgusted with this state of suffering, that he wishes to die, and thinks this resignation. He is confident of perfect preparation to go to his Father; and will confess that he is a sinner, but discards the Saviour. Such hope is without foundation; such resignation, or rather, dissatisfaction with divine providence, is impiety; and all such religion worse than vain.

Mrs. Margaret Scott, who is bloated with the dropsy, discovered so much concern for her youngest son, that the writer went in search of him, to procure him a lodging in the alms-house. The lad was found with a family, which resides in a cellar, and is supported by selling vegetables and making coarse shoes. The shoemaker had

protected the child for some weeks, and fed him gratis; but said that he could not keep him long, because he was too small to set upon the bench of his profession. "Well then, my little fellow," said the person who sought him, taking the boy by the hand, "I will get you a birth in the alms-house, for I am too poor to keep you."

The cobbler and his wife came to the door with sad countenances. The frugal pair had potatoes to sell, and could make shift to live by the sweat of the brow. "I would gladly keep him," said the man, "but I have a large family, and he cannot earn any thing yet."

He was about to be led away to a sad place. "'Tis a pity," said the good woman, "that such a likely child should go to the poor-house: let him stay here."

It was concluded that the boy should remain where he was, until his mother was dead, or until a more eligible situation could be found.

The poor are frequently more beneficent than the rich: and the person who of his penury gives all that he has, when duty demands it, shall be more honourable than those who give but a pittance from their luxuries; but two mites from their abundance.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

August 30th.

THIS morning the Episcopalian was not to be found in the land of the living. The man who boasted of perfect resignation, said much more than any good man would desire to hear. He took the preacher by the hand and the button, to make him listen to deistical whisperings. Although he was so far gone in the consumption that he

could not utter a loud word, yet he said, "I thank God that I am willing to die, because I am prepared; and that I have from my cradle despised all this dispute about Methodism, Presbyterianism, and Episcopacy. I care for none of their systems; and thank God that all the preachers in the world cannot drive me out of my sentiments. If I frequented the grog-shops, I did not myself drink to excess, nor partake with those who blasphemed their Maker. On the sabbath I sat and smoked in a friendly way with my neighbours, while others were running to this and that church, to show their new clothes, to hear a new preacher, and to criticise his discourse. Now, sir, which of us was in the best case?"

"Neither of you conducted in such a manner as to please God; and neither of you, if sensible of his guilt, could die with composure."

He rejoined, "O I would not be in the case of these church-going hypocrites for the world, for I have walked behind them when returning from church, and have heard them talk about the pretty fellows, and the girls, and the fine things they saw there! Why! I spent my time in a rational way!"

"Will you not allow that you have sometimes sinned? And how can you with the least sin appear before a just God? What would you say in justification of yourself, after you had been obliged to plead guilty?"

His answer was, "If I *am* guilty, I would bow and be still; for I would not tell a lie, which would certainly be sinful. I should expect God to treat me as a school-master does a boy. The master flogs him for telling a lie, but assures him, that it is for the falsehood, and not for his previous behaviour; for he would have forgiven

that. But God will not make me plead or confess any thing, for he knows all things; and what would be the use of my telling him that I am a sinner?"

When the name of Jesus was introduced, he knit his brows in a terrible frown; and when asked if he believed in Christ, evaded the subject by coughing.

Not like this deist is the negro servant of Peter Radcliff. He trembled with emotion when he confessed himself guilty before God; and after prayer said, like one whose soul was going out in faith to meet the Desire of nations, "O he is a precious Jesus."

September 2nd.

MANY circumstances conspire to render Caroline's return to the paths of virtue probable; and particularly the benevolent feelings of the matron and house-physician. A mother could not do more for a daughter, or Æsculapius for his sister, than is done for this young woman. The attempt is now faithfully making to restore the fallen. The attentions which she receives appear to excite gratitude. In answer to some examination into the state of her soul, she said, "I think I may say with Joseph concerning the enemies of my peace, that *they meant it for evil, but God meant it for good*. Had not God suffered me to be afflicted, I might never have known him. I was one of the gayest of the gay, and most inconsiderate of the thoughtless. Now I feel an earnest desire to serve my Maker. I thought it the most unfavourable thing which could happen, to be compelled to come to this place; I thought it death; but it was ordered kindly. First, I bless God, and next, I am grateful to man." She continues to feel so

anxious about her mother, that the writer insisted on addressing a letter to her. This he had frequently done, but Caroline was unwilling to have her situation known, until she could appear in person before her parent.

September 3d.

“My sins against man,” said the weeping Caroline, “I feel to be comparatively nothing, but it is against God that I have sinned, and now that is the thing which troubles me most. I hope he will forgive me; but if not, I would wish to live a religious life.”

A letter was exhibited to her, of which the following is a

COPY.

“New York, September 3d, 1811.

“MADAM,—One who has the feelings of a mother will be happy to learn, even from a stranger, the situation of an absent daughter. Caroline was brought to this city, by that base young man who obtained leave to take her on a visit to his friends, in the character of his intended bride; and here, as it became a deliberate villain, in a strange land, at the distance of some hundred miles from her friends, attempted to destroy his victim. She was in the power of one, whom she loved before she discovered his treacherous designs, and without the means of escape, when, under the most insidious excuses, and with all fair promises, he attempted to deprive her of honour, peace, and every thing which can endear society, or support one while passing through the valley of the shadow of death. She did not come to this place, and this situation, with her

own knowledge or consent; for how should she, equally a stranger to all the crooked paths of the world, know that she was going to New York, instead of P——?

“The snare of the fowler, I trust, is now broken, and the bird has escaped from his nets. Your daughter is yet alive. He could not so harden her heart as to make her forget you. Her tears, incessantly flowing, were troublesome to his adamantine bosom, for a continual dropping will produce some effect on the most obdurate substance. He therefore deserted her. Now she blesses his absence, and thinks she will never willingly see his face again. He left her, impaired in health, without means of support, without money to return to you, and with a broken heart. But the Lord was pleased to provide. In her sickness, her affecting case was made known to the benevolent, and she is now under the care of one, who faithfully acts the part of a mother, in counsel and care. Who this person is, that even weeps with Caroline in her sorrows, she may in due time inform you. A short time since your child wept so incessantly, that we were fearful death would proceed from a wounded spirit.

“You must not think of sending for her at present, for her health will not allow her to take a journey. She is not, however, confined to her bed, but is in a state of convalescence. Tell me, would you gladly and kindly receive your child? Please to return an answer to the writer, and she shall be made acquainted with it.

“In the course of six or seven weeks, you may, possibly, receive your daughter, through the benevolence of Christian friends, to the embraces of that bosom which supported her in infancy. She wishes now to go to you on foot over all the rugged miles. Be contented then, for

the present, to know, that she is duteous in affection to her absent mother."

After Caroline had perused the letter, the writer demanded if he should send it.

"If you insist upon it," was the reply. All who were disposed to assist her, were persuaded that a kind answer from her mother would promote her recovery.

Q. "What is your mother's name?"

A. "Martha."

Q. "Where does she reside?"

A. "She *did* live in Guildhall, where I was born." Of course the writer forwarded the letter to Mrs. Martha Stillwell, the family name of Caroline, and expects a favourable answer.

September 6th.

ONE ward of the alms-house, in which I preached a few days ago, has lost four of its tenants since that time, and to-day, some of my feeble, but constant hearers, were found dangerously sick. Some of these discovered the benign influence of truth already cherished, while others needed to be taught the first principles of the oracles of God.

Mrs. E—— C——r sat gloomy, without complaint; afflicted, but not cast away; in sorrow, but not in despair. "Do come," she said, "and pray with me again on the next sabbath, for I cannot go to hear you. I have been long travelling through this world, but I think I am almost home. I confess myself a helpless sinner, left to the mercy of God. I've nothing to plead, but my own guilt, and Christ's righteousness."

No sooner had I darkened the door of that room which is the receptacle of the skeletons of lost females, than I heard a little girl, at the most remote part of the ward, exclaim, in a tone which indicated pleasure commingled with pain, "Oh! there he is again!" Passing by many, whose countenances were new to me, I approached her whose voice I had heard, because I thought her face familiar to me; but I could neither remember her name, nor the place in which I had seen her. I looked her full in the face; and she could look upon me no more.

"Have I not seen you before?"

"Yes, sir."

"I do not remember where. You do not look like any person that I perfectly remember, and I rarely forget a face."

"*You have seen me in the hospital, sir, and there I have heard you preach.*"

"Can it be possible that you are the once beautiful girl of fifteen? Was it you who made many promises of reformation? Is your name M—— D——?"

She wept an affirmative answer.

"How different! how fallen, from what you then was! Then you was neat; now you are covered with filth. Then you was in comfortable health, and we had, at one time, much hope of rescuing you from your perilous situation: but now you are merely the shadow of yourself. You are so emaciated that I did not know you. Do you remember my warnings?" "O yes, sir," she sobbed out, "with shame I remember."

"And in spite of all remonstrances, you have pursued your old course, only to find renewed experience, of what you well knew before, that the way of transgressors is

hard; for now your flesh and health, which might have been preserved, seem to be entirely gone. Do not think that I delight to reproach you. I pity you, for you are not seventeen years of age; you are motherless, and I would still be the instrument of saving you."

She could only answer by the faint hue which fluttered over her wan cheek, and sunk again upon her withered heart, that could ill afford to part with any of its vital fluid, even for the blush of shame.*

In a room contiguous to this, were many persons of the same moral character, who requested prayers. Some faces were white with the bleaching of death-blasts; some were scarlet, in consequence of a free use of ardent spirits; some were covered with sores; some had lost the use of their eyes, and some had met with that too common calamity, the loss of the nose. Would to God, that the inconsiderate would reflect, for one moment, that libidinous indulgence is rottenness to the bones! I have seen a case, in which I verily believe that my hand could have wrung the limbs asunder; and in another case, the bones of the head were so affected, that, at the moment of death, the skull of a full grown man burst asunder, and his brains gushed out. In such horrid descriptions I have no delight; but let the youth, who tampers with temptation, beware of taking the leap into that abyss whence few return.

After I had conversed with M—— B——, who affords renewed hope that she is a daughter of Sarah by faith, a young woman of full, broad face, blue eyes, and Scotch dialect, wished to speak to me. Of this person Burns might have sung, in his tenderest strains, to the "*mountain daisy*;"

* See pages 61, 63, and 70.

“Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow’ret of the rural shade!
By love’s simplicity betray’d,
In guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all spoil’d, is laid
Low i’ the dust.”

When the writer approached, she discovered great agitation, and it was long before she could say, “Oh! sir, I have a hard, hard heart: it will not break: it will not burst.”

“God can break the hard heart, and make it soft; he can wash the foulest, and make it clean.”

“Oh! but I fear he will not. I know he can, but I have been so vile, that he will not. He will leave me to perish in my sins. My heart will not submit: I cannot bear to die!”

“Does the hope of worldly pleasure make you wish to continue on the earth?”

“Oh, no! no! but since I have devoted the morning of my existence to sin, I want to live, that I may lead a different life, and go again to that church which I have dishonoured.”

“I presume that you are of Scotch-Irish extraction?”

“Yes, sir, and I have more to answer for than those who surround me, because I have been well instructed. I was accustomed to attend Dr. M^cLeod’s church; I was taught the way of life, but now my heart will not submit. I cannot tell you how vile I am.”

“That is very true; for who can understand his errors? Who but God can tell how vile any one is?”

“Oh! I am a thousand times worse than I can think. I cannot tell you how I feel. My heart rejects, and buffets, and hates the Lord Jesus Christ; but O, I wish that he would break it,”

Such anguish of spirit I never witnessed before, nor is it easy to conceive of stronger convictions of the obduracy of the human heart than she manifested. "*I am nothing but pollution from the beginning, from my original,*" was the burden of her complaint. It was admitted that all which she said of her own iniquity was true, while she was reminded, that those who doubt the divine disposition and ability to save, account God a liar. Mercy was renewedly proffered, but she would not be comforted. The knowledge which this person, A—— T——, possesses, in religious matters, is truly surprising. She seems to have been a systematic theologian from her childhood. The confessions of sin, which are frequently made, are various. Once a woman, with all the pride of humility reigning in her heart, came to her clergyman, and said, "Sir, I am a vile sinner, I feel that I am one of the greatest hypocrites in the world." With a countenance almost as much disfigured as her own, the minister replied, "so you are, good woman;" whereupon she turned away, saying in a tone of exasperation, "you lie, I a'n't!" The confessions of A—— T—— are not of this description.

The young man who disowns his wife has so far recovered as to have been carried from the hospital to a boarding-house. Those who were fellow-patients with him inform me, that his injured wife called to see him before his departure, but he rewarded her kindness with contempt, and said that of all women she was most odious to him. Sinners, who have neither the conscience nor honour to repair an injury, commonly hate those most, whom they have most abused. "A lying tongue hateth those that are afflicted by it." *Prov. xxvi. 28.*

The deist, whose case was stated on the 30th of August last, is probably sealed unto perdition. He told some young friends, who paid him a visit, that when he was dead, he should go to hell, and would stand at the door, to call them in, when they came along that way, that he might have the pleasure of raking open the coals of the bottomless pit, to warm them. This is only a specimen of the impiety of this dying man.

September 12th.

“I HAD rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.” This is, undoubtedly, the sentiment of every pious heart. Nevertheless, a door-keeper of a church of God is compelled, by poverty, to take up his residence in the hospital. “You will please to pray with us, before you go,” said a tall man of venerable appearance, “for I am glad to meet you here.” His manner was winning, and his long hair, neatly combed, was all white with winter. Well do I remember with what alacrity he unfolded the doors of a church for me, and made all necessary preparation for public worship. I knew him to be a Christian, and wondered at finding him in an institution of public charity. The truth was found to be, that having become too feeble, from an accidental injury, to perform the duties of his office, and support his aged wife, he concluded to seek for health, where he could enjoy the means without expense to himself. The church to which he belongs is rather embarrassed in pecuniary matters; and the Lord be praised that the hospital is open to all of every nation; to those who have money, and to those who have none.

It rarely contains, however, such a combination of dignity, poverty, and piety as are found in this Irishman.

A—— T—— remains in the same state of body and mind. Her mental anguish is unutterable. M—— B—— and M—— D—— were seated on a bed together, beside their agonizing companion. The first I exhorted to instruct the second; for both have tasted the bitter cup of transgression, but one has much more knowledge than the other. The reader may wish to learn something of M—— D——'s history. When health returned to her in the hospital, she became insensible to past wickedness and misery. While remaining there, that some place of residence might be found for her, or some occupation procured, she became acquainted with a young man, whose conduct and situation had been similar to her own. He promised, on leaving the institution, to become her protector. Accordingly, when he was ready to depart, she eloped, and they met, to reside in the suburbs. His protection was of short duration; his money was soon gone; she returned to the practice of Corinth, and multiplied abominations, more than her sisters Samaria and Sodom. Extreme sickness was the result; and having lodged for a few nights in a cellar with blacks, she was brought to the alms-house. The way of lewdness is the shortest way to hell.

September 13th.

Mrs. Margaret Scott, who was introduced to the reader's acquaintance on the 15th of August last, has rapidly declined for several days past; and at length has fallen asleep. Her eldest child, a daughter, is at service, and

maintains her youngest sister, who cannot be more than three years of age. The second daughter was taken under the care of the matron of the hospital, who has procured an excellent situation in the country, where the child will be kept from much of the evil that is in the world. The eldest son is a young man, who has gone to sea, and her other child is a lad of nine years, who lives with the cobbler. The good mother had a few anxieties before death, which were not unamiable. She could not close her eyes until some one had promised to be a guardian to each of her helpless orphans. In addition to this, she obtained a promise from her eldest daughter, that her body should be deposited in one of the grave-yards of her church. It seems no more than reasonable, that the richest church in America should give her poor saints their last bed; for there is something pleasing to most persons, in the thought of having their dust gathered to the ashes of their fathers. At any rate, if this be a weakness, it is not censurable, and Rebecca gave her mother the promise, which she punctually fulfilled. With composure, with hope, the fond mother went to rest, where the wicked cease from troubling.

September 14th.

For three or four days and nights Caroline has wept almost incessantly. Something gives her great uneasiness, when any one speaks of her mother. If her grief should continue, she will never meet her forsaken parent.

The writer, who promised to protect an unguarded boy, to-day sought his charge, at the poor cobbler's cellar, but could not find him. Last night he was there, but

where he was when his guardian sought him, none could say; for how could a labouring man watch a playful child? He was sought in the streets, but could not be found. Night and hunger will probably bring him home; for these regulate hundreds, who experience no other government.

At the request of Mrs. Peter Radcliff, the writer visited a poor widow of the city. Her husband has been dead two years. She has six children; the eldest of whom is fifteen years of age, and can afford considerable assistance. About three months ago, a son of seven years was taken sick with the small-pox. For seven weeks the widow paid such attention to this lad, that she did not once, during that time, sleep with her clothes off. The child died; and the mother, through debility and a severe cold, was immediately confined to her bed, from which she may never arise. When I entered, the breakfast-table with its scanty furniture was standing beside her bed, and the daughter was preparing some tea. She insisted on having the table removed, for the present, saying, that "to hear religious conversation and unite in prayer is better than daily food." The only chair in the room afforded me a seat beside her, while her daughter stood by the fire, and at my back was posted a young man in mean attire.

"I never thought of religion, sir," she said, "until my child died. Since that, many ladies come here to see me, and talk about Christ; and O, it comforts my heart. I bless God that he is so good to me, in sending friends."

She confessed her exceeding sinfulness in every thing, but particularly mourned her past neglect of the sabbath and public worship. Now, might God permit, she "*would gladly crawl on her hands and knees along the streets to any*

church, and should think herself happy if she could get even to the nearest methodist praying meeting."

David desired in sickness restoration, that he might visit the sanctuary; "but, good woman, the gospel is brought nigh to you. It is proclaimed in your chamber. Here the Lord Jesus assures you that he is able and willing to save, and that none who come to him shall be rejected."

"That I know, sir, and in that I rejoice, for the word of God teaches me. Christ is all the hope of my poor heart. That young man (she pointed to the one behind me,) lives near this, and when he comes in every day, I get him to read two or three chapters to me. O, I've got a Bible, sir; Mr. Smith brought it to me. It is a fine book!"

"May the reading do the young man good." "O, sir," she rejoined, "I hope it will break his heart, and then he will turn from sin. There's nothing like it. It will break the heart."

Her anxiety for him seemed to pierce him; for the poor young labourer was solemn and silent.

September 15th.

MR. ROOME, the present superintendent of the State's Prison, in which I preached to-day, related the following anecdote.

Not long since two persons were in this place of confinement, who gave satisfactory evidence that they were truly converted to God. M'Donald, who was committed for horse-stealing, first became an exemplary man, and lodged in the room with one Johnson. This man was committed for forgery, and after a long confinement,

attempted to make his escape by leaping from the wall. Previously to this attempt, he had conducted like an altered man; and even a Christian might be induced to believe, that escape from penalty, where it is possible, after long infliction of it, is no crime. In the act of leaping, he burst an artery of his leg, and mortification followed. Sensible of the near approach of death, he desired to speak with his old room-mate. The keeper brought M'Donald into his presence, when the dying man said, with tender familiarity, "Well, Mac, I am going to die, and I wanted to discharge a debt of gratitude. I owe you everlasting thanks, for had it not been for your exertions and example, I should not have known any thing of Christ. I could not die in peace without confessing to you, that when you and I came to live in the same room, I hated you, because you was religious. When you talked to me, I wished that you would hold your tongue, and often, when you read the Bible or prayed at night, I used to put my handkerchief over my head and stop my ears; but finally, the more I strove against your religion, the more it worked on me. In short, I had no peace until I took to praying too. Now I thank God that I can die in comfort. I bless God for your instructions, with my dying breath." After this he spoke in sublime strains of the pleasures of pardoned sin, prayed in a loud voice with the keeper and M'Donald, and immediately died. He was thirty-seven years of age; and not long after, in his forty-first year, followed M'Donald, whose death was tranquil, and even triumphant.

The reader will be gratified with some of this last person's writing. With a few slight alterations in a few words, but none in the sense, I shall present

A COPY

Of some poetry, written by M'Donald while in Prison.*

I.

John 1. 17. & 8. 32. & 14. 6. Prov. 23. 23. Ye busy minds that seek for truth,
 James 5. 1—6. Must own that pleasure, pelf, or pain,
 Luke 12. 20 & 21. Are sure rewards in early youth,
 Ecclesiastes 2. 1—12. And all that man in life can gain;
 1 Cor. 1. 21—30. Colossians 2. 3. Unless to wisdom he should cry,
 James 4. 8. Should by the Spirit strive to move,
 Matt. 7. 7. And call the blest Redeemer nigh,
 Gal. 5. 6. John 14. 13 & 14. To grant that faith which works by love.

II.

Prov. 8. 9. The Bible's precepts all are plain,
 2 Cor. 4. 3. And right, to them that knowledge find;
 1 Cor. 2. 14. But nat'ral tongues can ne'er explain,
 Rom. 12. 2. Eph. 4. 23. Col. 3. 10. Unless the Lord renew the mind.
 1 Cor. 3. 18. Become a fool, if you'll be wise,
 James 1. 5 & 6. And wisdom seek from God above:
 John 16. 24. Jer. 50. 4 & 5. Then ask of him, he'll not despise,
 1 John 3. 22 & 23. But freely grant his pardoning love.

III.

Rom. 5. 1. Ps. 119. 165. Phil. 4. 6 & 7. O then, sweet peace, to conscience dear,
 Isaiah 26. 3, 4. Will make her kind abode with thee,
 1 Cor. 10. 13. Prov. 3. 21—26. And through this rugged path will steer
 Isaiah 58. 11. Luke 1. 79. Thy bark from ev'ry danger free.
 Col. 1. 2. 7. No doubts shall in thy bosom rise,
 John 8. 32 & 36. Gal. 5. 1. For God in Christ has made thee free,
 Isa. 25. 7. 2 Cor. 3. 13—18. The veil has taken from thine eyes,
 Rom. 8. 1 & 21. To walk in gospel liberty.

IV.

Matt. 5. 6. If any thirst for righteousness,
 Luke 6. 21. Or hunger for the bread of life;
 John 4. 10. 14. & 6. 35. & 7. 37, 38. Christ fills their souls with happiness:
 Isa. 58. 4. Nor shall they drink ungodly strife.
 John 1. 12. All, who believe upon his name,
 1 John 3. 1 & 2. Are justly styl'd the sons of God:
 Titus 2. 13 & 14. Heb. 12. 2. By faith and hope they trust in him,
 1 Pet. 1. 19. Who made atonement with his blood.

* M'Donald states, that he was induced to write these lines, by listening to different teachers, examining many denominations of Christians, and finding, to his surprise and alarm, that many swerve from the scriptures of truth, "which contain the divine mysteries of God."

V.

- John 6. 29. Christ says this is the work of God,
 John 3. 14—18. T' believe on him whom God hath sent ;
 John 6. 35—53. To eat his flesh, and drink his blood.
 Isa. 33. 15 & 16. Rev. 2. 17. By faith you'll see what bread he meant :
 The waters are the word of God,
 Eph. 5. 26. To sanctify and cleanse the soul ;
 John 1. 1. Col. 2. 9. And scripture proves that Christ's the word,
 Rev. 19. 13. Eph. 3. 14—20. Which truly comprehends the whole.

VI.

- Luke 13. 24. James 4. 3. Heb. 11. 6. Then let us strive, and long endure,
 Rom. 5. 1. Eph. 2. 13 & 18. By faith to make our peace with God,
 2 Pet. 1. 10. Our calling and election sure,
 Rev. 6. 16 & 17. Heb. 2. 3. 12. 25. And thus escape his wrathful rod.
 Isa. 45. 21. John 14. 27. The Lord is just. In Christ there's peace.
 Luke 2. 3—33. Acts 4. 12. And that salvation which we praise :
 Rom. 10. 17. Eph. 3. 17. O may our faith and love increase,
 2 Cor. 9. 15. Heb. 13. 12. And God receive the songs we raise.

On the back of the paper, which contains the foregoing performance, the author has said, “ whosoever will peruse the within seventy-five passages of scripture, with the same attention with which I have selected them, will not fail of reaping a due reward from that gracious Benefactor, whose mercy endureth to all generations.”

AN ELEGY,

By the same Prisoner, who conceived himself to have been convicted by false-witnesses.

You who can spare one moment's time,
 And listen to a true complaint,
 Will not accuse me of a crime,
 Nor think me void of just restraint,
 When you consider well the cause
 Of cruelty which I denounce:
 For not against the wholesome laws
 Would I an evil word pronounce.

But fate, at whose decrees we guess,
 By evil and designing men,
 Has cast me into sore distress,
 Like some wild monster in a den;

Opprest with solitude and thought,
Which cause my mind full oft to roam,
And ruminatè their wiles that brought
Me to this sad, uncourtly home.

Here months, to me like days untold,
Pass o'er my head with strong regress:
Samaritans cannot behold,
But Priests and Levites daily pass.
Like Pharaoh's butler, one did say,
"Alas! I have you long forgot,
And do recall my fault this day;"
But to relieve me hasten'd not.

Divided from all friendship dear,
For wife and children here I grieve:
In solemn, secret, fervent pray'r,
I seek to him who can relieve;
Well knowing that the arm of man,
Though bound by oaths in solemn trust,
Will deviate from virtue's plan,
And leave me hopeless in the dust.

When I am far remov'd from hence,
And once that common debt is paid,
My false accusers must come thence,
Before the Judge of quick and dead.
There no false pleadings can be heard,
Nor silver tears commend a man:
That God who only must be fear'd,
Will work his just and upright plan.

Then shall the wicked turn to hell,
With all the blind that know not God;
No parasite shall then excel,
Nor splendid pomp relief afford;
Pure faith and love shall ornament
The bearer's head as with a crown,
And I no longer shall lament,
Nor earthly monarchs on me frown.

September 16th.

MAN, who cannot search the heart, must often be influenced in his conduct by the outward appearance. Judging from what the human eye can discover, there has been more reason to indulge the hope of reclaiming Caroline, than any one of her companions. She has, therefore, received more attention in the hospital than any one of her class ever enjoyed there before. All persons concerned in the immediate care of the patients, seemed to have conspired for her restoration. This has given some of the inhabitants of her ward great offence; and they seek to find satisfaction by tormenting her. The motives which dictated the following letter, which was given to Caroline by the matron, will appear from the perusal.

COPY.

“ New York, September 16th, A. D. 1811.

“ CAROLINE,

“ Your situation is indeed a trying one. You need consolation, and I regret that the malevolence of those unhappy women, with whom you are confined, should render it necessary for me to speak to you in particular, less frequently than I could wish. Their opinion of my attention is nothing to *me*; but I am unwilling that you should experience from them needless persecution. Would to God that they were as desirous of instruction and as grateful for kindness as you appear to be. You must patiently bear their scoffs, for you have fallen into their society; but if they call you a hypocrite, that will not make you one. See that you finally prove your sincerity. You must expect reproach for your past sins, from those who know nothing of penitence; and you perceive in their

unkindness, that the unrenewed heart is even opposed to the merciful Redeemer. An abandoned woman is neither willing to enter the kingdom of heaven herself, nor pleased that others should be saved. Let your wicked room-mates continue to say that "you will soon elope with the parson or doctor," because we seek your salvation. Regard them not, except it be to pray for their conviction and conversion. Were they disposed to receive assistance, we should as gladly proffer it to them as to you. Receive from us this assurance, that so long as you continue to maintain the humility, penitence, and spirit of new obedience, which we think are manifest in you, we will act the part of friends. If God preserves our lives, you shall not from necessity be cast out to the contempt and misery of the world. Should you die in the hospital, your body shall be interred with respect; but should you recover, and be rejected by your relatives, some occupation shall be provided, which will yield you the means of comfortable and reputable subsistence. Be of good courage; the Lord will provide. To him you are indebted for all those circumstances which elevate you above many of your fallen fellow-sinners. If you are truly penitent, it is God who has pierced your soul with arrows of conviction; who has slain you by the law, that you may live by the gospel, to the praise of Christ's righteousness; and who has made the blood of his gracious covenant precious to your soul. Remember, then, that with God there is mercy, that he may be feared, and trusted too.

"It is not time, calculating on the usual delay of country post-offices, to expect a letter from your mother; but so soon as I receive one, you shall know its contents.

In the meantime, seek to compose your mind by the consideration, that Jesus died to save sinners. Do not read too much, for your mind becomes confused, and you derive no advantage. Young persons, when anxious to know the way of life, commonly fall into this error. They read much, and think little. It is as much your duty, at proper seasons, to compose yourself for sleep, as at other times to pray. Above all things, receive the testimony of God, concerning his Son, that he sent him into the world to save the chief of sinners. Not to believe this, so as to trust in God for pardon and acceptance through the righteousness of Jesus Christ, is nothing less than to make God a liar. If you wish instruction on any subject, which I do not explain in my general discourse in your ward, you need not fear to express your wish to one, who feels his own need of pardon. May God bless you; for I hope that with him is mercy for you."

Before the above letter was presented, it was read, and assented to, by the house-physician, whose skill and benevolence do honour to his understanding and heart.*

September 18th.

THROUGH the compassion and instrumentality of Mrs.

* In this place, the writer begs leave to tender his gratitude to MESSRS. TAPPEN and Inderwick of the hospital, and Mr. ANDERSON of the alms-house, not only for their polite attentions to him; but for their fidelity to the sick under their care. These young practitioners in the healing art, are gentlemen of excellent understanding, amiable manners, and moral principle, who promise to be the future ornaments of their profession, and some of the most useful members of society.

Broadhead, some necessary articles of dress for Caroline, were procured from the wardrobe of the Dorcas Society.

On the 16th instant, the son of Mrs. Margaret Scott was found by the writer, who was engaged to do the best he could for the child, and led to the alms-house. It was contemplated that he should board there, and attend the free-school of Trinity church, until something better could be provided for him. When the lad's case was stated to the superintendent, and especially when the information was given, that the father of the child was a drunkard, who had paid his children no attention for two years, the tears fell rapidly from the eyes of the boy, who was more affected at his father's wickedness, than his mother's death.

To-day the boy called on his guardian, and requested him to visit Rebecca. The dutiful daughter, who had performed the task of a hired servant by day, and watched with her dying mother by night, was found in the kitchen of a porter-house, making, or rather altering garments for her sister. Since the death of the mother, Rebecca had been sick from unusual fatigue. She was now better, but pale, and the little girl of three years made her appearance, with a clean face, and hung on her sister's skirt.

"Well, Rebecca, I suppose you have some request to make. Speak freely, for I promised your good mother to assist you, so far as I am able."

She hesitated, and blushed: the boy sat him down in the corner and sobbed; but she finally stated that her little brother came home dissatisfied with his situation. For two nights past he had been put into a bed which contained five boys besides himself. They considered

him a stranger, and kicked him out. The boys used profane language, were lousy, and he could not endure the thought of living there. "You have done so much, sir, that I dare not make any request," said Rebecca, "but——"

"But what? He shall go home with me, for the present. What did the funeral of your mother cost you?" The fees for the ground, the sexton's services, &c. amounted to ten dollars; of which she had paid five, and was now working to discharge the remainder of the debt.

"It is enough for you to provide for yourself and little sister." The five dollars which were due were paid; and the body of Margaret Scott sleeps in peace, while her spirit rests in hope of a glorious resurrection.

The reader will undoubtedly agree with the writer in opinion, that each Christian church ought to bury the bodies of her poor members, besides affording support to the orphan children which have been baptized within her temples.*

Had the present Assistant Bishop known their circumstances, it is certain, from the benevolence of his character, that he would have given assistance to the fatherless. May it not be presumed, that in future the large funds of the Trinity church will afford a grave for those, at least, who are in full communion with her, and die in poverty? Before she builds any more churches abroad, will she not

* It is understood, that this lad received assistance, when almost naked, and without shoes, in the frosty weather of October following, from the president of the Dorcas Society, Mrs. J. B. Romeyn and Mrs. P. Wilson, who delight in doing good to the poor of every denomination. She who gives a cup of cold water to the thirsty, from love to Jesus, shall in nowise lose her reward.

make provision for the guardianship of *all* her helpless children? I am persuaded that BISHOP HOBART and the VESTRY will enlarge their establishment of a Charity School, until it shall bear some proportion to their funds, and to the number of their baptized children. Hitherto the provision made by the Reformed Dutch, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches in this city, has been much more ample, in proportion to their destitute children. The good among the Episcopalians will not blush to take an example from their Presbyterian neighbours.

September 22nd.

IN descending the stairs of the alms-house, the Irish woman met me, of whom I have given some account under date of April 21st. She had in her hands two pails of water, which her feeble frame could scarcely support; for she is still pale, thin, neat, and humble. Setting them down, she said, in a manner which invited condolence, "Ah, sir! and I have lost my little child; the youngest one."

"Possibly," said the writer, "God may have taken away your infant from the evil to come. Possibly God has taken him to a better world, and made him glorious in Christ. Had the child lived, it might have become miserably wicked. That infants are saved, we have presumptive evidence, for Jesus said, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven;' and again, 'it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.' These sentences were uttered when little children were in Christ's presence, and although the last comprehends all persons who become, from conversion,

like little children, yet there is reason to suppose that he intended to be literally understood. 'The kingdom of God,' of which infants are said to be members, must imply, either the church on earth, or the church in heaven, or both. If they belong to both, or to the church above, their salvation is positively asserted: but if they belong to the church on earth, it is probable that they will not, when taken away in infancy, fail of eternal life.

"David comforted himself, when he said concerning the child of Bathsheba, 'I shall go to it;' and assuredly he did not expect to meet the child in hell. Of one thing, at least, you may be certain, that God doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men. Remember, that if God has taken away one child, he has preserved three."

She answered, "indeed he has, sir, but they are sickly."

Soon after this woman's recovery, I saw her near the battery. The child which is now dead was then in her arms, and the other three were standing beside her. All of them were sickly, in appearance, like the plants which suffer for the want of air and light. In this situation, she remained nearly half the day, in expectation of seeing her husband. He was on board "the President," a ship at anchor in the river, and she had sent a request to see him, by one of the naval officers. It was her design to obtain of him half his pay, that she might leave the alms-house, and support her children. "Could we live," said the woman, "in the fresh air, we should be well again." The husband came not; and weakness with hunger drove her back to languish with the multitude.

Before I commenced the public worship of the evening, an aged woman said, with weeping, which continued

during the whole service, “the conflicts of a poor sinner are very many and great in this life; and especially those which arise from our own wickedness.”

Blind Sofa, who has lately been severely troubled about the concerns of her soul, was led to the preacher, by her request, after sermon, and with out-stretched hands, said, “*O! you pe de man: God sen you to me; God pless you, dear man. He do pless you: he pless you to de soul of poor sinner.*” If this is the truth, (and when I think of the divine power and grace I cannot doubt it,) it is the preacher who has most occasion to bless the Lord, saying, “not unto me; not unto me, O Lord; but to thy name and the atonement of Christ be all the glory.”

September 24th.

A DUPLICATE of the letter to Mrs. Martha Stillwell, was to-day forwarded, with a note to the post-master in Guildhall, which entreated him to ascertain if any such person as was addressed could be found in the vicinity of his office. She must be dead, or has removed, or there is some deception in the affair.

Yesterday died in the alms-house, A—— T——, the well informed Scotch-Irish girl, who said to her miserable companions, a few moments before she expired, “*if Jesus is ready to receive me, I am ready to die.*”

A few days since, departed also the maiden lady who protected the soldier. Better was the day of her death than of her birth.

September 27th.

IN the alms-house, a female of only fifteen years of age,

a native of Ireland, who has lately heard the writer preach, desired to converse with him. She had been observed to weep, and to-day her tears fell on the face of a sweet infant which slumbered on her lap. It was fair and round, like its little mother; who, unfortunate thing! was sold and deceived. Not twelve months ago, she and her parents arrived in this country, and were sold for their passage. This child, then thoughtless, was purchased by a young countryman, who pretended to love her, and finally deserted her,

“————— push’d her from shore,
And launch’d her into life without an oar.”

She was so deeply afflicted in soul, that she could say but little; and I left her without knowing to what question in particular she desired an answer.

The greater part of persons, when seduced from the path of virtue, are very young. I have just prayed in the ward in which A—— T—— died, and saw in one narrow bed two blooming females, one of whom had lived fifteen, and the other only thirteen suns.

September 29th.

THIS morning Richard Neal, of whom some account is given under date of August 19th, departed this life for a better. He possessed but little knowledge, yet it was of the right kind, it was evangelical, it was practical. Extreme pain of body, long continued, he bore without repining, with truly Christian fortitude. Concerning this black man, the mighty might say, the honourable and the affluent might say, “let us die the death of the justified person, and let our last end be like his.”

The young mother listened to the word of God, with much apparent contrition, and profound attention.

An aged man who cannot live but a few days, and who will perhaps die in a few hours, said, on my approach to his bed, "*I am all but in the eternal world: I am on the verge of time and eternity: but my conscience is at peace with God, and I am perfectly quiet about myself.*"

"Do you think then," it was demanded, "that you have no sin?"

"No, no! that's not my meaning; but God has pardoned me, and given me peace through the Lord Jesus Christ, and that's the reason I say my conscience is quiet. I'm going to the eternal world, and I wish your prayers. I wish the prayers of all God's people."

We addressed the throne of grace together; and then he resumed the conversation, which continued in a solemn and rational strain for some time. Not a thought of his being a lunatic entered my mind, until I was leaving him; when, putting a paper into my hands, he said, "I die in peace with men: I wish them all well, and hope God will forgive them; but I wish the world to know how I came to the alms-house." The writing, which has this caption, "villany unpunished," and which states, that in 1797 he was robbed of his personal property and real estate, by some of the most respectable citizens, he desired me to present to the governor of the state. The writing concludes with these words: "now, fellow-citizens, I am thankful to you for all the hospitable institutions that you have provided for all them that labour under distressing circumstances; but I have to regret that I have been swindled out of my property, and kept out of it until this time,

being September 17th, 1811, which renders me an object for the alms-house."

Gratitude may occupy a mind, partially deranged; and if piety exists previously to insanity, we ought not to suppose that the severe judgment warrants any unfavourable conclusion concerning the soul's condition in the future life.

October 5th.

CAROLINE is afflicted with a new, but not disgraceful complaint, which requires surgical assistance. She cannot bear any conversation about her mother. To augment her troubles, the women attempt to make her believe that she will be sent to the alms-house, among the incurable persons.

I told an aged sailor, whose flesh has vanished, and of whom little remains but skin and bones, what I thought of his situation; for I feel bound to warn the dying of their danger, even at the expense of my own feelings and their approbation. Religious instruction had no more visible effect than is produced by the wind upon polished marble. There was nothing which evinced life; no, not a shrub, nor even moss upon the rock, which could be moved. He asserted that he prayed in his thoughts; but when the nurse asked him, "if the minister should pray with him," he answered, "no."

Since the 19th of June, I have had frequent intercourse with the young sailor who was excited to religious inquiry by my conversation with H—on.* Now he is almost white as a sheet, and the writer said, "friend, you cannot regain your wonted colour."

* See date of June 19th.

“No, sir: and I fear I never shall, for I grow weaker. But still I hope to recover.”

“You must be prepared for death at all times, for it will come when God sends it.”

“It is my daily prayer, that I may be ready; and I want to hear you preach again, but my cough prevents me from hearing, and would disturb others.”

“Then you must read the Bible, for that contains the gospel.”

“I did till lately: but now my eyes are so dim, that after I have read two or three lines, it is all like one word.”

“Then others must read to you, and you must pray. It gives me pleasure to find any sinner willing to pray: but I asked one of the patients below, if he prayed, and he——.”

“Aye, sir! all the sick will tell you that they pray, and I hope they do; but if they don’t pray in heart, it an’t good for nothing, I take it.”

“Are you not ashamed to talk so much about religion, before your acquaintance? Do not some of them laugh at you?”

“Why, they tell me I am growing mighty good, &c.; but I wish I was. If I could be really a Christian, ’t’an’t I that would keer what they say.”

October 20th.

“EVIL men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived.” 2 Tim. iii. 13. There is a regular progression of sinful men from bad to worse. An obdurate offender once said, that he should melt no

sooner than his companions in the focus of divine wrath; and a man whom I have often reproved, has told me repeatedly, and with solemnity, too, "that he expected to go to hell; but this was his consolation, that he could endure the fierceness of God's wrath as well as any man, for he was tough as any damned being." A woman, (yes, a woman!) of this description, I have seen to-day, who is infected, but says that "she has been seven years in the professional business, has never been caught before, and, since she took up her trade to get a living, she is determined to die in it."

October 27th.

EVER since the 13th instant, George has been sick, and our psalmody indifferent; but to-day he resumed his office. During his fever I frequently visited and assisted him; and now he has arisen to reward me, by affording pleasure to the congregation of the poor.

October 28th.

WHILE I was speaking to one of the lost females of the hospital, another said, "Mr. Ely, Mr. Ely, I want to speak with you."

Her dying body was so offensive as to give great disquiet to the organs of sense; but I drew near and asked, "what do you wish?"

"I've been long wishing to speak with you," she said, but could not proceed. Her face was so thin, that when the nerves and muscles were affected by that emotion which commonly produces weeping, it was covered with

wrinkles, and looked horribly grim. She could not weep, for the fountains were all dry. Before I left her, she said,

“O pray, pray for——”

“For what shall I pray?”

“That God would bring me into his everlasting salvation.”

October 30th.

YESTERDAY I visited again the dying prostitute, and every individual of her room seemed afflicted by her distress. Her body is literally consumed, while her life remains. To-day Dr. Proudfit went with me to the hospital, and offered prayers in four rooms. We saw the same young woman again, and this dialogue followed.

Dr. P. “Have you any hope?”

Pros. “Some feeble hope, sir.”

Dr. P. “Well, and what is the ground of your hope?”

Pros. “The Lord Jesus Christ.”

Dr. P. “Where is he now?”

Pros. “In heaven.”

Dr. P. “What is he doing there?”

Pros. “Glorifying God, his Father.”

Dr. P. “Yes, and interceding for perishing sinners.”

Pros. “O, I hope he pleads for me!”

Dr. P. “You need not fear to trust him, for he died for sinners; and he says, come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” The doctor added many similar quotations, to her great encouragement.

November 3d.

REBECCA, who buried her mother, has lately been mar-

ried to a young and reputable man, a currier, to whom she was engaged before the death of her parent.

In one ward of the alms-house, several have lately died of the typhus fever. Soon after I preached there on the last sabbath morning, one who heard me, gave up the ghost, whose corpse, to gratify friends, or for some other reason, was suffered to remain in the room, full of sick persons, until Monday. On the day of its removal, the nurse, a faithful attendant on the deceased, and a pious woman, was seized with the same malady. It was painful, indeed, to see one laid low, who had been serviceable to multitudes; and affecting to behold the most respectable of the poor flocking around her, to mingle tears and prayers for her recovery.

To a serious woman, whom I have known for some weeks, and who is dying in the same ward, I said, "you seem almost gone."

"Yes, sir; I shall go soon," was her reply, "but I cannot hasten the time. Sometimes I am almost impatient to be gone, that I may be with Jesus, but I must wait my appointed time, and HE will come soon."

At the commencement of public worship this morning, I was requested so soon as possible to come and pray with two persons, who have been my constant hearers. After sermon I went; but one was dead; and her coffin, half full of pine shavings, for her bed, was on the floor, beside the lifeless body.

The girl with whom Dr. Proudfit conversed has entered the eternal world. While the patients in the hospital were praising God, this afternoon, a man in the opposite room awoke, and asked, "what singing is that?" In half an hour after I was with him, and he breathed his

last in my presence, while I commented upon the scene, and sought to prepare the beholders for the exchange of worlds. A man was the preacher, but God made an immediate, practical application of the discourse.

November 7th.

To detect deception in one whose happiness has been industriously sought, is painful. Detection, however, of every imposture, is desirable.

To-day, I have received a very polite letter from the post-master in Guildhall, which states, that the letters to Mrs. Martha Stillwell, have been duly advertised, that diligent inquiries for such a person have been made, and that no such person resides either in that town or its vicinity. This letter was enclosed and presented to Caroline, with another, of which the following is a

COPY.

"New York, Nov. 7th, 1811.

"CAROLINE,

"You must know that I feel deeply interested in your temporal and eternal welfare. You have received a few favours, without knowing whence they came, and they were intended as pledges of future services. I am still ready to promote your welfare. But you must permit me to deal plainly as well as kindly with you.

"Long have I perceived, that to hear me speak of expecting a letter from your mother gave you pain. You have deceived me; but remember that I can forgive, and forget. Yea, I could plead some extenuation of your crime, for it was with reluctance that you consented to my addressing your mother. Believe me still your friend,

if you repent. You have done evil in this affair. You should be sorry, not so much that you have wronged me, as that you have displeased God. You are a young woman too well instructed, not to know your mother's name, and the town, county, and state of her residence. I beseech you, then, to give me a true account, and I will not needlessly expose you, or the address of your mother. If you will permit me to write to her, this deception shall not be published to the patients, who have anticipated your second fall. Trust in me still, and if others will not assist you, I will, so long as you evince hatred of your past misconduct. As you value your immortal soul, tell me the whole truth, or nothing. Tell me your name, your wants, your trials in relation to your friends, and you will find me one who can pity and pardon a thousand times. A second deception will not answer. The past shall be as though it had not been. With God there is mercy. O may you fly to him for the pardon of every sin?

“Your friend, who, under Christ, would be your preserver from misery and hell.”

November 9th.

THE matron of the hospital sent me word, that notwithstanding all her remonstrances, Caroline was determined to leave the hospital before she was sufficiently restored to quit the city. My remonstrances were added, and she was solemnly warned against returning to the abodes of ill fame; for there no one could counsel, or exhort, or assist her; there her companions would entice; and there want might, in some sense, be said to compel. No other family would receive a female stranger, and she was des-

titute of the means of providing for herself. She cried like a child, but would not turn her face away from the wall. In a conversation of more than an hour, she did not once look on the speaker. She must leave the hospital, she said, but was firmly resolved never to return to past iniquity. This testimony concerning her resolutions could not be accredited by any one, in case of her departure; and I told her that I should consider her discharge from the hospital, a voluntary plunge into the pit of destruction.

November 10th.

YESTERDAY, in the afternoon, crying and trembling, the foolish Caroline left her safe asylum. Whither she went I know not; but disappointed as we all are, who sought her restoration, with this we may comfort ourselves, that in some feeble manner we have imitated him who came from heaven to seek the lost.

Patty,* a poor girl, who has been in the hospital many months, and who has conducted with perfect propriety, says, "O that I could have similar proposals of protection." For months she has dreaded nothing so much as the thought of being discharged from the hospital without the means of subsistence.

An assurance that she should not be compelled to return to a house of bad fame, while I could command a dollar, she received with a courtesy, a tear, and the declaration, that she felt herself unworthy of such kindness.

November 14th.

EARLY on Monday morning, the 11th instant, I went to

* See date of May 26th.

Long-Island, and did not return until this evening. Immediately on my arrival my brother invited me to go with him and see a sick woman. Reluctantly I went a mile, and whom should I see but Caroline! Never did I expect to see her face again; but now I found her in a decent house, under the care of a worthy woman, whose husband was present. The circumstances which led to this meeting were these.

My brother, lately returned from England, had accompanied me to the hospital, on the sabbath, at different times, and there had seen Caroline in tears. What I supposed to be her history I had told him; and on the 10th made him acquainted with her departure, saying that I considered her lost for ever.

On the same morning that I went to Long-Island, my brother, in walking the streets, saw Caroline weeping at a window. She knew him not; and he entered the house with the intention of ascertaining whether she were abandoned in principle. He requested to see her alone. She refused, saying that she had been vile, but she would hereafter see no gentleman alone. Her female companions entreated her to comply, alleging that she was in want of money, and had earned nothing since her return. She absolutely refused to speak with him, in any other place than before company. He had now gained the information which he desired, and presented to her his card.

“Are you his brother?”

“Yes.”

“And have you come to assist me?”

He assured her that he had come for that purpose alone, and would seek her decent lodgings, if she would prefer them to her present abode. She had returned to the house

whence she went, when received at the hospital; but she protested that she had not returned from any disposition to live dishonestly. No other house could she find for a shelter, and here she expected to get well, that she might go home.

“But you deceived my brother, and the governors of the hospital,” he said.

On this subject she could have desired silence; but she confessed, that she had borne a fictitious name in the city. Aside from this, she had rather *suffered* the minister *to be deceived*, than actually deceived him; for her mother’s name was Martha, and she *did* live in Guildhall. “He concluded that my mother’s name was Stillwell, because I went by that surname.” She then made my brother acquainted with her own and her parent’s real name, and *present place* of residence. Still she insisted that she had been seduced from a boarding-school; but more of her history could not willingly relate.

After these disclosures and professions of repentance for her misconduct, my brother determined to seek for her a better home. After several unsuccessful attempts, he met Mr. JOSEPH GEORGE, and stated the whole affair. This young gentleman procured for her, whom I shall still call Caroline, her present asylum, and went with my brother to remove her from the gates of hell.

This evening I demanded of her, “why did you leave the hospital?” She could not endure, she said, to see those who had treated her kindly, and whom she had deceived. She expected, moreover, that the patients, who were always threatening her with the alms-house, would reproach her more bitterly than ever. This did not excuse her from censure, mingled, nevertheless, with exhortation and compassion.

November 16th.

MR. GEORGE, and many others, have long been revolving in their minds the plan of a Magdalen Asylum; and the adventure in which he has lately been engaged, has given such a spur to his feelings, and such a tale to excite compassion, that the exertions of this young man will probably found the desired institution. Nothing is necessary but zeal to give the thing a commencement.

Should Caroline be lost for ever, her history, whether true or false, may be employed by divine Providence, so that it shall become the means of salvation to many. At present, Dr. JOHN C. OSBORNE, one of the physicians of the hospital, very humanely attends upon her without money and without price.

December 11th.

SINCE others have taken the charge of Caroline, I have gladly witnessed their exertions, and, to encourage those who cannot bring their minds to assist deceivers, have travelled, going and returning, more than three hundred and fifty miles, that I might visit her mother. When drawing near the place in which I expected to find the object of my search, some affirmed that there was, and others that there was not, such a being in existence. At my arrival in the town, a gentleman of distinction, Mr. Knickerbocker, received me at dinner; and the afternoon was spent in fruitless inquiries, from house to house. Some knew the woman, and others did not. The sun had descended, and hope almost failed me, when I strolled for the distance of a mile or two into a pine wood. It was dark and the path muddy. At a distance I saw a light,

which proceeded from a log-house. This I entered, and saw some children, naked almost as they were born, sleeping in the ashes. Of the mother I demanded if she knew the family which I sought to find. She did; and asked if I were a son, for, said she, "the woman had a son who favours you; and he lives away." She gave me such directions, that the next morning, before it was light, I galloped away many miles from the house of my honourable host; and before the sun had arisen from the mountains, I saw the mother of Caroline. The resemblance in their features assured me that there could be no mistake. The mother was carding cotton in an old-fashioned farm-house; and had every appearance of the decent poverty of one who had seen happier days.

Before I discovered my business, she told me the number and circumstances of her children, which perfectly corresponded with the account given by Caroline. "But where is your youngest daughter?" With tears the mother said she did not know. "She was at a boarding-school, kept by a teacher in the Methodist connexion, and she was enticed away. I've heard she was married; and I've heard she was dead. Do you know any thing about her?"

The intelligence was like news from the dead. The mother wept, and laughed, and sighed, and wrung her hands, and wondered her daughter did not return.

When I described the interview to Caroline, she discovered almost as much frenzy of affection as her mother. Still it remains uncertain whether they will ever meet again: but of this I am certain, that the mother would gladly embrace a long-lost child.*

* The curiosity of the reader has some claim to be gratified, by a narration of some subsequent events, which relate to Caroline. In the

December 12th.

A YOUNG man who has cut his throat, but who is now rational, signified his desire that the writer should pray for him. What occasioned his attempt at suicide is un-

beginning of the year 1812, "the Magdalen Society of New-York" was organized, of which *Peter Wilson, L. L. D. was President, John Murray, Jun. Vice-President, Thomas L. Ogden, Secretary, John Aspinwall, Treasurer;* and Divie Bethune, Abraham Russel, John Cauldwell, Leonard Bleeker, J. E. Caldwell, Robert Gosman, Thomas Harvey, James Bleeker, Nicholas Fish, John Withington, Jacob Delamontagne, Samuel Harris, Zechariah Lewis, Samuel Boyd, Joseph Smith, Nathan Comstock, and J. P. Mumford, are *Managers*. The standing committee, who have the power delegated to them, afforded Caroline a temporary asylum, and afterwards, since her last complaint required it, removed her to the hospital for cure. No accommodations in the house of a poor person, or of one in mediocrity, can equal those of the hospital. It was a kindness, therefore, to bring her back to the institution from which she fled.

About the beginning of June, 1812, a woman, advanced in life, appeared on the sabbath at the gate of the hospital, and requested admittance. Visitors on the sabbath are excluded, and she was therefore denied. She entreated that she might at least see the preacher. He went to the gate, knew her face, and understood, without any explanation, her business. For three days she had been seeking in the city for the person who sought her among the mountains.

"Come in, come in——"

"After I have heard you preach," she said, "I should be glad to learn of you——"

"Yes, yes, you shall see the person," the preacher said, and leading the way, pointed her to the room in which he was to officiate. She entered, and sat down on a bench, at the foot of the bed on which her daughter lay. In a moment their eyes met; and Oh! what a meeting was that! It was too sudden and unexpected. They wept together; and when the preacher commenced public worship, the poor old wo-

known. He is an American, who was impressed on board a British ship of war, but obtained his pay and a discharge in August of the present year. He had been in this city but a few days, before he delivered his money into the hands of his landlord, and perpetrated the deed against his own flesh.

The writer conversed also with P— G—, a man of middle age, who seems to have been seriously aroused from spiritual lethargy, while in the hospital.

December 13th.

THIS evening the suicide became furious against himself; said he might as well die now as confess his sins to man was still bending over her weeping child. Yea, during the whole service, the mother would walk before the bed of her daughter, cry, wring her hands, look at the preacher, and then her child, smile, and sob again. She would have taken Caroline home with her; but the state of her health would not then permit. She has since been restored to soundness, and has returned to her afflicted parent.

What will become of this miserably seduced person, remains to be decided by her own conduct. She may continue to behave well, and she may fall more basely than ever. Over her real name, and perhaps all the future, should it be known to the writer, it will be best to draw the vail of night. It is sufficient, that the influence of her history in giving rise to the Magdalen Society, has already been exhibited. Should that institution be conducted on the principles of similar charities in Europe, it will undoubtedly be productive of much good. It has already received Patty, and some others. Should the members merely save an individual annually, their labours would not be without an adequate reward in the present life. Let it never be forgotten, that Jesus kindly instructed the woman of Samaria, who was living in an illicit connexion; and that publicans and harlots enter the kingdom of heaven, while multitudes of the censorious are excluded.

a court, and be hung; and made such vigorous exertions, that four men could not prevent him from tearing open his wounds, that he might rush upon the judgment of Jehovah.

December 16th.

A YOUNG man, who has heard me preach for many weeks in the hospital, who was convalescing in the alms-house, but who now has a fever, requested that I would come and see him once more before his death. Poor fellow! he could not converse; he could only clasp his hands and look up. In this posture were his hands and eyes, when I left him. Who can say that he may not, by the eye of faith, penetrate the vail, which obscures heaven from busy mortals?

December 17th.

THE man of whom I wrote on the 12th instant, was anxious to see me; and assures me, to-day, that he would wish, never, never to sin again, were hell annihilated. He would not willingly displease the compassionate God, were he disarmed of his thunders.

It is seriously to be apprehended, that comparatively few sailors will make the haven of eternal bliss. They sail upon an opposite course; their passions are the gales, and they spread all their canvass.

One I have seen to-day who seems bound in a right direction. He has been constrained to come about. According to his statement, he was born in Salem, Massachusetts, and has been for many years a bold, profane,

rampant tar. Until two years ago he was the chief of bullies; would defy every man; and when on shore, found the highest gratification in a riot. His mother and grandmother were pious. Whenever he landed in his native state, he went immediately to see the latter, because he loved her as much as his mother. About two years since this Lois, who had imitated the grandmother of Timothy, went to glory. He was accustomed to think of her with delight, and his conscience frequently proposed to his heart this question: "how can I ever expect to meet that pious relative?" He was convinced that two persons so different as they were could never meet in heaven, unless he was first converted. Thus commenced his seriousness: and he went to sea again. On the voyage he was contemplative, and diligently applied himself to the Bible, to learn how he might meet that good woman. In THE BOOK he found that there is no heaven, without being a new creature in Christ Jesus. "To show you, sir," he said, "what Christ can do, I must say, that my messmates were afraid of me, because I was so blasphemously wicked; but HE has made me like a little child. I, who always desired a boxing-match, have since been more pleased to be smitten on both cheeks without returning it, than I should be to receive a hundred dollars."

December 18th.

P— G—, dying with a rapid consumption, is still solicitous about the way of life. This is the object of his chief concern; but he wishes also to prepare a peaceful grave for his bones. To an amanuensis, one of his fellow-patients, he dictated the following

LETTER.

“ New-York Hospital, 18th Dec. 1811.

“ HONOURED FATHER,

“ I am sorry to be obliged to inform you that I am at this present time obliged to get a person to write for me to you, to let you know that I am very sick in the New-York hospital, and to all appearance near to the end of my life. And as I am destitute of money, and wish to be buried in some decent manner, which cannot be done without it, I therefore request you to send me some for that purpose as soon as possible, after you receive this, as I know not how soon my time may come. I have been a wicked child, but I pray you, Oh my dearest father! not to refuse this last request of your dying son. Ten dollars will be sufficient to procure me a bed, where my body may remain unmolested. Please to send it to Mr. Noah Wetmore, the superintendent of the New-York hospital, who will see it faithfully applied for that purpose. In the mean time, and I believe for the last time, permit me to subscribe myself your distressed and almost dying son,

P— G—.

“ Mr. D— G—.

“ P. S. Give my duty to my mother, for the last time.”

To one of his brethren he writes under the same date :

“ If my brother Samuel is at home, give my love to him, and if possible I wish to see him here, before I die. I am a great sinner; I have been a wild high fellow, but now I pray God to forgive my sins, before I come to his judgment. Give my last love to all my sisters, and the rest of my kindred.

P. G.”

December 19th.

IN one ward of the alms-house, in which I prayed to-day, were nine or ten persons dangerously sick. There was so much groaning from bodily pain, that I could scarcely think of any thing else. Prayers were offered also in the presence of about forty women of ill fame; of whom not more than four appear to have any sort of care for their immortal souls. Two of these persons were M. B. and Amy W—n, of whom I have repeatedly written. The other two I know not, but one of them wept and prayed aloud, in a few words, which denoted great fear and anxiety.

December 23d.

THIS evening P— G— died, with a composed spirit. When he felt himself near the eternal world, he was unconcerned for the mortal part. Jesus Christ will raise it up at the last day, and should the particles of dust be scattered to the four winds, He who formed man will be at no loss for materials, in erecting the spiritual frame.*

December 25th.

THE REV. JOHN STANFORD has been abundant in his gratuitous labours among the inhabitants of the State's Prison. One of the prisoners to-day expressed his gratitude to this gentleman in a poetical address, of which the following is

* The letters which were forwarded to the friends of P— G—, were not received until long after his death. Immediately on the reception, the father directed a very affecting letter to me, in which he inquires after his son; and proffers him, if living, all suitable assistance.

AN EXTRACT.

“To sooth the sick, to lead the blind,
And comfort give the wretched mind,
You always take a feeling part,
And find admission to the heart.
All this is done in such kind ways
As captivate the heart that strays,
And consolation often brings,
As though it were on angels’ wings.
When justice lifts the sword of state,
All must of course submit their fate,
Yet if, through error, she should strike
The just and the unjust alike,
Your doctrine still shall bring to sight
The brightest day in darkest night.
Many there are, who see with pain
The prison door, and prison chain,
Yet few there are so free to give
Their time and service to relieve.”

In the last lines, the prisoner alludes to the fact, that most of the ministers of the gospel, who preach in rotation at the prison, give only the service of half the sabbath, because it is inconvenient to desert their respective churches; while Mr. Stanford, having no parochial charge, and feeling compassion for those who would otherwise be in close confinement, labours with them during the whole day.

Another prisoner, being desirous of expressing his gratitude for the preaching of the gospel, wrote an address to Mr. Stanford in the *Latin* language, which he translated, and presented to the superintendent in a letter, which for elegance and delicacy of compliment, has rarely been surpassed by any pen. The following is

A COPY OF THE LETTER.

“To Nicholas Roome, Esq.

“*Indulgent Sir,*

“Permit me, through the medium of yourself, to present the Rev. Mr. Stanford with a *New-Year's gift*. The friendly and disinterested manner in which he has so frequently addressed us, has impressed me, and, I sincerely believe, many others, with a deep sense of our obligations. I am not authorized to address him in behalf of the prisoners, though individuals cordially assent, but beg leave, in the commencement of the new year, to give him a small token of our gratitude. The mode may appear novel. I have written it in Latin, not with a view to exhibit a specimen of an imperfect and much impaired education, but merely to pay a just compliment to Mr. Stanford's superior understanding. For your own personal convenience, I have annexed to this a translation, as literal as the peculiar idioms of the two languages would permit. There are undoubtedly many imperfections; but Mr. Stanford's well known goodness encourages a hope, that he will view it with candour.

“Notwithstanding the gratitude I feel for Mr. Stanford, it is not confined to him alone. You, sir, hold an equal claim. For the numerous instances of your past kindness, I wish you, on this occasion, a restoration of your health. May you liberally enjoy the blessings of the new year. May you long live to enjoy conjugal and paternal felicity. May the lives of those sweet babes, who daily delight you with their innocent prattle, be prolonged; and may they become ornaments to society, in whose future prosperity you anticipate the joys of your old age.

“With sentiments of gratitude, I subscribe myself the unfortunate

“OBADIAH PARKER.”

A copy of the enclosed translation.

“A NEW YEAR’S GIFT.”

*“With diffidence addressed to the most reverend John Stanford, Master of Arts, Doctor of Divinity, and the friend of man.**

“If it be proper for me, a wretch, confined in a prison and clothed with disgrace, to greet you; contemplating the events of the past year, and your numerous endeavours to instruct our ignorant minds, I wish you the blessings of heaven. Your labours, in consoling the wretched and drawing souls to the Saviour of sinners, demand our thanks. I have not words, whereby I can express the feelings of my heart. Not flattery, but the truth, I speak. There is a suavity in your manner of speaking, which gives comfort to the most miserable, and plainly indicates the humanity of the speaker. While the body languishes through grief, you nourish the soul by gospel food.

“As hard wax is rendered soft by fire, so by your discourses stubborn hearts are prepared to receive the impressions of divine truth; and, while the mind wanders in error, you point out the way which leads to eternal happiness.

“For your kind services, with which we have so frequently been favoured, I pray that your prosperity may

* The English reader will remember, that this is the usual style of address, which was used among the polite Romans.

be increased, this year; that you may live long here below; and when you quit this mortal life, may God receive you to the mansions above, where, joined with the saints, you may for ever exalt the praises of God and the Lamb.

“ Thus prays

“ OBADIAH PARKER.”

It is a proof of the scholarship of this prisoner, that to the original paper he has subjoined a note, altering the phraseology, that he might avoid the repetition of the same word. Such prisoners have sufficient talents to render them good critics, and the man who thinks that a weak discourse “will answer for the State’s Prison,” has forgotten that *fools* are never *rogues*. Perhaps six hundred hearers, who possess equal acuteness with the prisoners, cannot easily be assembled in any church. They very soon discover what they think of the talent and feeling of a preacher, and when neither is manifested, had he eyes of observation, he might witness their contempt and his own disgrace.

Prisons, and new settlements, which frequently abound with infidels, and persons who disregard divine ordinances, are the *last places* which should be visited by *those weak things of the world* which are of little use in well-informed societies. A weak man may minister to a church already established, but a weak missionary will not commonly assemble the outcasts, and awe the profane.

December 28th.

ON Thursday last, I visited fifty sick persons in the alms-house; on Friday, four wards in the hospital; and to-day, five poor families. In one, to which I went at the

request of Mrs. B——n, was found a young widow with two small children, who said, “when I look upon my babes, nature cries, *life, life*; but I can resign them to God, for he is a merciful God.” Her conversation was all of this description, and exquisitely tender.

December 30th.

MANY ministers of the word have visited a man, who is now in confinement under sentence of death, and who is to be executed in a few days. He said to me, “many urge me to declare that I am confident of pardon, but I cannot, I will not say any such thing. I can only say, that I submit myself to the will of God, having some *feeble hope* that he will accept me as righteous for the sake of Christ, and make me happy in heaven.”

The history of this man is short. He was born in Scotland, was a baker by profession, and removed to this country with his wife. She became intemperate in the use of ardent spirits, and squandered his earnings. They quarrelled, and he forsook her. A shock of the palsy disabled him, and then, for his maintainance, he began to peddle small books, songs, and pictures. He took a housekeeper, with whom he lived unlawfully, who was a drunkard, no less than his wife. His new trade and company made him a tippler also. On the morning of the fatal deed, he arose at five o'clock, went to a neighbouring dram-shop, drank freely, returned home, and went to bed. At seven o'clock he awoke, and found that his concubine, who had been out, drunken, all night, had returned and plundered his pocket. She too had taken her morning draught, and was insensible beside him.

In his fury he arose, "half drunken, but more mad," as he confessed to me, and with a stick gave her the blows which were followed by death.

When Sinclair and Johnson were about to be executed, last January, this man was selling near Bridewell, the "last words and dying speeches of the criminals," made by the printer, with a picture of the same gallows to which the laws of God and his country require him to come.

"———Around the bed of loose desire,
For ever hover wild tumultuous dreams;
Some vengeful brother wills the duel dire,
The ghost of some deflowered women screams:

Some chaste Lucina, butchered, bleeding lies,
While angry justice whets her flaming sword;
By treachery stabb'd, some worthier rival dies,
And the grim hangman knots the shameful cord."

W. M. JOHNSON.

December 31st.

INSANITY.

"Yon shiv'ring wretch, (whose pale and squalid form,
Which streaming rags o'erhang, but not infold,
Seems mounting on the wild wing of the storm,
Worn to a ghost by hunger, thirst, and cold,)
Two little years ago, could boast a bloom
That might with Hebe's or Hygeia's vie;
Content and pleasure made that breast their home
That now, so bare and purple, braves the sky."

W. M. JOHNSON'S MS.

HAVING brought my journal to the last day of the year, I propose to conclude it, by giving a short history of several

insane persons, whom I have seen, in different situations. Where I have seen them, will not always be said; nor can it be a matter of much consequence to the reader; but upon the fidelity of my representations may be placed firm reliance. What I have seen I must believe, and what I shall write from the testimony of others, is from such credible witnesses, that I am firmly convinced of its truth, and nothing may be thought a fiction.

Who does not pity the “shiv’ring wretch,” who is lost to himself and society? What can have produced his insanity? To give a medical dissertation on this subject, were it in my power, would not be my province; but to treat of several moral causes of mental derangement, may subserve the interests of humanity and religion. Misconduct is more commonly the predisposing cause to madness than any inevitable providence. A blow on the head, a fever, intense heat, *coup de soleil*, and lunar changes, may affect the brain and whole nervous system; but intemperance in drink, inordinate attachments, and vicious indulgences, are the most common sources of mental disorder. That person who yields himself to any inordinate passion, exposes his rational faculties to a collapse. Avarice, lust, infidelity, and imprudence, are the prolific causes of more than half that disorder which bears various names, under its different appearances, from a *wild imagination* to *fatuity*.

The love of money, when inordinate, is “a root of evil.” I have known a young woman, who lost twenty dollars in the street, which she could not find; and who, after a few days of anxiety on the subject, became a maniac. It was a large sum, indeed, to her; but would any person, who duly estimated the value of gold and silver, become a bedlamite for such a paltry consideration? Yet this young

woman was so frantic as to jump out of a chamber window, and died in a week. While we pity her, we cannot but exclaim,

“Curs’d gold! how high will daring mortals rise
In ev’ry guilt, to reach the glittering prize?” PITT.

The love of country is commendable, but when unrestrained, it is madness. From this cause I have seen a German, who stands on this side the Atlantic, and converses from morning till evening with the people of Germany. He doubts not but they hear, and he, in return, is perfectly apprized of their answers.

Another man I know, who marches up to every stranger whom he is permitted to see, with the brim of his hat folded under, before and behind, to make it resemble a military cap, and putting his crooked finger into his mouth gives a tremendous whistle. The stranger will naturally tremble, but there is no danger; for the young man, tall and majestic, even in rags and filth, is one of

“Rough nature’s children, humorous as she.”

He was one who took some part in what is called “the late rebellion in Ireland,” and found it necessary to escape for his life to America. From some, who knew him at home, we learn that he was a reputable farmer. Now he wishes to talk about the blood-thirsty fellows who caught him by the throat, from whom he fled; but more particularly about the people of Kilkenny, his neighbours, his father’s farm, and “uncle Patrick over the way.” He insists upon it, that he knew me there, and had letters from me, which he still preserves. In this country he was disappointed, and “the green little Isle of the Ocean” was so connected with all his affections, that they with his reason have re-

turned to it, and left nothing but the erect animal in America.

Let us learn, then, not to love the place of our nativity or any prosperous condition supremely, lest our souls, being wedded to earth, should be involved in her final ruin, and beholding her vanish, should say, "we have lost all."

To prevent confusion, I shall introduce several distinct articles; and the first will exhibit the danger of yielding to

VICIOUS COMPANY.

A young Irishman, not long ago, left a wife and child, whom he tenderly regarded, in the land of his fathers, and came to this country to improve his condition. His family he left behind, because he could pay for only one passage, and knew not how he should succeed in America. Here he found constant employment, and resolved to remove his family, so soon as he could send them sufficient money to discharge their necessary expenses on the voyage. He earned twenty dollars, and delivered into the hands of his uncle the same sum, that it might be preserved in safety. In a few months, he cleared by his labour fifty dollars more, and then took the seventy, to deliver to a captain, who had engaged to bring him his partner and child. He was on his way to the ship, with all his property in his pocket, when he met some of his jovial countrymen, to whom, with the frankness of his nation, he told his good fortune. They enticed him into a common grog-shop; and he in his prosperity began to treat them. In return they made him drink. The social whiskey went round, and round again, until the unfortunate young man sunk down in slumber on the floor. In the morning he awoke, chiding himself for his folly; and

here his misery commenced. He felt in his pockets for his money; but it was in vain. His seducers and his money were gone together. He had nothing to remit to his wife; his courage was gone; and after walking the streets a few days in melancholy, he became a maniac. A course of medicine cured his raving, but left him in a state of fatuity. Now he cares nothing for the friends he once loved, nothing for his wife, nothing for his child; and will probably die in stupidity. Such were the results of yielding to vicious company, for a night. These sons of Hibernia are some of the noblest, or some of the vilest of men. Their love of company is one of their greatest temptations. Could their hospitality here command nothing more than the hard, but welcome fare of Erin, it would be productive of little evil; but in America, one who would give his guest a potato in Ireland, gives him "a mug, stiff, and far to the north;" a besotting, deadly dram.

THE CURSE OF AVARICE.

THE subject of this article, whose history is a comment upon the caption, is an aged woman, who is now dependent on alms for subsistence. Once, she had friends and possessions, leased several houses, and lived in affluence. She was single, and, in middle age, avarice became her predominant passion. After an ominous course of extortion, a quarter-day arrived, on which she sallied forth to collect rents. Among her tenants, she found a woman that held in her arms a child of fourteen days. The husband of this mother was a worthless man, but she had been hitherto punctual in payments; and would now have been, had she not been subject to unusual expendi-

tures. When the griping landlady called, the poor woman was unable to leave her bed.

“Pay me that thou owest,” said the maiden lady.

“Wait a little while, and I will pay thee all,” said the tenant, and plead the peculiarity of her circumstances, to one who could not feel for the mother of babes, that are worse than fatherless while the father lives. Payment the owner of the house would have, and payment she did have; for when she took the bed from under the sick mother to sell it at auction, the child of sorrow, the mother in anguish said, “*may you never again sleep on a bed while you live.*” This was probably uttered with no pious emotion, but, in the issue, it appears to have been a curse which took effect; for the person against whom it was fulminated has never since slept on any other bed than the floor. After that unhappy day, her conscience smote her, and at first she could not sleep any where. Afterwards she refused to make the attempt on any bed, and for many years, even to this day, accepts of nothing but a blanket and the floor.

Her intellectual faculties became disordered, and her property was soon dispersed. Although her reason has forsaken her, yet her pride has not. Suitable clothing is offered her, but she will not receive it, because she was “not accustomed to such attire.” I have seen her bare-foot in the midst of winter, because she could not obtain kid shoes and silk stockings; and she is always bare-headed in the rain and sunshine, because she wants *a tasty bonnet*. She will wear a fine calico gown until it is all tattered to shivers, even in the winter, when it no more than half covers her body, to the rejection of warm but coarse woollen garments.

“————— A tatter’d apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tatter’d still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heav’d with never-ceasing sighs.”

Her delirium is not, however, so well calculated to excite sympathy as that of Cowper’s *Crazy Kate*. In her ornaments she is still fantastic; for having slit her ears down repeatedly with ponderous rings, like the hoops which were lately in vogue, she now ties twine to her ears, and suspends brass baubles from the flaxen thread. Neither entreaty nor force can change her habits. The curse of *avarice* has entered into that heart, which once nurtured the demon; it pervades the life, and is likely to be lasting as futurity.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

A young lady, the daughter of a judge, had high expectations from her father’s affluence and her own personal accomplishments. She was caressed by many friends, and had not anticipated adversity. It came, however, and found her supremely attached to perishable objects. Her father’s property took wings, and in the place of flattering attentions, came neglect. It was more than her mind could endure. She became disconsolate; madness followed; fatuity succeeded, and a dysentery closed the mortal scene. I have seen her seated in a window, where she would remain silent the livelong day; and, unless charity had forbidden, would have remained the livelong night. Her large blue eyes were intensely fixed on nothing visible to rational beings, and she refused to speak. Sad, indeed, was her love of splendour and affluence! The change which she experienced was mortifying to vanity; but more humbling to humanity was the effect of disappointment.

A similar instance of insanity I have seen, in a young man, who, for several years, was particular in his attentions to one of the most pleasing maids of his native village. She apparently reciprocated his fondness; but before his financial concerns would permit him to enter the state of wedlock, the brisk young captain of a ship saw the betrothed virgin, and by his money, or ardour, *or something else*, made such an impression on her heart as to efface the image of her first lover. The damsel was married to the last, the favourite suitor, and the first lost his reason. This disappointment was too heavy for him; for he had idolized a woman, and when his god was taken away, what had he left for his consolation? He became a strange, unhappy being from the day of his disappointment. Not long after his insanity became confirmed, he got off his brother's vessel from the wharf, and was going out to sea with the tide. The pilots came alongside of him, and demanded what hands were on board. He said he had *a mate* below. They insisted on seeing him, and behold, the maniac brought up on deck his cat, which was his mate, and the only companion of his intended voyage. To prevent him from performing similar actions, his friends have put him into a state of confinement, where he has all the blessings which one in his condition is able to receive.

A third case of disappointment, which I shall state, is that of a blooming young woman, who married an aged man, from the hope of enjoying his affluence. After marriage she found the scrutoire locked against her, and instead of indulging herself in the elegancies of society, she was forced to live economically. This would have been a small trial to one who married from affection, but it drove her to such madness, that, to be revenged on his

parsimony, she would sand the floor with Indian sugar. With a babe in her arms, she has fled from her husband, and with bare feet has travelled in a cold night ten or twelve miles. Who can be happy in the matrimonial union?

“Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.”—WATTS.

None but fools despise money; but matrimony requires some other foundation.

A fourth instance of insanity, from disappointment, may be found in the person of a stately Frenchman, who was a planter in one of the West-Indian Islands. He was in affluence, but lost his estate by the misconduct of a commercial partner. Being dissatisfied with his situation, he removed to one of the largest cities in the United States, and opened a hat-store, but did not prosper in his new business. Disappointment upon disappointment made him dejected. He could not associate with such company as he had been familiar with; and the strange notion came into his head that the citizens thought him black. To rectify their unfavourable opinion, on this subject, he took down his sign, and made an improvement upon it, by painting the word WHITE, before his name. This however did not obviate the difficulty, for, according to his imagination, every person still thought him black. His delirium increased, and he forsook his shop to rove the streets. All the scraps of waste paper which he could find he thought were checks, or bank notes. With these he fre-

quented the custom-house and banks of the city; until the clerks, to be rid of this troublesome merchant, allowed him to make deposits, and gave him in return strips of paper, with such marks and signatures as little children make, when they first write letters to their companions. Property of this description he accumulated, until he was worth, in his estimation, (judging as many great men estimate paper,) the sum of several hundred thousand dollars.

This unexampled prosperity did not diminish his hatred of those who had defrauded him, or of those who thought him black. I have seen him in the streets, loaded with paper, and swollen with rage. To cure him, if possible, and keep him from mischief, he was conveyed to an asylum; but the faculty have not been able to

“————minister to a mind diseas’d;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart.”

A tall country girl, of good figure and agreeable manners, presents a fifth case. In childhood she was first among her school-mates, and although her parents were poor, yet they were reputable, and associated with the first families of the town. She was bred to the trade of a mantua-maker, and excelled in her profession. Her good sense, gracefulness, and industry, procured her, when marriageable, the addresses of some of the most flourishing young farmers of the neighbourhood. Several offers of marriage were so flattering to her vanity, that she presumed to think, that she could command any alliance,

(an imagination very common to the gay and prosperous,) and therefore the young men of her village were allowed to sue and be rejected. In the midst of this career of coquetry, a rich uncle visited her father, and was pleased with the fine person and agreeable conversation of his niece. "The girl was made," said he, "for something more than a seamstress." This the young lady believed to be sound doctrine. The uncle proposed to adopt her, to take her to his place of residence, and to establish her in a shop of jewellery. The proposal was no sooner made than accepted. She was furnished, in a large city, with a fine assortment of jewellery, and for a time shone with the splendour of a princess. Her fondest wishes were gratified; but her head was not in a right condition for calculations. She could more easily count the profits of a day's labour, than the loss and gain upon a box of golden ornaments. She became a bankrupt; and in consequence of the chagrin and vexation which she experienced, a lunatic. Her uncle could not manage her, for she had now become a princess, owned immense possessions, and could not move without a retinue. He sent her back to her father; but she could not live with a poor man. She thought, and still thinks, herself mistress of coaches, castles, and palaces. Her form is still erect, and her manner studiously dignified. She is in confinement; but her abode is her palace, and all the maniacs are her servants. For a long time she refused to do any manner of work, and would go naked in preference to wearing a coarse dress. She was disciplined, however, with the shower-bath; and in making her own garments, proves that she has not forgotten the use of her needle.

A gentleman saw her making a shirt, and said, "are you at work, then?"

"O no, sir," was her reply, "*I was sewing a little fine work to absorb the perspiration of my fingers.*"

Every thing is said and done by her in the same style. Had she a few thousands, yearly, possibly she might not conduct more like an insane person, than many other splendid and extravagant daughters of pleasure.

The last person to whom I shall allude under this head, resembles crazy KATE.

"There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd
With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
A serving maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves
To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers; fancy, too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death,
And never smiled again!" —————

Eliza was a sort of servant maid and apprentice to an older sister, who is a milliner. A young sailor visited her, and she loved him; but the sister prevented a match. This disappointment made the young maid insane. She has left raving; but stupidity is now seated on her Grecian face; and, in lieu of every other enjoyment, she is obliged to content herself with taking snuff, from morning until evening. Her eye is black, her hair dark, and the upper part of her face is a bland mixture of white and red, over which a faint smile flits, when her lover is spoken of; but

from the nose down, there is nothing but *the yellow Scotch ornament*.

All she desires, is "*to go home*; for then somebody who came to see somebody, would come again to see some of their folks; and she should see him; but he would not come to see her."

Poor thing! Her sorrows should warn friends and relatives not to interfere, when young persons are disposed *prudently* to connect themselves with partners of their own grade in society. The poor as well as the rich have liberty to marry, and verily, it is no disgrace, to manifest by practice, that we accord with the divine opinion, which decides, that "it is not good for man to be alone." Some who are unequal in many items, may upon the whole be equally yoked together.

"In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Find happiness unblighted; or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots,
With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills,
And sympathize with others, suff'ring more."

Thus the exquisite poet *Cowper* sung, who loved in early life one of humble circumstances, and possibly might have been saved from long years of madness, had not the pride of his relatives interfered with his partialities.

One *less distinguish'd* I could love, indeed;
But one whom *less deserving* I esteem'd,
Could never be the partner of my joys,
Could never share the half of my full soul,
Nor mitigate the pangs of mortal grief.

DRUNKENNESS.

MORE than half of the persons whom I have seen insane, were brought into that state by an intemperate use of ardent spirits. It will be sufficient, under this head, to state one instance.

J. P——, an Englishman, a dresser of morocco-leather, had been accustomed to malt-liquors in his native country; but in America found ardent spirits cheap, and much in fashion. He was industrious, and, it is said, more skilful in his line of business than any other person in this city. He was young, and when in company, was prevailed on to imitate his companions in “drinking deep.” In consequence of one night’s excess, he became raving mad, and continued in that state for a long time. When the physician had succeeded in restoring his reason, he taught the young man what to expect from future misconduct, and solemnly warned him to drink no more spirits. Admonition and sad experience, however, were ineffectual. In three weeks after his first restoration, he drank again to excess, and did not regain his reason in less than eighteen months. When insane, he was full of fear, and would start like a giddy horse, at almost every object. A second time he was cured, and very wisely took his departure from this country for the land of good malt-liquor.

NOVELS.

NOR for the sake of disquisition on romance, absurdity, and the favourite books of many gentlemen, as well as ladies of little thought, is this article introduced; but to state a fact, which may prove a salutary warning to such persons as cannot read the scriptures for an hour, but

having perused a novel all day, carry it to bed for their entertainment by night.

I have seen a young lady, whose eyes seem to flash fire, and whose tongue is never silent. She sings songs with enthusiasm, and can scarcely be dissuaded by any thing, but a desire to give and receive compliments, from giving twenty love-ditties in succession. Her animation increases until the soft voice becomes a savage yell; and the eye, which sparkled with delight, is suffused with an unmeaning tear. The exertion creates an increased action of the blood, unfavourable to recovery; but “she has been taught that she must display her powers; she must gratify the gentlemen, she must please the ladies;” and it is neither in the power, nor commonly in the disposition, of her maniac companions, to make her quiet; for mad persons rarely regard the fancies of one another. I have often observed that those who are anxious for conversation with rational visitants, will not deign to speak to their miserable associates, because, forsooth, “they are crazy!” I have been led about by a crazy young man of liberal education, amongst a host of lunatics, and he would tell me the peculiar turn of each one’s mind with much self-complacency. He would not speak to them, for “they are mad.”

“But what’s the matter with you?”

“Nothing at all, sir! My friends are crazy, and have taken it into their heads, that I am out of my wits, and so have confined me.” Like this young man, superior to the society of bedlamites, all the deranged females hear the songster, but seem not to hear; for they despise her affectation.

The cause of her derangement was an excessive attach-

ment to novels. She read them incessantly, and rejoiced at pleasures, which were never experienced; or wept for griefs, which were never endured. What once was called sensibility in her, became nervous irritability; and like Don Quixote, she believed the absurdest fiction to be sober verity. A young gentleman of undoubted veracity informed me, that he saw her reading a few days before her senses quite forsook her, when she knew nothing that happened in the same room where she was, unless some one touched her with the hand, while he pronounced her name with his lips. She sat in the room with her mother and sister, but she heard not their conversation; a stranger entered, but her whole attention was absorbed by the history of some perfect lover and angelic heroine. Shortly after, she began to roam the city, and could find shady bowers, meandering rivulets, melodious groves, and captivating admirers, as easily as the knight of La Mancha discovered giants and armies of opponents in chivalry.

IMPRUDENCE IN READING.

AN apprentice to a baker was fond of reading; and accustomed himself, from the want of a candle, to read by the light emitted from a bed of coals, which had been swept from the oven. In bending forward he gave the blood in his system an unnatural tendency to the head, and this, with the heat to which his brain was exposed, induced delirium. After a considerable season of singing, dancing, and wild excess, he was reduced to composure. The powers of his mind have suffered material injury, and his love of books is entirely destroyed. It has happened to him, as it does to many, that since his recovery, he is too fond of the maddening draught. This,

in many cases, is either a physical evil produced by the previous treatment, or it results from the loss of that mental discernment and caution which kept them from too free indulgence before their faculties were disordered. The subject of this article is about twenty years old, and is in great danger of a relapse. A little imprudence may cause a life of madness.

This instance should warn others, and especially children, who, in a fit of industry, read by the light of a fire. To read in the twilight, before it is sufficiently dark to require a lamp, is injurious; for those who have attempted it must know, that it requires a painful effort, not only of the optical organs, but of the mind.

The most studious and busy ought to devote some time to reflection; and what part of the day is more suitable than that, in which all nature seems putting off her robes of light to retire for the night? In that hour, men should think without notes, and pray without book.

SLAVERY.

“But ah! what wish can prosper, or what pray’r,
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
And buy, the muscles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end;
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke, as fatal as the scythe of death.”—COWPER.

THAT slavery should produce insanity, where the heart is not dead to feeling, might naturally be expected. I could state several cases under this head, but shall be satisfied with two.

The first is that of a young African, who with his bro-

ther was stolen a few years ago, and brought to the United States, where both were sold to a cruel master. The one, of which I write, made his escape from bondage, and after great anxiety and privations, arrived in the city of New York. Here he was young, friendless, and under constant fear of being pursued by his owner. The dread of being again reduced to hard servitude operated so powerfully on his mind as to produce insanity. After a confinement of many months, he has become tolerably rational, loves to be trusted, and performs any confidential duty with fidelity. He lives, however, in fear of slavery, and the apprehension of it, at times, renders him almost frantic. It is a singular fact, that during his derangement, he would assist in reducing a white maniac to obedience, but could never be persuaded to hold or bind a frantic fellow of his own complexion. That he should dislike all white men is very natural.

“ O, 'tis a godlike privilege to save!
And he that scorns it is himself a slave.”

The second case must excite compassion for the maniac, and abhorrence of the vice of her master. Last summer her temporal sorrows were terminated; but should that fashionable gentleman, who will recognise his own features in the lines of this memoir, feel some shame for his iniquity, when he finds his baseness made public, I shall not repent the disclosure.

The young woman, of whom I speak, was of that mixed complexion, which is very common in the southern section of our country; and the property of a West Indian planter. Her form was of surprising beauty, and, had her face been white, few females could have eclipsed her personal glory. Her master kept her for his mistress,

and paid her such kind attentions as a sensualist may, to pamper his own insatiable concupiscence. Ignorant of all religious principles as himself, she felt no compunction, but rather rejoiced in her exaltation above the lot of common servants. The planter, not long since, removed from his plantations to one of the United States, and brought this female with him, that she might continue to administer to his licentiousness. Here he found, however, that the state of society, corrupt as it is, would not admit of his familiarity with a coloured slave. There are fashions in lust; and the *honourable* monster in society must live as the fashions direct. Far to the south, fashion admits of a downright black for a concubine; but in the north, he may openly maintain, without being excluded from genteel company, as many prostitutes as he pleases, provided no one of them be tinged with the dye of Ethiopia.

To conform to custom, the planter determined to maintain the morality of northern bloods, and therefore concluded to put away his favourite. What to do he could not easily decide, but finally he communicated to her his intention of selling her. His neglect, and the fear of slavery, under any other circumstances than those to which she had been accustomed, produced raving, and confirmed insanity. Vain were all attempts to make her sane again. This was more than simple purchasing and selling of human blood and bone. It was pollution, seduction, cruelty, and death.

“But slav’ry!—virtue dreads it as her grave:
Patience itself is meanness in a slave.
Or, if the will and sov’reignty of God
Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod,
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
And snap the chain the moment when you may.

Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
That has a heart and life in it——Be free!"

INCONTINENCE.

Two instances of insanity which have come under my observation, have been caused by the incontinence of husbands.

An honest, sober, industrious Irish woman, with her husband, came to this country, and, by selling the milk of a few cows, obtained comfortable sustenance. They lived harmoniously, and she was the mother of several children. What could disturb their peace, and destroy their union? A wicked woman, an artful, persuasive wretch, gained the silly heart of the husband. He was caught in the net of the enchantress, and the snare of the fowler. With his children and the adulteress he fled from his injured wife. Her heart had been bound up in the welfare of her partner and children. Poor Rose! She went mad.

It was no consolation to her, that she had a companion of similar sorrows, in the person of a blooming young woman, who married a son of Neptune. She was enterprising, and kept a boarding house to augment the funds of the family. Her husband, the sailor, was kind, when at home, and what was his conduct in foreign ports she knew not. The immediate cause of the madness of this female was a violation of the seventh commandment, by her partner. A sister, younger than herself, was taken into their family for protection; for she was an orphan; and the young man attempted, with too fatal success, her destruction. This dispersed the family, and from grief of heart the married sister became insane.

What became of the younger sister?

Her seducer went to sea, and she was kept by a married man, whose intercourse with her *caused his own wife to become insane*. Here was line upon line, and curse upon curse. Well saith the scriptures, "Keep thee from the evil woman, from the flattery of the tongue of a strange woman.—For by means of a whorish woman a man is brought to a piece of bread; and the adulteress will hunt for the precious life."

Another instance of insanity is traced to the incontinence of the guilty person. She was seduced, and went to London to make merchandise of herself, with more readiness than in any other place. Here she kept a house of ill fame; and after having been in Newgate once, stole a watch and handkerchief from a gentleman, who spent the night in her abode. The next day she sold them at a broker's shop, and was arrested. What a pity it is, that any who voluntarily become the companions of a raging lioness, should be protected by the civil arm! Her visitant had his revenge. She says that she put her fingers into his watch-pocket, and the trinket *stuck* to them; for which the honourable judges sent her to New South Wales. After remaining there for some time, she found a gallant, who stole her away, and brought her to New York. Here she lived with him, until her excessive lewdness produced madness. She admits that she has been "out of her head, in consequence of jealousy." Her complaint has been of long continuance. For months she has thought herself the blessed Trinity, all things past, present, and to come, and at the same time, the devil. These imaginations gave her inconceivable distress. After she had told me all this, with great agony, and with

utter abhorrence of all who doubted the truth of her assertions, she affirmed, that she proceeded from the FATHER, but was at the same time the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and because she would not marry the Father, he was perpetually tormenting her. She conceived that her flesh was incessantly torn from her, by red-hot pincers, and was renewed again, to prepare her for endless torments. At this time, she was, indeed, the picture of a damned immortal. Her imaginations and tortures change, but she is incurable.

Under this head I might describe,

A wretched female, who says that she was born in the yellow house at Stonington; who thinks that devils are filling her body with pins and skewers; who can tell the history, name, and place of residence of every person whom she sees, and who believes that all things are supported by her prayers:

A wretched female, who was once beautiful; who lived in splendour; who has become more insensible than the brutes; but who was once the mistress of that fallen vice-president, whose hands still bear the stain of murdered H——:

A more miserable French girl; more miserable because now rational, but unhappy, whom I have heard sing with the sweetest voice, while she played a melting air upon her guitar, with all the soul of melancholy, in the cool of evening:

But I forbear. Sad victim of seduction!

“ She sat beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gaz’d on it, and feebly laugh’d.”

Had it been possible, the feeling heart would have given assistance, and gladly would have restored permanent tranquillity.

“Stranger, it is in vain!” she cried.
“This hour of death has given me more
Of reason’s power than years before;
For as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die!”—SCOTT.

THE MANIAC’S CREED.

ONE, of whom I had heard, called to see me in a chamber in which I was writing. I did not know his person, and therefore when a stranger, respectable in appearance, of light complexion and pleasant countenance, made his appearance, I thrust aside my paper, and formally gave him a seat. He is a man of middle stature, of a short neck, and full habit, who made me this visit. With all the deliberation of two philosophers we entered into conversation, and he soon made some observations, which induced me to resume the pen, that I might render permanent the maniac’s creed. He was not displeased at it, but said, “you are welcome to record the past, but I must object to your penning any thing which I shall communicate concerning the future.”

“Let me beg the favour of your name, then, sir,” I said, and with a placid face he began:

“People call me Little John. This is a nickname, which a friend in Ireland gave me, to go to bed by; and which I have kept, to give to my many children, who bear that name: but if the truth was known, I am Abel of old, the son of Adam.”

Here I demanded how this could be, when the scrip-

tures inform us, that Cain killed Abel many thousand years ago.

“Oh! the Bible has committed many such mistakes, as I know by my own experience; for I am that identical Abel, and his brother only apparently killed him. After that affair, I appeared under the form of Joseph the son of Jacob, but was Abel and Joseph too.”

“Did your brethren,” I asked, “sell you; and was *you* actually sold in Egypt?”

“Oh! no! there the Bible is in an error again; for I was only confined awhile in the iron mines in Scotland. Joseph’s brethren never did sell him into Egypt: I know they did not, for I am that Joseph, and should not I know?”

“Joseph, however, died in Egypt.”

“Ah! I appeared to die; but did not, for I was afterwards Job, the patriarch. You see that I am a fat man, with a short neck. That’s the reason, sir, that Job in the primer is always represented as a short, thick, little fellow.”

“But tell me, where was you born?”

“Why, I have had different bodily forms; but my present body was born of a Dutch father, and a sort of a Yankee mother, in Pennsylvania.”

In like manner he lived in the old French war, and in the late revolution, and perfectly remembers every event, which any one can state from history. He is really not more than forty years of age, and I told him so; but very deliberately he went to work, to prove his assertions true, by his own consciousness and memory. He has a wife and several children. He had property, but was defrauded by wicked neighbours, and this calamity, together with his deism, reduced him to his present condition. I told

him I should like to know his religious sentiments, if he was willing to state them, when he began with,

“I believe in God, but not in Jesus Christ. A Trinity without him, if there is one, make quite enough persons. The story about him came from the practice of a printer’s boy, who, with wooden cuts, used to print an image of God, and represent a man seated at his right hand. This was all idolatry.

“I believe that God lends men a part of himself to work righteousness with; and for any man to go to church, pay his footing there, and defraud nobody, is as good a job as he can do for his soul.”

Here I desired to know what he intended by paying his footing in church. He said, “when a man steps upon the floor of the church, he helps to dirty it, and if he pays enough to enable the door-keeper to wash after him, he pays his footing there; which I always did.” Then he proceeded in his creed.

“I believe there is such a place as heaven, where all these righteous persons will be happy. The wicked will never get there. I believe there is no such place as hell, although there might be; for ’tis not impossible that such a place should exist. Those who do not get to heaven, will enter into the service of everlasting vanity. That will be their punishment.

“Finally, I believe that my wife will go to heaven, because she has raised a likely family of children, and that’s all a woman has to do.”

Thus ended his creed. He was serious through the whole statement, and persisted in assuring me that he should never die. These things he constantly affirms.

This creed is humbly submitted to the Arian and Soci-

nian teachers in America. Relinquishing in favour of this, their hostility to confessions in general, it is to be expected that they will adopt it; and since they deliver the doctrines of Little John, they will do him the honour, so soon as their college shall be convened, to confer on him the degree of DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

Alas! for the CRADLE of the sons of the Pilgrims!

THE PUNISHMENT OF INFIDELITY.

THE subject of this last memoir was a native of Long-Island, of reputable family, and of Presbyterian parentage. In childhood he was religiously educated, and in youth was moral in his habits. When he became a young man, he read the productions of Voltaire, and other infidel writers. Their sentiments were congenial to his feelings, and taught him to reason against the authenticity and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. In consequence of his new illumination, he discovered that public worship was useless, and of course absented himself from the place where prayer is wont to be made. His sabbaths were spent at his father's house, which was a tavern, in the common business of the week; and all times were alike to him. He was a punctual and prudent man in all pecuniary transactions, and as a neighbour, was highly respected by the inhabitants of his native village.

When about thirty-five years of age, he was in the habit of exporting produce to the West Indies; and went in person, almost every summer, to carry on the traffic to advantage. Previous to one of his voyages, he visited a Mrs. C——ll, at Rockaway, who is unusually pious. He was frequently a visiter at the house of this good woman; but on this visit, which was in the summer, he was

accompanied by a man, whose opinions corresponded with his own. They did not hesitate to disclose their views of the word of God, a future state, and divine things. Mrs. C——ll said, concluding her argument with them, that she hoped they would think differently before it was too late.

“It will never be too late,” rejoined the Deists, “for any but cowards!”

In the autumn after this conversation, H——n the Deist, of whom I write, set sail with his produce for a southern market. While he was absent, his unbelieving friend was attacked with mortal disease, and shuddered at the thought of meeting a holy God in judgment. He expressed his great anxiety, and in agony of mind renounced his delusions. He died. On the return of H——n, the pious woman made him acquainted with the circumstances of his friend’s departure from this life, with the desire of impressing on his conscience the necessity of preparing to appear before God, the Just One. All that H——n would say, however, was this: “I am sorry that my friend died like a coward.”

After this admonition, for the space of two years, the mind of this unhappy man found little quietude. He disputed, sometimes less against Christianity than formerly; and sometimes more, with greater bitterness. On his passage homeward in his last voyage, his soul was like the troubled sea; and, when he was in the midst of his marine path, a storm descended heavily upon the ship. At a particular hour, during this tempest, he entertained a persuasion, for which he could not account, that his mother was dying; and even observed the time by his watch when he thought that she gave up her spirit. It

is not for me to account for such mental impressions as I have no doubt H——n actually felt.* Let me simply state the fact. On his arrival at home he found his mother dead. He told his friends what had been his presentiment; and at what hour he thought she breathed her last breath. It proved, so nearly as the family could remember, that she actually died on the same day, and in the course of the same hour, which he designated. What renders this event more remarkable is this, that the mother was taken away in perfect health. She was eating, and some food entering the larynx, prevented any future respiration.

The mind of H——n, from this time, became habitually gloomy. He felt himself guilty and wretched, but did not believe in Christ, the way to pardon, peace of conscience, consolation in tribulation, and everlasting felicity. The depression of his soul soon became so great, that reason was banished from the seat of her dominion. In a frantic state of mind he stabbed his niece, whom he tenderly loved, because he loved her, and was apprehen-

* On the 9th of June, 1812, that classical scholar, that eloquent orator, and that amiable man, the Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, of Boston, died. On this same day, the Rev. Dr. Buckminster, who had not heard of his son's sickness, and who could not have had any communication by human means, said to his wife, "my dear, Joseph is dead." She replied that he could not know that, and his persuasion must have arisen from his fond anxiety. He persisted in saying that he knew that his son had in that very hour expired. This proved to have been the fact, and on the next day, the father, a most tender father, and eminent minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, entered into his eternal rest. Many similar cases might be supported by indisputable evidence. Cannot he who formed the mind communicate directly information, without the intervention of the senses?

sive that she would starve. Three times he attempted to hang himself, before he was brought to an asylum. Once he had suspended himself in the barn, and was, at the moment of suspension, discovered by one, who held him up, until he was delivered from the rope. Once he hung himself to a hook in the ceiling, but that having become rusty, broke, and left him on the floor. At the third attempt he could command only a handkerchief and the upper corner of a door, from which he was protruded by involuntary struggling, before suffocation took place. Finally, he was brought to a benevolent Institution with his throat cut; and was prevented, for a time, from intruding into the presence of his Judge.

After his wounds were perfectly healed, I conversed with him on religious subjects, and he was perfectly rational, until the principles, to which he had assented, were applied to his own case.

“God is able and willing to save unto the uttermost all who come unto him.”

“That is unquestionable,” he would answer.

“Then he is able and willing to save you.”

“Oh! no! there are exceptions to all general rules; and God is a sovereign: he will not save me: for, I have been such a sinner, that God is miserable while I am out of misery. I ought to suffer. It is my duty to suffer for ever.” This was the train of his thought, and he appeared to court misery, because it was his duty to suffer, that the glory of God might be promoted. Indeed, if there is any such thing as a desire to be damned for the glory of God, as some writers assert, H——n certainly possessed that grace; but it was only in a state of insanity, and indescribable misery. To perform his duty, he re-

fused to shave, and for a long time endeavoured to starve himself. Finally, he became quite resigned, and said he would permit the Lord to punish him, as much as he pleased, without increasing the torment by his own abstemiousness and self-denying inventions. The black man, who assisted in putting him into the shower bath, he conceived to be the devil; and imagined that he was to stand naked, and have cold drops of water fall on him, through eternity. He lived in continual dread of being everlastingly afflicted with vile distempers; and from day to day, proclaimed that to-morrow he should be in hell.

When he was favoured with a partial respite from his horrors, he would read the Bible, until he came to something which he did not understand. Then he would ask explanations of his keeper, and if his remarks were unsatisfactory, would cast down the book with indignation, because it was incomprehensible.

Sometimes H—n would indulge himself for a few moments in cheerful conversation, and then suddenly check himself, and revert to his gloom, saying, “but this is not suitable for one who to-morrow must commence a perpetuity of torment.”

Not long previous to his death, a brother, who had been confirmed by him in unbelief, came to pay him a visit. The conversation was deeply interesting and solemn.

“Ben, you see the state I am now in; and you know how I was brought to this condition. My present agonies are unutterable, and what must damnation be to a guilty sinner?”

“O fudge! fudge, John! Cheer up; don’t make a fool of yourself! Why should you trouble yourself about religion, and be gloomy?”

“ Yes, Ben, I have made a fool of myself by reading those accursed books, and despising the Bible. You cannot laugh me out of my present condition. You know that I am miserable now, and I tell you that my false ideas of religion have produced all that suffering which you witness. Ben, I am in hell ! O be warned by me ! You cannot teach me any thing new against the BIBLE, for I taught you all the infidelity which you know ; but if this was my last breath, I should say to you, “ change your way of thinking ; for your present plan will not answer.”

In this strain H—n conversed with his brother for more than an hour ; but after all, Ben departed, saying, “ Oh ! poh ! John, don’t make a fool of yourself !”

One week before the death of H—n, a person in the next room hung himself. Some conversation arose from this case between H—n and his keeper.

Keeper. “ A man must be in great agony, I think, and must be very bold, to enter uncalled the eternal world.”

H—n. “ It is not boldness, but cowardice, which tempts men to destroy their own lives. Is not that man a coward, who shrinks from the common lot of humanity ? It is really weakness, to kill one’s self from dread of calamity, or weight of temporal suffering. Men ought to bear life, and not shrink from petty evils.”

Such was his language, and no one supposed that he retained a thought of performing the action which he condemned. But his sufferings he deemed unlike those of other men. His were the agonies of one already damned, who must suffer, or the eternal Judge would suffer. He thought God was in misery so long as he was out of hell. In an hour, therefore, when nothing was apprehended, he made fast his cravat to the grates of his window,

and while his back was against the wall, kneeled down, at the same time bending his body forward, and strangled himself.

“Like helpless sailors in a ship on fire,
He boldly plung’d to shun a fate more dire.”

But, alas! who, that being often reproved hardeneth himself, can escape everlasting burnings? Must we not say concerning many who imagine that they choose the most favourable alternative, “in preferring death by your own hands, to present anguish, you become secure of hell?”

“————— But his doom
Reserv’d him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him—————.”



CONCLUSION.

THE mind of the reader has now been conducted through many scenes of poverty, misery, and madness; and if some statements should be deemed obnoxious to delicacy, the writer makes this apology, that some persons may be warned by the record of horrible facts, who would be unmoved at common occurrences. There are many persons, whose feelings are of a coarse texture, who require different treatment from that which would be adapted to gentle souls. He would benefit the rough as well as the mild; and the former, even in polite circles, are most numerous. The writer has sincerely attempted to avoid such allusions as produce a blush, while his first aim was to deter those thoughtless persons from vice, who are most liable to it;

and if any reader should be conscious that he is not *too delicate* to commit gross iniquity, let him not be fastidious in his judgment of the Journal.

The reader who has gained any useful information, may congratulate himself, that he has been a witness of solemn scenes, without experiencing the actual inconveniences of one who has been personally concerned in them. It is easier to visit the sick by proxy than in person; and it must be more agreeable to gain the knowledge of some facts, by reading than by actual observation.

Since he has ceased to record the occurrences of the day, the usual services of the stated preacher have been performed. Many new cases of conviction, and apparent penitence, have presented themselves; and it is probable that the Journal of one year, with few alterations, would describe the moral state of the hospital and alms-house for every year, in which the same religious services should be performed.

To those who have contributed to the support of the author, he presents his thanks; for they have made him their almoner. *It is his intention to perform in future, so far as it is possible, the same sort of service to the hospital and alms-house;* but for many reasons, which he would not wish to state, he takes this opportunity of announcing to his friends and the public, that all subscriptions in his favour shall be considered null from the 1st of January, 1812, and ever after. The payment of what was previously due will in no case be demanded.

He cannot refrain from expressing a firm hope, that when God in his providence shall restore prosperity to our country, if not before, something will be done to ren-

der the maintainance of some successor in his office permanent.

The instability of temporal property should make those who possess it willing to communicate when duty calls; and beyond a question, this city, more distinguished for religious liberality than any in our country, will not allow posterity to say, "the public hospitals and alms-houses of Europe, and of many cities in the United States, had their chaplains; but in New-York two hundred persons died yearly without the benefit of religious instruction."

In the course of two years some of the subscribers have been reduced from affluence to poverty; and who may not experience disappointment? Who may not be brought to the necessity of living on public bounty? Who on his bed of death may not be thankful for a visit from some public *preacher to the poor?*

What father, or mother, can affirm, that the children of the tenderest affections and most fond parental anxiety, may not act the part of prodigals? Let not fastidiousness prevent guardians from giving timely warning. Let thoughtless young people learn, that many of the miserably afflicted beings with whom I have had ministerial intercourse, were once as beautiful, as gay, as highly favoured, as rich, and prudent as themselves.

The lessons which might be taught, and which would very naturally result from the annals of the poor, are many. I could wish that the cases of insanity, particularly, might be rendered useful. That some application of that part of the journal may be made, I shall conclude this little volume, with

THE MANIAC;

*A Sermon, delivered at the Thursday Lecture, in BOSTON, on
the 14th of September, A. D. 1809.**

“Thou art beside thyself.”——ACTS 26. 24.

THE learned Paul was esteemed a maniac.

Not, however, while he trusted in pharisaical morality for justification; not while he was exceedingly mad against the humble, benevolent disciples of Jesus, and persecuted men, women, and children, even unto strange cities; not while he held the clothes of those who stoned Stephen, for preaching Christ crucified, and with eager joy consented to his death.

All this, in the opinion of his *very liberal* countrymen, was wisdom, moderation, and catholicism.

The charge of madness was brought against Paul for delivering a sensible, interesting, and solemn address; for manifesting that same spirit which induced Stephen to promulgate Christianity, seal the truth with his blood, pray for his enemies, and commit his departing soul to the Lord Jesus, his omnipresent and almighty Saviour.

* Immediately after this Sermon was delivered, a copy of it for the press was requested by many reverend gentlemen. The author's late observations on maniacs have more completely convinced him of the accuracy of his sentiments, which he then delivered; and he now presents them with the discourse, in connexion with the preceding account of insane persons.

The history connected with our text, and necessary to the elucidation of it, is this.

Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, having preached the gospel to the Gentiles, and having received from many of the newly established churches charitable contributions, for the relief of the poor, went to Jerusalem, bearing gifts for his own nation. The afflicted saints were fed, clothed, and comforted, by the beneficence of the Gentile converts.

But many of the Jews were enraged against Paul for teaching, as they supposed, the converted heathen to forsake the law of Moses. The ancient ecclesiastical establishments they thought to be endangered by the foundation of a new church.* Instigated by resentment, and a zeal contrary to knowledge, the Scribes, Pharisees, and friends of righteousness without faith in Christ, came upon the apostle in the temple, and would have assassinated him for heresy. They could make void the law of God by their traditions, and tolerate every error, except that of attachment to the doctrines and institutions of Christianity.

A Roman garrison, which was stationed in a small castle, near the temple, quelled the tumult, and delivered Paul from the tribunal of an enraged populace.

Unwilling, however, that the apostle should escape from their *tender mercies*, the multitude followed the soldiers, who were conducting him to the castle, and exclaimed, "away with him:" but he forgave and pitied them; he obtained liberty of speech, and made his defence, in hope of their conviction. Paul declared his manner of life, his

* Great opposition was made at this time against the erection of the church in Park street, Boston.

early education, his conversion to the Christian religion, and the reasons of his preaching the gospel to the Gentiles.

So soon as he spake of the salvation of the heathen, the Jews were wrought up to madness, and exclaimed with the malevolence and fury of fiends, "Away with this fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live."

On the next day, the chief captain of the Roman band, presented Paul before the Sanhedrim, where he openly avowed that he preached the doctrines of the cross, and especially the future resurrection of the dead.

This excited such a fierce contest between the two principal Jewish sects, that Paul was in danger of being torn asunder. The commander of the garrison again rescued this undaunted minister of Jesus; and to preserve his life against the attacks of a band of conspirators, sent him under a strong guard to Cæsarea. In that place, he stood before the Roman governor, to defend himself against the malicious accusations of his countrymen.

Before Felix he *reasoned* of righteousness, temperance, and the future judgment, with such efficacy, that a proud, adulterous ruler trembled. Was such *reasoning* a proof of madness?

Festus succeeded Felix in office, and before this Roman governor, associated with king Agrippa, the apostle Paul espoused and vindicated Christ's cause. It was the cause nearest his heart. It was his hope, his joy, his everlasting salvation. He was not ashamed to express his hope; to publish his confidence in the promises of God made to the fathers concerning the Messiah; and to reveal his expectation of a future resurrection, when Jesus shall judge the

world in righteousness. He relates the history of his miraculous conversion, and proves himself to have been commissioned by Jesus Christ, who personally appeared to him, after his crucifixion, burial, re-animation, and ascension.

Hear the conclusion of his eloquent defence.

“Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having, however, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which Moses and the prophets did say should come; that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first which should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.”

What was irrational in this discourse? In what respect did Paul conduct like a maniac? He had no sooner uttered these words, than Festus exclaimed, with a loud voice, “Paul, thou art beside thyself: much learning doth make thee mad.”

Passion did not dictate the reply; “I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.” Judge ye, my hearers, whether Paul or Festus was beside himself.

To king Agrippa, the apostle appealed for the truth of what he said, in such persuasive and convincing language, that the proud monarch, forgetting the prejudices of Judaism, confessed to the prisoner, arraigned at his bar, “al-

most *thou persuadest me* to be a Christian." He was almost inclined to renounce his regal honours, and take part with the persecuted believers in Christ. Was such reasoning or such eloquence the indication of insanity?

PAUL, my hearers, is not the *only Christian* who has been charged with madness, for a firm and spirited adherence to his religious principles; nor is Festus the only accuser.

In many places, it has become a common thing, for the irreligious to say, that serious, prayerful, active believers are beside themselves. If any one is *anxious* to know the way of salvation, and mourns in spirit for his past transgressions, he is pitied by the fashionable unbelievers, as a "poor creature," bereft of his senses. If professing Christians act like dying, accountable men, and speak, either from the pulpit, or in the private circle, as sincere persons, who believe religion to be a matter of infinite consequence, there are many to ridicule them as "wild enthusiasts." Even in this protestant country, some have ascended the sacred pulpit to proclaim, that every one is beside himself, "is a fanatic, or a fool, or a babbler employed by some self-created pope,"* who dares to assert, that God was in Christ, manifest in the flesh; that Jesus *died*, to save sinners by his *blood*; that sinners must be renewed in disposition by the Spirit of God; that the finally impenitent shall die accursed; and that every believer shall be "kept, by the power of God, through faith unto salvation."† So absurd is the language of *the perfect teacher, sent from God*, now esteemed, that he is accounted

* In the audience was a clergyman, who had lately used this language against all Calvinists.

† 1 Pet. i. 5.

mad, who preaches, that, "except a man be *born again** he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." In short, every professedly candid theologian, who contends for liberty of conscience, which was never denied him, and embraces all errors in his unbounded charity, excepting the error of maintaining with christian zeal the pure doctrines of Christianity, will say to the spirit of every departed Christian father, who opposed damning lies, "thou wast beside thyself;" and to every one who survives, to preach Christ, with the spirit of the puritans, the martyrs, the pious reformers, the apostles, "thou art mad."

Paul was no maniac. It was Festus who was mad.

Those who scorn the lifeless morality of formalists, and preach the peculiar doctrines of our holy religion; who say from the heart, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," are not deprived of understanding. They neither ask the *pity* of their opponents, nor deserve their contempt.†

* A Rev. Dr. was present, who had pronounced this expression too indelicate for the pulpit.

† When this sentence was uttered, a Rev. Chauncean and Socinian Universalist was seated in the same pulpit with the author. Not long previous to the delivery of this discourse, this gentleman dined in company with Dr. Kollock, a Calvinist, and with many Socinian teachers. Dr. Kollock was too polite to commence a controversy at the social board; but the Socinian gentlemen gave him many thrusts, which he did not attempt to parry, because a Calvinist does not delight to draw his sword against those who attack him with bodkins. Finally, the Universalist said, "Well, Dr. Kollock, I sincerely pity the poor Calvinists: they have nothing to say for themselves."

On hearing this, the Calvinistic Doctor laid down his knife and fork, saying, "Mr. E——n, the Calvinists neither ask your pity, nor deserve your contempt. You had much better reserve them for your

Truth constrains me to retort the charge of insanity.

Those who lightly esteem *the Rock of our salvation*, who say that without shedding of blood *there is* remission of sins; who deny the Lord who bought them; who deride the work of the Holy Ghost, and yet call themselves believers, and even *Christian* ministers, are chargeable with lunacy. Every impenitent sinner is beside himself.

“It is an easy thing,” you will say, “for the preacher to make bold assertions. It is of little avail to call hard names.” We grant this: and wish it to be considered as equally true, when the defender of what we deem heresy calls sound doctrine madness; and brands Paul, and the greater part of Christ’s ministers, “of whom the world was not worthy,” with this label; “*these are the bigots, bedlamites, and offscouring of creation.*”

You rationally demand proof that the impenitent are beside themselves. Will you suffer me to introduce the testimony of God as conclusive upon this subject? *The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and MADNESS is in their heart while they live.*” This is said of every one who is not “*created anew in Christ Jesus.*” Do you object to the divine declaration, (for some have such impudence!) and still say, “assertion is not evidence?”

Come then, self-styled friends of reason, and let us trace an analogy between natural maniacs, and those who renounce the Lord Jesus Christ. You profess that you will listen to reason, while you dispute against the word of life.

I. Maniacs are much given to false imaginations: and so are all the enemies of the cross. Beggars, deranged in intellect, have thought themselves noblemen and kings, friends.” From this text Dr. Kollock proceeded to preach Christ to the whole circle.

and in consequence of such false ideas, have imagined that they ought to receive the respect due to noble personages.

Others, bereft of their senses, have conceived their best friends to be enemies, or have thought themselves poor, wretched, and disconsolate, while surrounded by affluence, luxuries, and comforters. Some lunatics have imagined that they could see spirits in the air, or converse with the dead; others, that they were favourite prophets of the Supreme Being; that they were ambassadors of peace to the contending nations; that they were sent to restore the Jews, or act as God's vicegerents on the earth. Locke speaks of maniacs, who imagined that their bodies were composed of glass, and who, in consequence of this delusion, took unceasing pains to preserve their limbs from accidents, common to that brittle substance. In fine, *lunatics generally imagine themselves and others to be, what they are not.* This is precisely the case with impenitent, unbelieving, unrenewed sinners. They have *false imaginations* concerning THEMSELVES, GOD, CHRIST, and THE ADVERSARY of souls. They flatter themselves that all these beings *are*, what they are not.

Often the wicked imagine THEMSELVES the children of God, while they are sons of perdition. They think to be Christians, without having that belief of the heart, which is essential to every other christian grace.

They are holy, and prepared for heaven, without regeneration, sanctification, or one single exercise of holiness. They imagine themselves in the way to everlasting life, before they have been turned from darkness to light; while their feet are in the broad path to destruction; while their steps take hold on hell. They claim to be disciples

of Jesus, while they know not his voice, while they refuse to accept him as their prophet to instruct, their priest to atone, and their sovereign to rule and defend; while he is constantly saying in his word, "I acknowledge you not; depart from me, ye workers of iniquity."

God, they sometimes deem a being altogether like themselves, and sometimes one as capricious, fond, stupid, or inanimate, as their wicked hearts choose he should be.

Now, they imagine him too just to pardon those whom they hate: and now, again, too good to punish themselves, everlastingly, for any of their crimes. To suit their present purpose, they consider him as arbitrary; and to please another fancy, they will deny that he created and governs the universe by predeterminate counsel. Jehovah saith, "my counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure;" but they reply, "decree is fate; why then find fault? Thy counsel is contingency; or human agency is constraint, and divine justice all a farce." They confess that they have never experienced the washing of regeneration, but still imagine that God loves them, while they are the abhorrence of his eyes; while he is angry with them every day, and proclaims himself a "God of vengeance," who will prove a "consuming fire."

Concerning CHRIST, their imaginations are equally wild. Some of the impenitent deem him an impostor, and denying the Holy Ghost to have had supernatural influence in his conception, impiously call him the illegitimate child of Mary. Others, of almost equal audacity, affirm, contrary to the word of God, that he was the actual descendant of Joseph. Many consent that Jesus was a teacher sent from God, but doubt his perfection. Others imagine that he is the first of all creatures; and others, that

he is nothing more than *a very good man*. Some consider him as destitute of a human soul, and think the divinity was united to nothing but an animal form. Are not these men beside themselves, when the holy Scriptures declare Jesus Christ to be "*the only begotten Son of God;*" *conceived by the Holy Ghost; the man* who is the only Mediator, and *God with us, God over all, the only wise God, even our Father?*

What seems to be a still stronger proof of insanity, is the mutual coalescence between these opposers of the true character of Christ. They agree to receive each other as the friends of Jesus, and entertain complacency in the heresy of every co-partner. They deem it passing strange, that those who worship and serve Christ as God, cannot, consistently with their own sentiments, become members of their community, tolerate rebellion against the Lord of lords, and defend error with the zeal due only to truth. Saith not the rule of our faith and practice, "though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed?" "For many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh.—Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed: for he that biddeth him God speed, is partaker of his evil deeds." What person, who religiously receives these words of God, can be expected, by any but one beside himself, to have fellowship with the enemies of the cross of Christ?

Concerning HIM, *who goeth about like a roaring lion, seek-*

ing whom he may devour, unbelievers entertain false imaginations. By some wonderful magic they have deprived satan of his disposition and power to do injury. The murderer, from the beginning, has become so much the friend of souls, that he is willing to go into banishment: and of course, these deluded persons have ordered the name of *devil* to be expunged from the holy Scriptures. Now, believers are *not* to resist the devil, because he has become a phantom: and should Paul again attempt to deliver an excommunicated person to satan, that he might learn not to blaspheme, he would deliver him to a large black picture in the child's "hieroglyphical bible;" for other devils, according to modern Socinianism, exist not.

Such are the false imaginations of maniacs! Alas! such are the false imaginations of impenitent sinners!

II. Maniacs often argue sagaciously from false principles; and so do the enemies of Christianity. Falsehood is often the foundation of ingenious speculation. The lunatic receives it for truth that he is an emperor, and then reasons very correctly, that you ought to pay him the homage due to imperial dignity. Were his first principle true, his inference would be just. The deluded person, who thought himself glass, argued rationally, that great care was necessary to prevent his being dashed into pieces. In the same manner the impenitent evince, that they are beside themselves.

"Humanity is not depraved," say they, and of course infer, that regeneration is an idle dream; that the unsanctified children of wrath, have by nature *very evangelical minds*,* and are prepared for the enjoyment of a holy

* A young clergyman was present, who pretends that he was once

God in heaven. All impenitent sinners do not reason from the same principles; but like natural maniacs, each has his peculiar chain of argumentation; each, his own vein of madness. One takes it for granted, that the everlasting punishment of the wicked is inconsistent with the divine attributes; and consequently deduces this inference, that no one shall depart accursed, to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire. It should first be proved that God is too good to be just; too kind to execute his awful threatenings; and so merciful, that he cannot pardon one rebel, without teaching, that the law never had a penalty, and that "hell's broad path leads round to heaven's door."†

A second person, who is beside himself, receives it as an established truth, that God has never made a revelation to man; and therefore infers, that all the promises, denunciations, precepts, parables and histories of the Bible, constitute "a tale of other times."

A third madman is confident, that there is no future state of existence, and hence argues that he has nothing to hope, nothing to fear, beyond the grave. He is rational in refusing to ask, "what shall I do to be saved?" He exclaims, "let me enjoy myself to-day; to-morrow I die: and let eternity take care of itself."

Here is the mischief. Sinners attempt to suspend a chain from heaven, without making fast the first link; to build a temple of happiness, without laying the foundation; to enter the celestial abodes, without passing through the only possible avenue. Christ is the door: but with frantic joy, they are climbing up some other way.

a Calvinist. He was asked if his wife was hopefully pious, and his answer was, "why, she always had by nature a very evangelical mind."

† Triumph of Infidelity.

A fourth says, “the way of transgressors is *not* hard. It will not lead to misery.” It follows, then, that he may safely persevere in enmity to God. Every enemy of the cross of Christ is arguing, in some manner, from false principles, to convince himself, that he is in a state of peace, safety, and felicity. He deceives himself. He loves the delusion. Is not this person beside himself?

III. Maniacs are often supremely attached to trifles, and so are all unbelievers. You, who have been personally acquainted with the unhappy beings, who are deranged in mind, may have heard them rant for hours, about some little injury which had being only in imagination: or you may have seen them weary themselves to catch what existed only in a madman’s eye. Early and late each lunatic thinks and speaks upon the favourite theme; when it is of no importance. Many of these people fill their abodes with feathers, sticks, straws, and bones, and dote upon them, as an antiquary upon his cabinet of curiosities, or a miser upon his treasures.

So frantic are they, in their attachment to trifles, that they deny themselves necessary food to acquire them.

The Christian poet has admirably described one of these wretched beings.

“ And now she roams
The dreary waste; there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night.”

“ She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
Though press’d with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinch’d with cold, asks never.”

In like manner, the wicked are madly fond of pebble stones and shells. They love dress, houses, gardens, equipages, entertainments, and the fashionable amusements of the metropolis, more than the immortal soul. They ask an "idle pin," a little temporal pleasure, of all they meet; but never pray, "Lord, give us everlasting life." "Who will show us any *worldly* good?" is their cry; and not this, "Lord, lift upon us the light of thy countenance."

Impenitent sinners! your daily conversation and conduct prove you guilty of this delirium. You rave against the cheat, who defrauds you of a shilling; but feel no indignation against that aggregate of iniquity, which made it necessary for the Son of God to die. The Scriptures demand, "ought not Christ to have suffered these things;" "to have shed his blood for the remission of sins?" and you reply, "we see in man nothing exceedingly sinful; and instead of *condemning*, we *pity* his *imperfections*, incidental to humanity. We trust a little *discipline* will reclaim and rectify him: and prepare him to enjoy a holy heaven, a holy God!" Should any one touch your property, or lift up his little finger against your fame, you would swell with resentment; but let any one sooth your disturbed conscience by bland expressions, or by some pleasing illusion beguile you of heaven, and with a lunatic's good nature, you bless the destroying, the accursed companion. You love to have your attention fixed to your favourite toys: you smile, if any one counts the number of your brass pins, or admires the elegance of your mansion: but if any faithful friend urges you to be clothed with Christ's righteousness; to be fed with the bread of life, instead of starving on husks; to be comforted with

the consolations of the Holy Spirit, you turn away in disdain, or gnash your teeth in resentment. You shun him who would bring you to your senses; and court his society, who cherishes all your hopes of sublunary bliss. Your affections have never been set on heavenly things. They are given to phantoms. You retire to rest with a novel for your prayer-book, or awake and consult your leger as the oracle of God.

IV. Maniacs are commonly their own worst enemies; and so are all the opposers of Christianity. You know, my hearers, that the delirious even hang, or starve, or drown themselves. What produces his agony who is foaming with madness? His own imagination. Look at the demoniac among the tombs. Who injured his body in this dreadful manner? He mangled his own flesh with stones.

Who, now, occasions the sinner's destruction? It is not God; for he says, "as I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the sinner." It is not THE ADVERSARY; for he can only tempt and accuse. He has not the power of compulsion. "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself." "They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy."

Every one who dies in unbelief, brings ruin upon his own head. Who causes this starving wretch's hunger? A feast is made ready: he is solicited to attend: but he refuses: he had rather perish, than live upon the clemency of God. Who exposes the bedlamite to the chill blasts of winter? He will not receive clothing from the wardrobe of heaven. Who consigns the ungodly to misery? They are madly bent on destruction. O sinner, thou art beside thyself.

V. Maniacs are insensible to imminent danger; and so are the enemies of the cross of Christ. They will laugh

while exposed to shipwreck, sleep on a precipice, or cast stones at the lightnings of Jehovah. When the wicked are warned, they mock at peril. While the deluge hangs over them, they insult the preacher of righteousness. When the Lord cometh out of his place, to shake terribly the earth, they are unmoved. Although it is said, "if any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maranatha," let him be consigned to eternal perdition, when the Lord shall come to judgment, yet they have no apprehension of danger. Some are so hardy as to defy the Lord, saying, "who is the Almighty, that we should fear him; or his Son, that we should adore him?"

The sinner is at sea, in a leaky bark. Over him the clouds are full of Sinai's thunder. The storm begins to descend; but he has no anxiety. One would think he had Almighty power to inspire him with such confidence. He seems to slumber, in full persuasion that he shall awake in season, command the winds and waves to obey him, and instantly arrive at the desired haven. He neither examines his chart, nor puts forth an oar, but is tossed hither and thither by every wind of doctrine; is borne aloft on the surges which challenge the tempest; and then sinks down to the sides of the pit. In such a situation he slumbers, or awakes to sing,

"Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme;"*

imagines that the sea of life is calm, and believes himself secure of a protracted time for repentance, because "his bosom," sportive, dances "to nature's boundless charms."

He feels secure; but when mercy no longer pleads forbear, he will sink into the bottomless abyss, and find that vengeance belongs to the character of a benevolent Deity.

• Falconer.

Lastly. Maniacs cannot be convinced that they are beside themselves. Neither can the impenitent. Indeed, nothing enrages a madman more, than to tell him seriously, and affectionately, that he is under the guidance of a distempered mind. In a rage too, impenitent sinners accuse the ministers, people, and word of God, of madness. Who was he that said, "Because I tell you the truth, ye believe me not?" It was the God who dwelt among us. "So then I have become your enemy," exclaimed an apostle, "because I tell you the truth!"* We need no other evidence that "*madness is in their heart while they live.*" Of all sin, the pious Newton has well said,

"'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And *madness* all combin'd;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find."

To those, who confess the insanity of sin and the madness of unbelief, *God has given the spirit of power, and of love, and OF A SOUND MIND.* Other persons are prevented by their delirium of sin, from perceiving that they are poor, miserable, blind and naked; and that they take the most effectual measures to exclude relief.

Let the sons of pleasure, the men of science, the fair, the honourable, and the mighty of this world, consider these things. Especially let those who profess to preach Christ, and preach him not, reflect that of all insane persons they are the most dangerous and culpable. To be a mad teacher of madmen, an insane physician of lunatics, a blind leader of the blind———"O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united!"

• Macknight's Translation.

It should be had in everlasting remembrance, that concerning some it is written, because they receive not the love of the truth, "for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

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